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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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SEPTEMBER 11, 1957

Vol. 25, No. 14

SAFETY PLAN FOR NEW DRUGS

A CENTRAL organisation to examine all new drugs before they can be sold to the public has been strongly recommended by Sydney University's Professor of Psychiatry (Professor W. H. Trethowan).

This is a wise suggestion, for, as the Professor warns, "At present the various drug houses are vying with each other to produce a drug which will restore mental equilibrium or relieve symptoms, with which they hope to capture the market."

"Far too many of these drugs are now on sale for even the expert to be able to assess the value and dangers of each accurately until a considerable time has passed."

His warning follows an earlier warning by a psychiatrist in the "Medical Journal of Australia" that 32 patients in 18 months had developed symptoms of insanity while under treatment for blood-pressure with rauwolfia drugs.

A central body of clinicians, pharmacologists, and others would serve a multiple purpose.

It would assess and report on all new drugs and decide if they were safe to be sold over the counter; it would give busy doctors the latest information on new drugs and their uses; and it would keep the public informed.

The work of this central body would not be control for control's sake, nor interference with the legitimate business of drug houses or doctors; but it would be in the interests of public safety and health and would build confidence in doctors, drug houses, chemists, and the drugs themselves.

And that is important.

Our cover

● Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Coulter, of Toorak, Melbourne, have one of the loveliest gardens in a city of lovely gardens. We chose this picture as a cover to mark this special home issue, which inaugurates a new, enlarged homemaker section.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

We've launched the first of our enlarged Homemaker Sections with a splash of color, as you'll see by turning to page 33.

BESIDES several pages devoted to the home and garden, the section includes those recipes for a file we mentioned last week.

These are the first of the series. Some will be printed each week, so you can begin the collection now.

NOLA ROSE (pages 4 and 5), as an Australian revisiting her homeland, sees her countrywomen through fresh eyes. She thinks the office girls are far better dressed than their British counterparts, but is critical of Australian hairstyles, says there are far too many tightly frizzed permanent-waves. Hairdressers here told her that this type of wave is given because customers insist on it. Her own hair it permed, but she wears it in the sleek styles that are fashionable abroad.

In this opinion Nola has the

backing of another recent visitor, Professor D. W. Brogan.

Professor Brogan, who is Professor of Political Science at Cambridge University, is not the sort of character one would expect to encounter in a hairdressing controversy, but in an article which he wrote for the London "Spectator" discussing Australia, he said: "Women's crowning glory is neglected... As I look at the American smart cookies with their hair carefully dishevelled, after being first shevelled, I think they could be sent in exchange on an airline mission."

OUR Irish mannequin parades are at present showing at the Myer Emporium, Melbourne, with Adelaide next stop. In Sydney the girls coined a new nickname for Heather Learmonth, of David Jones, whom visiting Italian mannequins had earlier

called "Mamma." Miss Learmonth in the course of her job frequently reminded the Irish Parade girls of the time. Her warning, "Three o'clock girls," became so familiar that they named her "Big Ben."

JOURNALIST Leo Bassett, who accompanied Dr. Donald Thomson's expedition part of the way on its journey to the Bindaboo country (see pages 8 and 9), tells us that Dr. Thomson is a confirmed tea addict, likes to boil the billy every hundred miles or so. Bill Hosmer, technical assistant, wasn't a very good tea maker at the beginning of the trip, but he will be by the time he returns. Hosmer, an Englishman who served on destroyers in the North Sea during the war, is a reptile enthusiast, and his way of approaching a locality is to look round him and say excitedly, "This is beautiful black-snake country."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - September 11, 1957



BENCHERS of the four English Inns of Court presented historic stone relics and these replicas of the arms of the Inns to Wentworth Chambers. From left, the arms are those of Lincoln's Inn, Inner Temple, Middle Temple, Gray's Inn.

By RONALD McKIE

Sydney acquired her own version of London's famous Inns of Court when the Premier, Mr. Cahill, opened in Phillip Street the 15-story, £750,000 Wentworth Chambers, which will house more than half the barristers in New South Wales.

ON opening day Phillip Street was closed between King Street and Martin Place, probably for the first time in its history, and hundreds of barristers, their wives and guests watched the ceremony from a marquee in the street.

There were more black Homburgs than at a hatters' convention, and more flowered bonnets than you'd see on an off-day at Randwick races.

With practically every judge and senior "legal eagle" in Sydney there in striped pants and black coats, the law was almost at a standstill while the Police Band played fragments from "Sympathy" and "Trial By Jury."

The building of Wentworth Chambers stemmed from two urgent needs: To find accommodation for a rapidly expanding Bar and to find it near Sydney's antique courts, which judges and lawyers have agreed for years are a disgrace for a city of Sydney's size.

To finance the building, barristers formed a company, Counsels Chambers Pty. Ltd., with Sir Garfield Barwick, Q.C., chairman.

Wentworth Chambers has, in the tradition of the English Bar, a Common Room for the use of members. In this room are stone relics of great historical interest presented by the Benchers, or governors, of the four English Inns of Court — Lincoln's Inn, Inner Temple, Middle Temple, and Gray's Inn.

The Benchers also presented colored

replicas of the arms of the four Inns, which Lord Morton of Henryton, a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, unveiled.

Many barristers have painted and decorated their new chambers so attractively that it is hard to imagine discussing the Law of Torts or assault and battery with a Queen's Counsel in chambers with wall-to-wall carpet and a decor of black orchid.

One barrister has papered his walls in Regency stripes, put down a blue-grey carpet, put in a red leather desk, has hung his walls with large and beautiful early Sydney prints, and has added further elegance with chairs covered in old brocade, an antique sidetable, and an old clock-barometer.

On opening day the Chief Justice, Sir Kenneth Street, had something to say about this new elegance for barristers:

"I started on the third floor of the old Wentworth Court

across the road. We had only bare boards, and very unclean boards at that. One young man was said to be getting above his station when he put down coir matting.

"In this building the carpeting is feet thick, there are Regency stripes, and even beautiful typists. I hope it won't come to be known as the Lotus Eaters' Grotto."

But he saved his bacon when he said he looked forward to using the Common Room and meeting members of the Bar, and added: "Wentworth Chambers is the culmination of an enterprise in faith."



OPENING DAY at Wentworth Chambers; the audience in Phillip Street.



At opening. From left: Mrs. Henchman, Mr. Bruce Macfarlan, Q.C., Mr. Lincoln, Mr. J. F. Lincoln, Mrs. Macfarlan, Mr. H. J. H. Henchman.



FOURSOME discussing the new building and its furnishing. From left: Mr. J. B. Sweeney, Mrs. Harold Glass, Mrs. Sweeney, and Mr. W. Fisher.



BEHIND the long table and president's chair in the Common Room at Wentworth Chambers is this pediment which bears the griffin crest of Gray's Inn between leaves and fruit. The pediment was originally over the entrance to the famous Holker Library at Gray's Inn, London.



REGENCY STRIPES, lovely old prints, an antique sidetable, and brocade chairs give elegance and comfort to these chambers, owned by the son of a well-known legal personality in Sydney. Less adventurous or envious colleagues have named these stately chambers "The Boudoir."



ATTRACTIVE CHAMBERS owned by a well-known member of the Junior Bar. A wall of books, another wall papered in a grey-and-fawn abstract leaf design, a big green-topped desk, and a grey wall-to-wall carpet make this one of the most charming chambers in the new building.



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NOLA ROSE . . .

At top of the glamor jobs, she says her success is due to luck

By NAN MUSGROVE

● What makes a model the best in the world? Sugar and spice and everything nice? Or, as Kipling said, simply being "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair?" Whatever it is, Australian Nola Rose, international model here for our Irish Fashion Parades, has it. Sybil Connolly, famous Dublin designer, says so. Without qualification she describes Nola as "the world's best mannequin."

NOLA, after seven years abroad, is revisiting Australia to appear in our Irish parades. When you first meet her you are immediately conscious of her charm, her good features, and her slenderness that almost reaches skinny point.

At first I thought Miss Connolly had gone too far in her statement. But after watching Nola for a week of parades and behind the scenes, I am sure Miss Connolly is right.

The only person I've heard disagree is Nola herself.

"Oh, no," she said, "I'm not the best in the world; I'm just lucky."

Best, or lucky, can be argued for hours. But, whatever decision you reach, no one can deny that Nola Rose is a personality and a success.

How successful? If you measure success in money, Nola's income is in the upper bracket. She says she can make £75 sterling a week "easily" — much more if she wants to. (That £75 sterling a week comes close to £A5000 a year.)

She didn't say what she actually made, but told me that she has now reached the stage where she can control her income as she desires. It can be big—it can be small.

"I refuse a great many more jobs than I do," she said. "Often I take a job not because of the money but because I'd like to do it."

"I pick and choose. I don't let work interfere with holidays and special things I want to do."

Big expenses

"And when you talk about the big money models make, always remember that a great deal of it is ploughed right back into the job."

Even in haute couture modelling, mannequins are expected to supply their own accessories.

"I have to buy three or four hats each season," said Nola, "gloves, shoes, foundation garments, underwear for every occasion. I generally buy only six or eight handbags, as these are the accessory most often provided."

Nola has solved her stocking problem. She has a contract with a stocking firm for whom she works once a year. Her contract with them has a clause that covers her stocking needs.



NOLA ROSE as her husband, family, and friends know her. Her eyes are a brilliant blue, her teeth white and even. Darkening blond hair complements an olive skin. She looks better than she photographs. She is 5ft. 8in. in her stockings, weighs 8st. 7lb.; measurements, 34½, 22½, 34in.

Each month this firm sends her a dozen pairs of 12 denier fully fashioned stockings, all the same color. "Some months I get through on the dozen pairs," Nola said. "Other times I have to send for more."

But her present success

doesn't satisfy Nola. She plans to retire before long—is seriously considering the end of her modelling career.

"Not to stop work," she said quickly. "To work in another fashion field."

"I've changed. My mental

attitude to my work has altered completely since I went to England seven years ago.

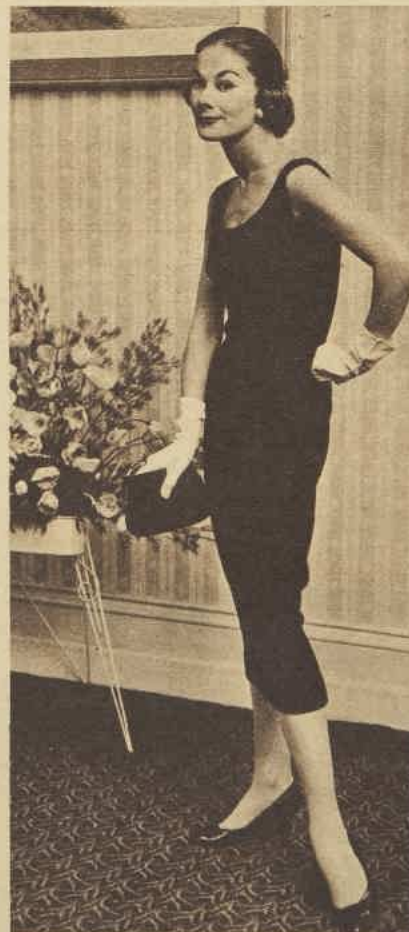
"How could it be otherwise? I'm always experiencing different things, new thoughts, meeting new people, widening my interests."

To see Nola at work is an eye-opening experience. Her crowded days in Sydney, for instance, when she fitted in business engagements with reunions with her family and friends, were organised to the last minute; but she always managed to give the impression that she had the whole day free.

The day we photographed her personal wardrobe she had only the half-hour between 2.30 and 3.00 to spare.

Actually, Nola allowed us 27

A Balenciaga — Nola copied it



BALENCIAGA, who is Nola's favorite French designer, three years ago showed a black dress and separate over-jacket which buttons down the back and ties in a low bow. Nola made this copy herself, has worn it day and night for three years. It's a dress she's always happy in. When these pictures were taken by staff photographer Ron Berg, Nola also posed in a ginger-colored Michael suit and a casual sand-colored shirtmaker's

"World's Best Model"

RECIPE FOR CAREER AS A MANNEQUIN

● Nola Rose says that, provided a girl has the figure, the qualities most necessary to modelling success are personality, good manners, and the ability to look as if the clothes you are wearing belong to you.

"You don't want to look as if you are overdressed and wearing new clothes," she said.

"And I know many girls who are never used more than once simply because they are badly-mannered, blase little twerps."

The figure, according to Nola, is a set of measurements within the mannequin scale, a long back, long legs, long neck, small waist, good features.

"It doesn't matter whether she's pretty or plain," she added.

minutes. She had to be in the dressing-room at David Jones' Great Restaurant at 3 o'clock to prepare for the afternoon show.

In that 27 minutes Nola chose the clothes she regards as her basic wardrobe, changed four times for photographs, did her hair three different ways.

She posed for ten photographs, which involved leaving her room and haring round the corridors of the Australia Hotel to find suitable spots, and finally changed into street clothes.

She did it all deftly and calmly, without panic or clock-watching.

Between smiles at the cameraman she arranged with a girl from Melbourne to be fitted for hats for a special promotion there, and even smiled winningly at people who left the lift and walked between her and the camera.

At the end of the 27 minutes her room looked as if no one had breathed in it since the maid had left. All her clothes were in the wardrobe on their hangers, shoes were in rows, gloves folded neatly, jewellery in boxes.

I've never seen a performance to equal it, nor more expert handling of clothes.

Nola makes nearly all her own clothes, except her suits, which she buys from London tailor Michael, one of Britain's Top Twelve.

When she told me she made her own clothes, I looked at them with a new eye. I'd been admiring the beautiful finish inside the obi sash of the white wild-silk evening dress she wore.

It was hard to believe it was a Dior-Rose creation.

"I must change the bones of this sash," she said as she took off the dress. "They're a quarter of an inch too long."

"I use a pattern sometimes, but I can go home from a parade and cut a copy," she said. "I copied this one from the last Dior show."

"You know, this is terrible," she added. "Every glamour girl about me turns out to have a feature on home-dressing."

Nola covets three things from the Connolly collection in her own wardrobe. They are "New Concept," a lavender-and-white check suit which she wears, and "Coffee Room," a coat of bainin

older than myself," she said. "Part of their attraction is that they know so much more than I do."

"Antony's knowledge is terrific."

Talking about her success abroad, Nola told me how she arrived in London with £120 in her bag. The second day she was there she called at Horrocks'.

"I was healthy looking and sun-tanned, straight off the boat," she said, "and they grabbed me for their big Press parade the next day."

At the end of the parade she had so many bookings she had to find herself an agent. She did so, and immediately began to make her mark in the English fashion world, and a steady 10 per cent. for her agent.

"See," she said, "I told you I was lucky. I always have been; I've always fallen on my feet."

"You know," she added, lowering her voice so the Fates couldn't hear, "in all the years I've modelled I've never left my photograph at a studio or an agency."

"Sometimes I get frightened about my luck, it's so good."

Nola, who emphasised her lack of knowledge of the American modelling field, eventually named her pick of the English and French field.

Ayla, Dior's most famous model, who is half Chinese and half Russian, is her choice

as the world's best mannequin; and Barbara Goalen, who has retired, as the best photographic model so far.

I asked Nola what she thought of Miss Connolly.

"She's the success of all time," she said. "As well as being a famous designer, she's a brilliant ambassador for Ireland, an astute business woman, and a very sweet person."

"No matter how busy she is, she always has time to sit and discuss your problems."

Nola said the two things that helped her most in her career were her walk (it's from the hips, and is fluid and graceful) and her keenness on her job.

"I love clothes, and I enjoy every minute of my work. It makes me happy."

Here's a man's opinion: Staff photographer Keith Barlow photographed the four international models the day they arrived from London.

As we left them, he was inclined to rave about the blond beauty of Margit Ohlson.

"That Nola Rose is a nice girl," he said, dismissing her.

But on the night of the gala premiere in Sydney he said excitedly: "Did you ever see anything like Nola Rose? She walks like a dream. She makes me feel she's just showing the clothes to me. She's terrific!"

Is she the best, or is she lucky? You've got the evidence.

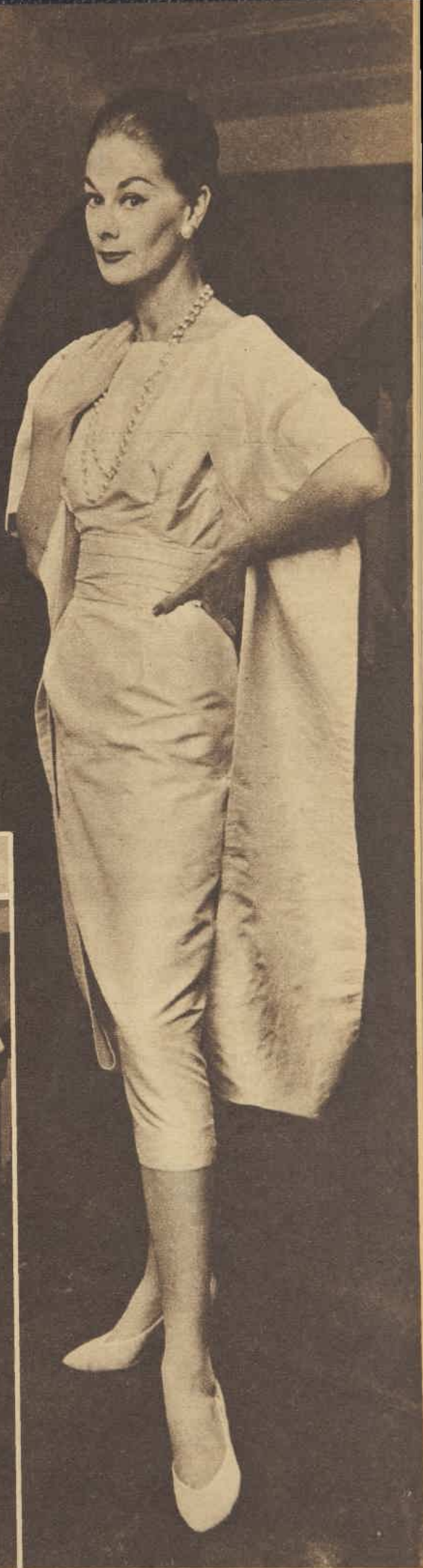
She made this three-way Dior, too



THREE-WAY Dior-Nola Rose confection in white wild silk. Nola made it after modelling the original. This basic sheath is for after-five.



OBISASH changes the dress (which washes) to an evening gown with a double-sashed train. Nola wears pearls to outline the low back.



TO A DINNER-PARTY. The double ends of the obi sash fold over the shoulders. Nola has copied the sheath in pale pink, blue, and sand linen.

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LOLLIPOP: Fetching as candy, a nylon Baby Doll jama, with a fluid ripple of permanent pleats and tiny ruffles soft as swansdown. Cyclamen, Coral, White, Bermuda Blue, Flamingo, Blue Mist, Black. SSW-W. 87/6.

SLIM-SLIP: A miracle of tiny permanent pleats, wide-skirted yet smooth-fitting as a sheath, because the pleats sculpture it to your figure. Sea-blue, Coral, White, Black and Flamingo. 32"-38", 87/6. 40"-42", 106/9.

TENDER is the NIGHT: Dream in this exquisite Waltz Gown. A mist of sea-blue nylon over soft shell pink, it glimmers like an opal. Has shoulder-bows, floating ribbons, nestling roses. Also coral/white. SSW-W 97/6

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PIXILATED: Shortie Jama in no-iron Twinkle-dry Cotton. Washes like a dream, and dries in a twink. Gay heart trim, and your choice of Pretty Pink with Blue, Blue with Pink, or Citron Yellow. SSW-W. 37/11.

SLIM-SLIP

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New home plan service

Sydney Centre opened
to assist our readers

This week The Australian Women's Weekly begins for New South Wales readers a splendid service for intending home-builders.

We have established a Home Planning Centre in conjunction with Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., Brickfield Hill, Sydney, and each week will publish a plan of an attractive contemporary house.

OUR home plans will be available at our new Home Planning Centre, opening on the third floor of Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd. store on September 4. The first plan in the series for New South Wales readers appears in color in the Special Homes feature beginning on page 3 of this issue.

The opening of our Home Planning Centre in Sydney is an extension of similar Centres already established in Melbourne, Adelaide, and Brisbane. They have been such an overwhelming success that we decided to open the fourth centre in Sydney.

In each State, our Home Planning Centre is established in conjunction with a leading store, and is situated in the heart of the city.

The Centres, in addition to giving the plans we publish, will provide many other services to intending home-builders, and will help readers plan their homes from the time they select the building site until the home is a reality.

At our new Home Planning Centre in Sydney the same service will be given to readers.

The work of the Centre, and the plans sold there, and published in The Australian Women's Weekly, will be supervised by a registered, qualified architect.

Expert advice

Trained and experienced interviewers who are home-building experts will interview readers and give them help and advice in selecting suitable home plans.

In addition to the architects at each Centre, individual architects in each State are supplying plans for publication in The Australian Women's Weekly and for sale at the Centres.

Our plans, therefore, are called "signature" plans, because they are the work of qualified architects who will sign them.

Mr. Ron Gaby is the chief interviewing officer and manager at our new Centre at Anthony Hordern and Sons.

Typical of the work done at Home Planning Centres is the Brisbane, where the Centre is situated in McWhirter's store at The Valley. The

interviewing officer, Mr. Donald Bowles, deals every day with a variety of building problems presented by callers.

Predominant among the inquirers are elderly couples anxious to spend their retirement in attractive, small, and easily managed houses. They find there is a wide range of plans of this type, as well as more imposing residences. In fact, all tastes and incomes are catered for in our home-plans service.

Tropical site

One of the first purchasers of a home plan at our Brisbane Centre was Mrs. F. D. Gilmore, on holiday from her home in New Guinea.

For months Mrs. Gilmore had been searching for an ideal home to build on a site overlooking the harbor at Madang, New Guinea.

The Centre helped her to select a plan suited to tropical conditions, and color consultant Miss Barbara Latter suggested it should be furnished in cool-looking, pastel tonings as a restful change from the vivid landscape.

Taxi-driver Mr. Alan Leach, of Alderley, Brisbane, and his wife are going to build the first home they have owned in 20 years of marriage, with plans Mrs. Leach bought at the Home Planning Centre.

It is to be built on land they

OUR HOME PLANNING CENTRE in Brisbane is situated in McWhirter's store, The Valley. The staff is kept busy all day helping to solve the home-building problems of callers. Home plans to suit hot climates are "best sellers."



IN ADELAIDE, our Home Planning Centre is situated on the second floor of John Martin's store in Rundle Street. In addition to many callers, the Centre receives inquiries by mail from places as far distant as Darwin.

have bought near their rented home in Birmingham Street, Alderley.

The location is handy to Mitchelton, where Mrs. Leach teaches at the State School, to aid with their savings plan that will enable them to build their home.

The Leachs have four children, Beverley, 19, Jennifer, 12, Ross, 10, and Rod, aged 9.



OUR DISPLAY at the Homes Exhibition in the Exhibition Building, Melbourne, attracted many interested visitors. Our permanent Home Planning Centre in Melbourne is established in the Myer Emporium.

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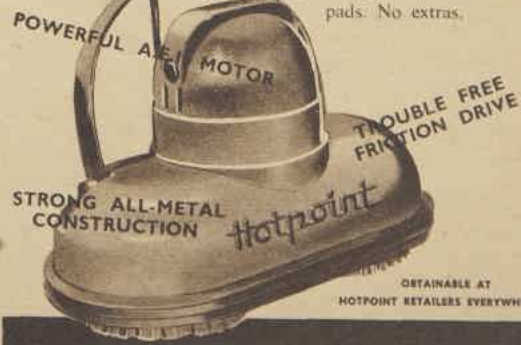
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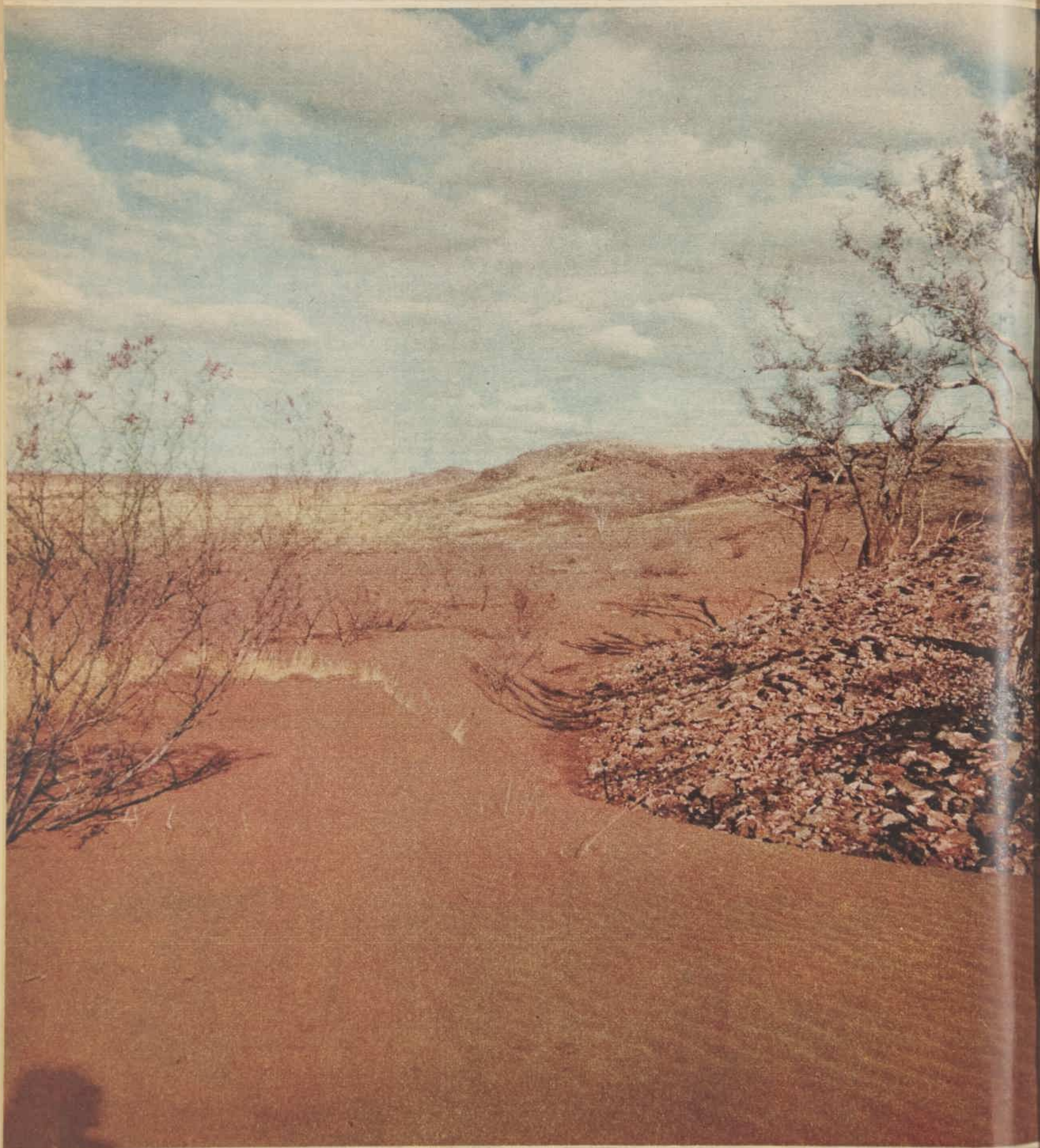
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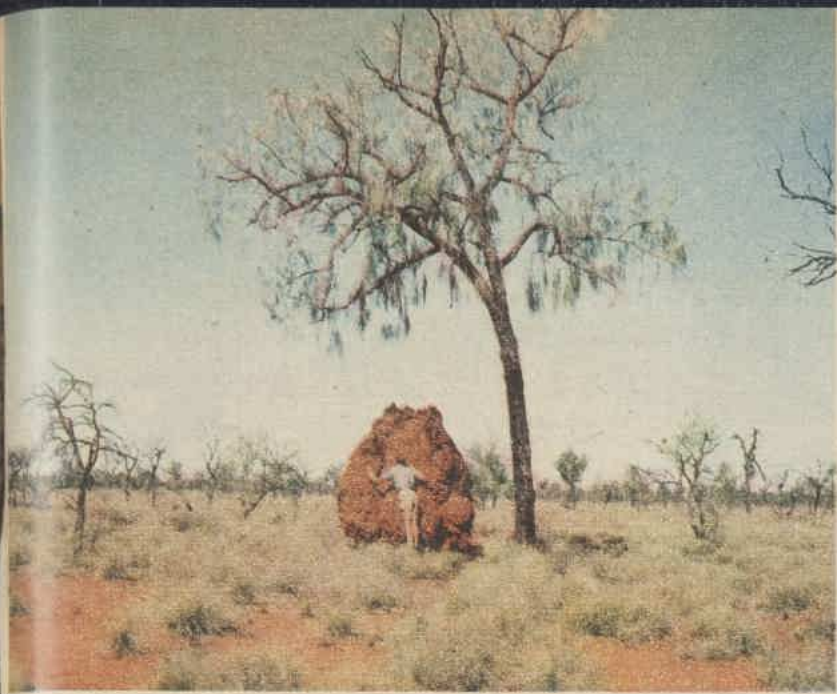
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IN BINDABOO COUNTRY



WINDSWEPT, BARREN DUNES and spinifex wastes stretching for thousands of square miles—this is home to the nomadic Bindaboo tribe of Australian aborigines. Here, 450 miles north-west of Alice Springs, anthropologist Dr. Donald F. Thomson and his technical assistant, Mr. Bill Hosmer, have made their base camp to study

the Bindaboos. Their expedition is sponsored by Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., in conjunction with the University of Melbourne, Ampol Petroleum Ltd., and the Olympic Tyre and Rubber Company, and has the full recognition of the Royal Geographical Society of London. Dr. Thomson holds the Society's gold medal.



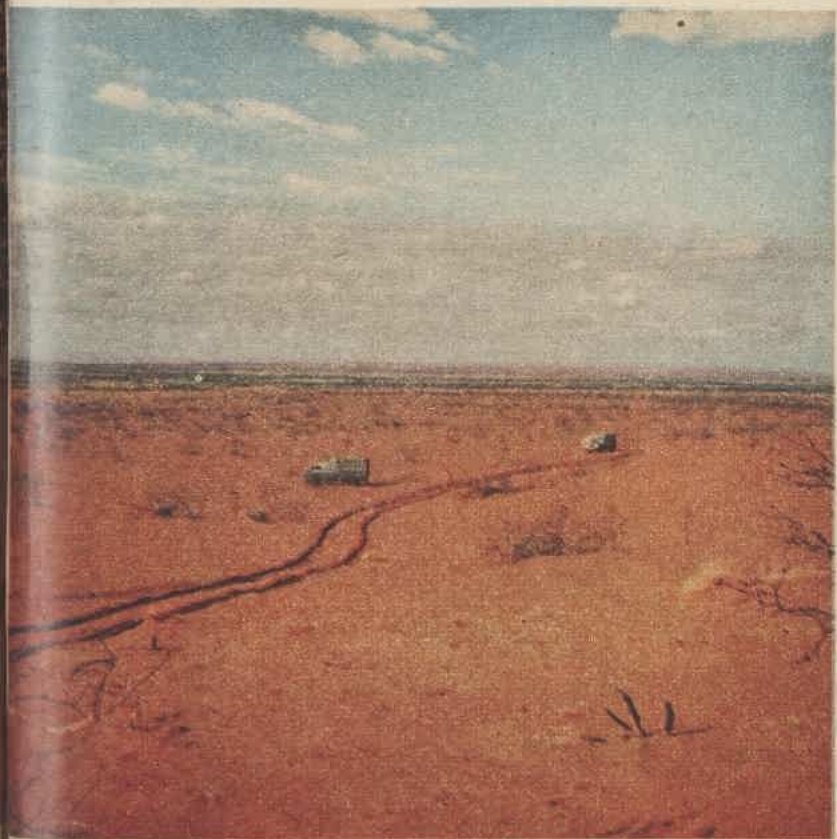
GIANT ANT HILL, being examined by Bill Hosmer, and desert oaks are a feature of this desert country. These color photographs were taken and sent back to us by the expedition, which only recently contacted the Bindaboos.

AFTER being reported lost for five days in the wild, dry, desert country of Central Australia, all three members of the Bindaboo expedition are at work in their forward base camp at Labbi Labbi, 450 miles north-west of Alice Springs.

Expedition leader is Dr. Donald F. Thomson, Associate Professor of Anthropology, Melbourne University. With him are Melbourne scientist Mr. Bill Hosmer and surveyor Mr. Chris Arm-

strong. Main purpose of this expedition is to find out how the Bindaboos live in what is claimed to be the world's most arid inhabited area. The party is making a study of the sparse plant life, from which the natives apparently obtain moisture.

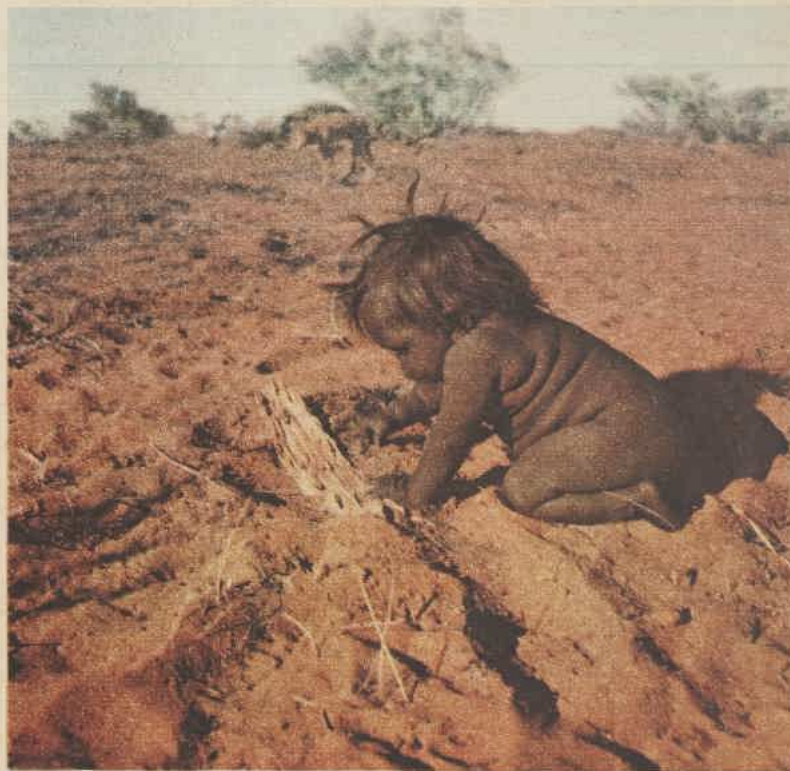
Dr. Thomson is also studying the lore and language of the Bindaboos and recording and surveying this remote part of Australia. Mr. Hosmer hopes to collect rare species of reptile life.



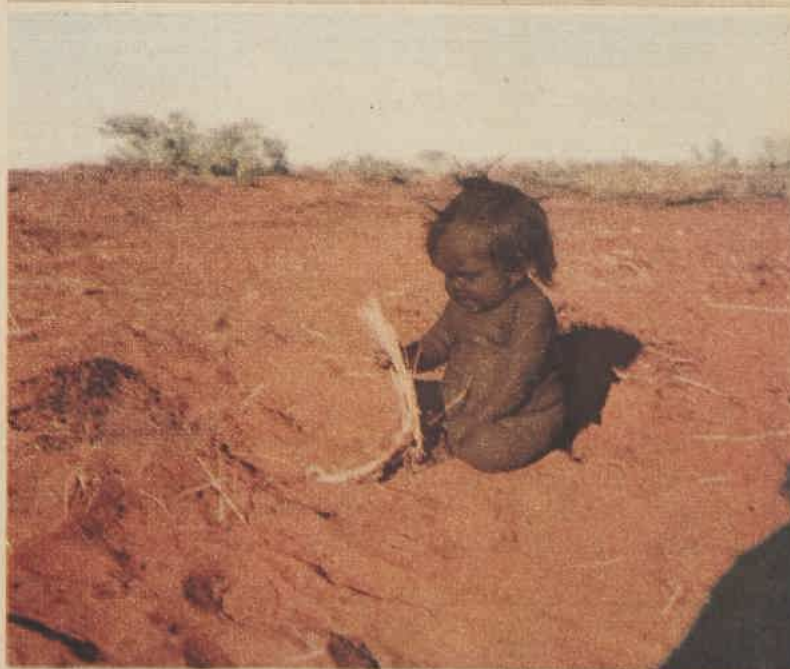
SINUOUS TRACKS made by the expedition's vehicles stand out in rough spinifex country where even jeeps labor along. The tough Bindaboos thrive in habitations made of spinifex placed under the meagre shade of a mulga bush.



CHUBBY Bindaboo baby girl quickly made friends with Dr. Thomson, who says that in spite of living in an environment where a white man—even a trained botanist—would quickly starve, all these children are fat and happy.



ABOVE AND BELOW. When it comes to playing, babies are the same everywhere. This cute little Bindaboo girl has no toys, but for her a piece of bark is a fascinating plaything. Complete nakedness is the tribe's custom.



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BUTCH



"Hi, Daisy. Dis is Butch. It's twelve o'clock. Happy birthday."

MOTHER



"Don't take any notice. We want him to think they're not bad words—so that he won't bother to say them."

It seems to me

THE French, or a section of them, are reported to be disturbed at the number of English words becoming entrenched in the French language.

A recently established organisation, the French Vocabulary Office, has collected a list of objectionable words, among them: best-seller, pin-up, cover-girl, brains-trust, and sex-appeal.

They have suggested "belle a la page" for pin-up, "attrait sensuel" for sex-appeal, "union de têtes" for brains-trust.

This cross-channel trade in words is pretty well established, and has long been a subject for argument on the Dover side. What Fowler, in his "English Usage," calls alien-hunting is not so fashionable as formerly.

At one time there was a strong move to root as many French words as possible out of English speech. Some tried to destroy the aliens by pronunciation. Brave souls used to pronounce garage to rhyme with carriage. Those who coined car-port may have thought they had won the battle, but car-port has come to mean a car-shelter without doors.

These alien-hunters boggled at saying linger to rhyme with finger, and insisted instead on underwear—a good word, though it does seem to express calico better than satin and lace.

Fowler's chapter on French words is one of his most entertaining.

After attacking the alien-hunters, he says: "Only fools will think it commends them to the English reader to decorate incongruously with such bower-birds' treasures as 'au pied de la lettre' . . ."

My favorite bit is the advice on pronunciation: "To say a French word in the middle of an English sentence exactly as it would be said by a Frenchman is a feat demanding an acrobatic mouth . . . it is a feat that should not be attempted . . . all that is necessary is a polite acknowledgment of indebtedness to the French language indicated by some approach in some part of the word to the French sound . . ."

Which is a great comfort.

MOTHER of a friend of mine lives alone, but is accustomed to regular visits from daughters who live in nearby suburbs.

Recently she acquired a television set. "It doesn't interest me really," she says to her daughters, keeping her eyes glued to the screen.

The daughters are not only dutiful. They enjoy a good gossip with mother, and, with their families, visit her often.

The other night, getting on to midnight, one daughter was returning from the regular visit when she stopped at a public telephone and rang her mother's number.

"Whatever is the matter?" asked mother anxiously.

"Nothing," said the daughter, "but now the TV stations have closed down I thought we might have a little chat."

By



Dorothy Drann

THE hazard of writing jolly weather paragraphs in a weekly column is that they are usually madly unseasonable by the time the paper is distributed.

Last week, for instance, I wrote a cheerful spring paragraph, based partly on the calendar, partly on a couple of pleasant days. The temperature promptly dropped ten degrees and gales began to blow.

That was in Sydney. The hope with a national paper is that some readers in Bourke or Marble Bar found the references to warmth more topical.

During the gales (nasty, icy ones) I kept thinking of a line from an old sentimental song, "These Foolish Things." It runs, "The winds of March that made my heart a dancer." I started to brood about this, having no experience of English March winds, and figuring that they ought to be the counterpart of Australian August and September winds.

Clutching my coat round me, I decided there was absolutely nothing about these winds to make one's heart dance. Anyhow, benefiting by last week's experience, writing about them is almost sure to cause a change in the weather, which will be all to the good.

ANOTHER weather thought: On the quarter-to-eight news the A.B.C. announcer gives the forecast for what he calls "the remainder of the day."

To one who invariably sets an alarm for 6.45 a.m. and hardly ever rises before 7.40, this phrasing appears to carry a reproach.

A LARGE London store, which has its own zoo, recently sold a number of deodorised skunks to women customers. Women also buy rats and mice, young alligators, and baby boa-constrictors. The store manager said women these days looked for pets which helped them stand out in a crowd.

Chloe, who is somewhat arty, Took a tiger to a party. Everybody screamed, "How cute! Such a decorative brute!"

Alice tried to imitate her, Bought herself an alligator With a bow to match her dress— Scored at once a chic success.

Oft to gatherings invited, Both, applauded, grew excited, Looked in scorn at rivals who Owned no treasure from the zoo.

Till Clarissa, blond, curvaceous, Simpered, condescending, gracious: "Not to be outdone," she said, "I have brought a man instead."

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—THE LAST THING
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TELEVISION PARADE

By NAN MUSGROVE

Apparently fashion-conscious Sydney women are not keen on Paris' new "shift" line. Entries received at Channel 9, TCN, for the Sybil Connolly Design Competition show that they prefer a definitely waisted dress that flatters the figure.

PRE DOMINANT among the entries for the day dress are Princess-line sheaths, which also figure prominently in the evening-dress designs.

The competition, launched by Judy Ann James of Channel 9, TCN ("Home," Tuesdays at 4.30), has proved tremendously popular. Entries don't close until September 10, so, if you have a secret ambition to try your hand at designing, be in it.

Entrants are asked to design a day dress in "Cobblestone," a grey-green check boucle fabric, and an evening or cocktail dress or an evening coat in lipstick-red duchesse satin.

Famous Irish designer Sybil Connolly used both these Australian fabrics in her 1957 collection designed specially for Australian women and shown at our Irish Parades.

She made the boucle into a suit with pale green organza blouse, and called it "Double Check." She used the lipstick satin in "Twilight Two-piece," as an evening skirt teamed with a black, finely pleated, Irish-linen bodice.

Judy Ann tells me the entries are of a good standard; one contestant submitted her designs made as doll's clothes.

Many people who would like to submit designs but can't draw have rung TCN asking whether a description is sufficient.

The quality of the sketch submitted has nothing to do with the award of the prize. It is not a drawing contest.

But Judy Ann feels that some sort of sketch is needed to show detail which may be misinterpreted from a written description.

To help people (like me) who can't draw a straight line, Judy Ann, who sketches well

herself, devised a figure chart, which is shown at right. She appeals to everyone to make some sort of drawing, and adds an assurance that the original sketches will not be seen on TV unless they are good.

Poor or indifferent entry sketches will be copied professionally, so that the entrant cannot possibly be embarrassed, and the design will show to the greatest advantage on camera.

Sybil Connolly will judge the competition, will meet the winner personally, and discuss the designing work submitted.

The winner will have a wonderful time with the prizes. Her designs will be made up for her by two of Australia's top manufacturers, and she will be presented with foundation garments, shoes, handbags, and gloves for each dress.

Jewellery — a bracelet and necklet for the evening dress and a lapel pin and earrings for the day dress — will also be included.

Other wonderful loot includes a complete beauty kit, a specially designed hat for the day dress, and a celebration party at Princes for four.

FOR a long time I have heard about the charms of Liberace (Channel 2, ARN, Saturdays, 7.20 p.m.), and for an equally long time I've deliberately avoided exposing myself to them. Recently, feeling strong, I had a look at the programme.

It has to be seen to be believed.

Mr. Liberace is portly in a well-groomed way, and looks pretty. I saw him do "My Old Kentucky Home." Mr. L. was seated at a grand piano, looking through branching candelabra at three gentlemen

fiddlers arranged tastefully up a staircase against white paneling.

When the music finished, Liberace bowed to the boys on the stairs and smiled embracingly at the televiewers. Turning on his glycerine charm, he told us that it made him feel sentimental.

It didn't sentiment me. I would like to see his permanent retirement to his old Kentucky home.

PARENTS who worry about the effect television has on their children's eyes will be interested in the findings of American eye doctors and university experts.

The eye specialists state positively that when viewing precautions are taken there is no apparent damage to children's eyes.

The "viewing precautions" have been laid down by experts from Stanford University, Western California, and the University of California. Here they are:

- Seat the children at least 10 feet from a 17in. screen, farther from a 21in. size.
- Let them watch from the front instead of the side of the screen.
- Provide soft light in the room and place it either behind or to the side of the set, so that it doesn't reflect on to the screen.
- Do not let them watch continuously for long periods.
- Teach them to rest their eyes frequently by looking away from the set every few moments.

APPEARING on TV makes both sexes nervous, but it affects them differently.

The women get a glazed, set look which is not actively unpleasant, but the men have

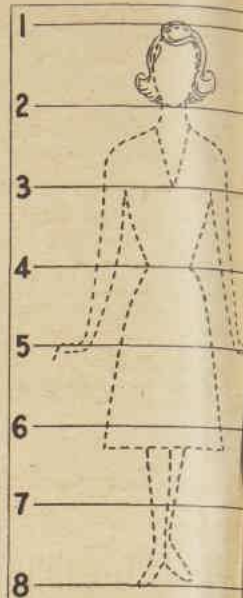


FIGURE CHART suggested for entrants in the Sybil Connolly Competition. The head is an oval between lines 1 and 2. Neck and shoulders (to armpits) between 2 and 3. Slanting lines from armpits to waist at line 4. Hem about quarter way between 6 and 7. Legs and feet finish at line 8, elbows at line 4, wrists line 5, bustline immediately below line 3.

a habit that really is. They get the glaze all right, but they add to it a furtive brand of lip-licking.

Their tongues dart out like a well-reflexed goanna's, which I think they think televiewers don't notice if they do it quickly enough.

Well, the viewers notice all right. I once counted five licks in one short sentence.

To be constructive and help these poor, dry-lipped males, I suggest that they invest in a tube of colorless lipstick and use it. I can only conclude that it is the nervous ladies' use of lipstick that stops them displaying this maddening, unattractive habit.

Television round the world

In Japan, every television station has its own special director of flowers. He designs the flower pieces and arranges them for use in the studio sets. (He won't settle for an imitation Grecian urn and poppies for 2/6, either.)

In Paris, every heavy wind catches a couple of more television pirates with their camouflage down. The camouflage is tool-sheds, summer-houses, and other contraptions put up on roofs of Paris to hide the TV aeriels underneath, and so save paying licence fees. Number of pirates in Paris has been estimated at 300,000.

In Korea, TV is 15½ months old, and is transmitted only six evenings a week for 2½ hours, with a 40-minute programme at noon every Saturday and Sunday. Friday is the quiet day when the TV stands dead. A shortage of electricity is the trouble. The one Korean station hopes to increase its hours as the power situation improves.



AUSTRALIA'S AMATEUR HOUR (Channel 9, TCN, Thursdays, 8 p.m.) has gone outside Australia looking for talent for the first time in its 17 years. The unit flew to Fiji and did three shows to be broadcast on September 5, 12, and 19. The Fijian artists, who include the Cakobau School Choir, seen above with Terry Dear, will compete for the 1957 £1000 Lever Award, grand finals of which will be starred on radio and TV.

BACKROOM GIRLS OUT FRONT



GUESTS at the special show Sydney couturier Madame Germaine Rocher arranged for her staff as a preview to her spring fashion parades. French hairdresser Nicole is at left, and all eyes are on model Diana Gregory (right), who carried baby French poodle "Antine" in the parade.



Pounds (avoirdufois) are the couturier's biggest headache

● In the long grey salon with its white venetians and champagne drapes the lights went on and dark-haired Madame Germaine Rocher, Sydney's topline couturier, announced: "I am starting an unusual trend. It will be cottons first."

ON they came, plain, spots, and stripes, followed by the rest of a beautiful collection of clothes for all occasions by Madame Rocher and from the most famous Paris fashion houses.

"Oh, lovely, lovely," the woman beside me said, and kept it up for the next hour.

And although I couldn't study every detail, because a one-petal hat, like a pink outlandish, kept getting in the way, the collection was superb.

They were the sort of clothes that make young girls look older and older girls look younger, and all girls more elegant and sophisticated.

Keen interest

Someone once defined a fashion parade as seven-fifths chatter stitched to one-eighth silk.

But at this special show for her staff of 75 (Christian Dior employs 1000), which Madame Rocher arranged as a private preview to her spring collection parades, no couturier could have had a more interested audience.

The reason was that the many girls who watched, among a thin sprinkling of Madame's personal guests, were the girls who had made the Rocher clothes.

"They are artists," Madame Yvonne told me after the show. "They have immense



Madame Rocher.

pride in their work—right down to the apprentices.

"If you don't give one a model to make when we are getting ready for a show you have a sad girl on your hands."

Mr. Charles nodded. "That is true in my department, too. They are such keen and clever workers."

Madame Yvonne, who is in charge of one of the dress-making rooms, is French, large, efficient, smiling, and charming, and in private life is Mrs. Harry Brunell, with a four-year-old daughter with the musical name of Claudine.

Mr. Charles, who is Madame Rocher's chief tailor and who looks like a successful stockbroker, is Mr. Charles Mertz, who is also French, and who also has a four-year-old—Patrick.

We talked after the show at one end of a big workroom behind the grey salon. At the other end the girls celebrated with drinks in paper cups and piles of sandwiches.

There were rows of big worktables, with chairs and stools on top of them to get them out of the way, irons and ironing-boards, a sewing-machine and pins.

There were also rows of padded dummies—on tables, stands, and high shelves—like proud, buxom ladies in tight Victorian shifts.

"Have you, as a tailor, a special name for the dummies?" I asked Mr. Charles.

He blew cigarette smoke at the ceiling. "We call them mannequins. We pad them to the exact measurements of individual clients and refer to them by their names."

"So that dummy there with the big chest would be Mrs. Brown, and that other dummy with no chest would be Mrs. Jones?"

"Precisely," he said.

I wanted to know the most interesting thing about making clothes.

"The excitement," said Mr. Charles. "We live an artist's life. There is much work, but no boredom. Every suit, every dress is something new. Then twice a year, as fashion

By
RONALD McKIE

changes, as we prepare for new shows, we begin life again."

"Yes, yes," Madame Yvonne said, "and we have as much pride in our work as the girls have. There is excitement and satisfaction in knowing you have made a beautiful dress."

I turned to Mr. Charles: "Do you like making for any type or size of woman, and what's the most important thing in tailoring?"

He was diplomatic. "I like making for all women—big, small, thin, fat. The fitting is much more vital than the cutting. If something is cut perfectly you can ruin it with bad fitting. If something is cut badly, you can save it with good fitting."

Best figures

They agreed that most smart Australian women know what they want in clothes, and that Australian girls have probably the best figures in the world.

"Because their legs are longer than legs in Europe and America," explained Madame Yvonne, "and because their waists are shorter and higher, Australian girls have the perfect carriage."

"Finally," I asked, "what is your biggest problem?"

Mr. Charles and Madame Yvonne looked at each other. They were very serious. Then they began to laugh.

"We spend our lives taking in and letting out," they said.

"One of my clients," said Mr. Charles, "lost 2½st. in three months. It was chaos."

"One of mine gained 10lb. while I was making her dress," said Madame Yvonne. "It was terrible."

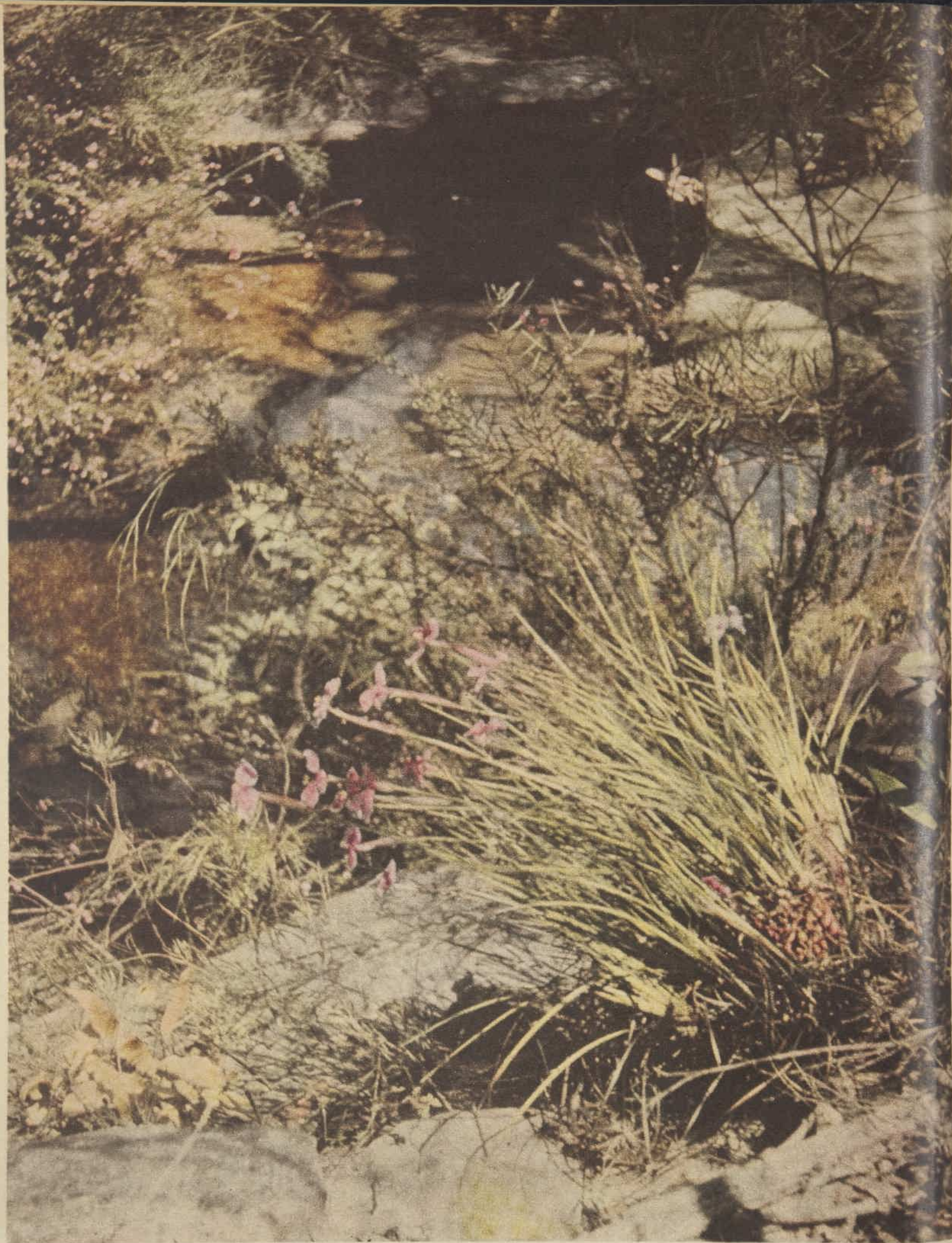
"It happens all the time," said Mr. Charles, "and we can't do anything about it except take in and let out. Yes, pounds are our biggest headache."



AGAINST a workroom background of dummies, or "mannequins," as they are called, are Jan Lambert (left) and Marilyn Hofstee, two of the girls who helped make the dresses for the parade. They relaxed with a cool drink.



ABOVE: Claudine, four-year-old daughter of dressmaking expert Madame Yvonne (centre), has a sandwich with seamstress Peggy Coughlin (left), Peggy's mother, Mrs. B. Coughlin (right), and Mr. Charles, head tailor.



THESE ARE AUSTRALIAN:

NATIVE IRIS (*Patersonia glabrata*) growing on a creekbank in the National Park, N.S.W. This plant also grows in Queensland and Victoria. Picture by Mr. A. Fried, Sydney.
See page 73 for "The Living Bush" order coupon



ABOVE: Bridesmaid Dr. Betty Lark helped Judith Davies from the car when she arrived at St. Mary's Cathedral for her wedding to Dr. Grosvenor Burfitt-Williams. Inset: Dr. and Mrs. Burfitt-Williams after the ceremony.



LONDON WEDDING. Squadron-Leader and Mrs. Anthony Caillard outside the Church of the Holy Redeemer, Chelsea, with their attendants, Anne Scoones (left), Fraser Sedcole, and Gay Crawford. The bride was formerly Margaret Ann Crawford, of "Noorona," Holbrook.



ENGAGED. Jenifer Human and Aldous Jonas, who have announced their engagement. Jenifer is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Human, of Vaucluse, and Aldous is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Jonas, of Muswellbrook.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS



FIRST-NIGHTERS when the Elizabethan grand opera season opened with "La Boheme" were fair-haired sisters Mrs. Frank Taplin (left), of Wahroonga, and Mary Lou Luft, of Pymble, who both chose delustrated satin theatre coats.



CUTTING THE CAKE after their wedding at St. Matthew's Church, Windsor, are Mr. and Mrs. Michael Clifton. The reception was held at "Claremont," the historic (1796) home of the bride, who was Annette Charley, of Windsor.

SURE to be missed from the Sydney scene are popular consular identities Donald Kennedy and Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Muller.

After two years as U.S. Consul-General here, Mr. Kennedy will fly to Washington to take up his new post as Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for the Near East Area. The Mullers (he was Consul-General for Germany) and their small daughter, Mari- anne, are travelling home to Germany via the United States and Canada to visit friends in Chicago and Montreal. Mr. and Mrs. Muller's new home in Germany will be a permanent one — Sydney was Mr. Muller's last post before his retirement.

THE John O'Riordans, of Randwick, will have double cause for celebration on September 18 — besides being the day their daughter Patricia marries Major John O'Connor, it is their own ruby wedding anniversary — their fortieth. Patricia has chosen the Sacred Heart Church, Randwick, for the wedding. Bridesmaids will be Patricia's sister, Pauline, and John's sister, Marcia.

ALL roads in the Yass district will lead to the Memorial Hall on September 20 when young guests come from near and far for the Bachelors and Spinsters' Ball. There will be 60 hosts and hostesses, among them Jenny Barber, Cameron Crisp, Helen Campbell, and Maureen Mackay. Bede Tancred, who is coming from Melbourne for the party, will be one of Maureen's 18 guests at "Taemas," the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Mackay.

COUNTRY lass Patricia Strang, who has announced her engagement to Donald Loughrey, is wearing a diamond solitaire engagement ring. Patricia, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Strang, of "Compton Downs," Brewarrina, is visiting her fiancé's parents, the H. J. Loughreys, at Ulan, near Mudgee.

PROUD parents of twin daughters are Mack Hordern and his pretty wife, Ruth. The little girls will be called Robyn Lylie and Denise Muriel, Lylie for Mack's mother, Mrs. Stewart Hordern, and Muriel for Ruth's mother, Mrs. Stanley Burgess. Mother and babes will go straight from Crown Street to the new home which is waiting for them at Killara.

WENTWORTH FALLS will be the address of newlyweds Rosemary and Alan Hislop when they return from their North Coast honeymoon. Rosemary is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mountstephens, of Epping, and Alan is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. William Hislop, of Roseville.

PRETTY Faye Elliott is busy packing her suitcases for a month's cruise in Orcades to Japan, Hongkong, and the Philippines. Faye will travel with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. G. Elliott, of Anne Carlton.



CHAMPAGNE SUPPER. Guests at supper after the preview of "The Big Knife" at the Independent Theatre were (from left) Graham Ipkenanz, Robin Corner, Wendy Lloyd Jones, Wyndham Rose and Mrs. Ipkenanz.



SUMMER COLLECTION. Among those who saw Germaine Rocher's spring and summer collection were Diane Greaves (left) and Mrs. Bill Douglass. The collection included forty-five models from Paris fashion houses.

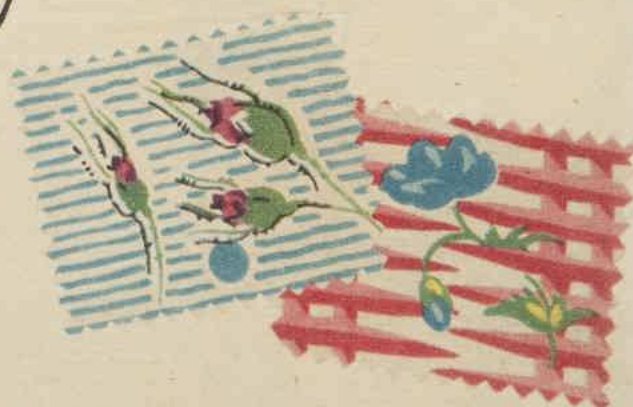


Make this dress from Butterick pattern No. 8129. In sizes 12 to 18, it takes about 4½ yards of 36in. wide Flamona. (You can make a matching jacket, too, with about 1½ yards extra.)

Wash...drip dry...wear it

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The Philby Treasure

By NINA
WARNER HOOKE

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN MILLS

While Mr. Weissberg examined the vase, Margie watched him in suspense.

likely to happen to humdrum people like ourselves.

Before I could be shouted down I went on to tell, over dessert and coffee, about the time divine inspiration came to my friend Margaret Philby, as ordinary a woman as you would find anywhere.

Margie and I—she was Margie Mulligan then—were at school together. We were not exactly bosom chums, but we moved in the same set, which tended more to athletic than academic honors. Both of us were distinguished performers in the gymnasium and on the hockey field.

We were a pair of bobbed-haired, red-cheeked, bouncingly healthy English schoolgirls. We left at the same time, having scraped through matric, and then, as so often happens in spite of faithful promises to keep in touch, lost sight of each other—with no particular regret on either side.

We met again, fifteen years later, on the island in the middle of Piccadilly Circus. I myself had greatly changed in appearance, so I was not surprised when she gave me a blank look in answer to my greeting.

Margie I would have known anywhere, for she was the same apple-cheeked, sturdy figure as when I had last seen her. The only difference was that she wore a tweed suit instead of a gym tunic. I explained who I was, and she dropped her parcels and threw her arms round my neck in her old boisterous way.

"Well, I'm blowed!" she cried. "Fancy meeting you again."

After that we saw each other often. It was odd that, as married women whose circumstances were widely different, we became closer friends than

we had ever been as schoolgirls when we shared the same classroom and the same dormitory.

I met her husband and her son, and liked them both. Bob Philby was a cashier at a tyre factory in one of the western suburbs. They lived in a rented stucco villa in an endless row of similar dwellings along a roaring arterial thoroughfare.

They had married when Bob was invalided out of the army towards the end of the war. Their son, Robert, was nine. It was characteristic of the situation that, though father and son bore the same Christian name, in the child's case the diminutive was never used. Robert was a serious child. Slight, pale, and of an intelligence beyond his years.

"I don't know where he gets his brains from," Margie would say, "but he's going to make his mark in the world all right. He could read the newspapers before he was four. He loves school and you can't keep him

To page 18

DID you ever know anyone who had a divine inspiration? The question cropped up at a dinner-party we gave recently, and of course it drew the inevitable counterquery on the nature and meaning of inspiration.

All the saints in the calendar could be said to have had it, in one form or another. So also could some of the worst monsters in history. Hitler claimed to be divinely inspired when he launched World War II. At the other end of the scale there was my great-uncle Phineas, who said he was divinely inspired when he forecast the Derby winner of 1908 and won a large sum of money which saved him from going bankrupt.

The thing was argued all round the table and, by the time it came to my turn, I had a reasonable time to think it out and offer an opinion.

I said that I thought true inspiration could be narrowed down to saying, or doing, the unerringly right thing without warning or preparation in a moment of personal crisis. It didn't only occur, I said, in the case of saints and tyrants or even notable eccentrics like my great-uncle Phineas. It was just as

FICTION
SECTION

away. His teacher's ever so proud of him."

So was his mother, that was clear, though she tried to hide her feelings under a show of casual heartiness. They were a close-knit trio, content with their few pleasures and with each other.

At first I was diffident of inviting Margie to our flat, for fear that she might be embarrassed by what, compared with her own modest way of life, might seem ostentatious luxury. But I need not have worried. She was ready enough to admire, but not to envy. Covetousness was not in her nature.

"My goodness!" she would cry, clumping from room to room in her thick, serviceable shoes. "Aren't you grand! You did well for yourself and no mistake — marrying a stockbroker."

It was as a result of one of her visits to me that the whole thing happened. She had come into town for a day's shopping and had dropped in to have lunch with me. I was re-furnishing my drawing-room at the time and when she got home that evening she was full of ideas for making her own little living-room more comfortable and attractive.

"I tell you what," she said to Bob. "Let's get rid of that daft old china cabinet that takes up so much space and buy ourselves a Chesterfield settee, one of those gorgeous deep springy ones that we can pull up to the fire and curl up on in the evenings."

"That's a very good idea," Bob said. "We'll do that if we can raise enough on the cabinet to help pay for it."

"We ought to. I know it's old and it may be quite valuable."

The cabinet was one of a number of things that had come to Margie on her mother's death some years before. She rang me up next day to ask my advice on the best method of disposing of it.

I offered to mention it to an acquaintance of ours, the owner of a famous West End antique shop at which my husband was a frequent customer.

"I'll see if I can get Mr. Weissberg to come and look at it," I said. "He won't mind doing me a favor. If he likes the cabinet he'll probably make you an offer, and from my knowledge of him I can promise it will be a fair one. You're likely to do better that way than by sending it to a saleroom and taking a chance on what it fetches."

A few days later Mr. Weissberg duly turned up and sent Margie into what she later described as "quite a tizzy."

Mr. Weissberg, an elderly Jew of Austrian descent, was an imposing figure, tall, grey-bearded, immaculate. He greeted Margie in a kind and courteous way and followed her into the living-room. She drew aside the card table that stood in front of the cabinet so that he could get a better view of it.

He stopped dead, a yard or so inside the room, and stared, saying nothing for several moments. When he spoke it was in quite a different tone, hoarse and shaking with excitement.

"Where did you get that?" he asked—and pointed with a stabbing forefinger.

"What, that white vase?" Margie said, astonished. "It's just one of the bits and pieces that came from my old home. I think my father picked it up somewhere. He used to potter about junk shops in his spare time. It's nothing much, is it? Bob keeps his pipe-cleaners in it."

"Give it to me, please," commanded Mr. Weissberg, still in that odd hoarse voice. "Be very careful how you move in case that rug should slip on your polished floor."

Speechless with surprise Margie opened the cabinet,

Continuing . . . The Philby Treasure

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took out the vase, shook the contents out of it, and handed it to the old gentleman.

He reached for it as tenderly as though he were taking into his arms some palpitating living creature. He lowered himself carefully into a chair and sat there, silent again, turning the vase over and over in his long yellowish fingers, stroking and fondling it.

At last he looked up. He said with a sigh: "There will be many who think me either foolish or mad. Perhaps I am both. You see, I am not going to do what another in my position would do—that is, offer you ten shillings for your vase in the reasonable certainty that you would sell it to me. Instead, I am going to tell you the truth about it. But first I must ask, are you in any present difficulty? By that I mean in need of money?"

Margie was more baffled than ever, but she managed to say, "No, I can't say we are. We don't have anything to spare, but we get along all right."

"I am glad," said Mr. Weissberg, "because I would like

an emperor's palace in the time of the Ming dynasty of China." "Good heavens!" Margie stammered. "I suppose it's worth a lot of money then."

"It is worth," said Mr. Weissberg reflectively, "a great deal more than this whole house and everything in it. And its value will become higher and higher as the years go by, so great is its rarity. I count myself privileged even to have seen and handled it." Mr. Weissberg paused. Then he shot out another of his unexpected questions. "You have children?"

"Yes, one. A boy."

"The worth of this vase could send him, when the time comes, to a university. Or it could buy him, if you prefer it, a business of his own. It represents for his parents a capital sum of several thousands of pounds."

"Good heavens alive!" Margie said. It was the only way she could express her feelings. "What on earth shall I do with it in the meantime?"

come home from school. When she told them the astounding news, all three of the Philbys behaved as though they were drunk. They capered about the kitchen holding hands. "We're rich!" they cried. "We're rich!"

When they had sobered down a bit they went into the living-room and stared reverently at the white vase.

"I can't believe it," Bob kept saying. "I simply can't believe it. All these years this thing has been kicking around the house and none of us ever gave it a thought. Now it turns out to be practically priceless."

Robert said in a hushed voice, his small hand clutching Margie's large one, "Tell again about Mr. Weissberg, what he said about giving us new eyes to see it with." Margie told it. It was certainly true that the vase seemed to have taken on qualities that none of them had seen before.

"It really is rather wonderful," Margie sighed. "I can't think why I never noticed what a heavenly shape it is."

"Can I hold it up to the light and see the pattern?" Robert asked.

"For goodness' sake, no, love! Nobody must touch it. I'll never dare dust it again as long as I live."

Robert was silent for a while. Then he said: "Mr. Weissberg shouldn't have said that about Grandma's cups being horrible."

"Oh, I don't know," Margie allowed. "Perhaps he's right. They do look a bit—well, sort of common alongside our vase." Her new eyes were already functioning.

News of the Philby treasure spread like wildfire through their intimate circle and beyond it. Bob's colleagues at the factory discussed it endlessly.

Young Robert announced with impressive effect in class, after one of the teachers had explained the uses of china clay: "We have a piece of china at home that's hundreds of years old and worth thousands of pounds."

"Oh, come now," his teacher said. "Things like that are only in museums."

"You can come and see it if you don't believe me."

Many people did so, crowding into the room to peer with awe through the glass door of the cabinet. In the meantime Margie was still searching for the key that belonged to it.

But she had obeyed instructions and lined the interior with strips of black velvet cut from an old evening frock. And Mr. Weissberg had been as good as his word. He had sent, with his compliments, the carved ebony pedestal on which the vase now stood.

So now the effect was complete. Solitary against its sombre background the Ming vase seemed to glow with unearthly purity and lustre. It invested the whole room with a kind of splendor. Robert formed the habit of popping in to have a look each day as soon as he got home from school to make sure it was still there.

He still begged from time to time: "If I'm very, very careful can I just once hold it up to see the pattern?"

"Better not, love," Margie told him. "You'd never forgive yourself if you had an accident, would you?"

"No, I wouldn't, Mummy. I think I'd—well, I'd just about die."

In the early evenings before Robert went up to bed the Philbys played their delightful new game of spending the proceeds of the sale of their treasure. The game was based on the premise that Robert would win a scholarship to a



"Look who's criticising! You didn't hit anything!"

you to keep this vase and not sell it to me or to anyone else—until the day when you may have special reasons for doing so."

He stood up and glanced round the room, his gaze taking in the whole assortment of its contents.

"It is my belief," he went on, "that it is good for all of us to possess, if we are so fortunate, one thing of absolute beauty on which our eyes can rest when we seek relief from the sorrow and ugliness of the world we live in."

"Look at your vase, Mrs. Philby—look with the new eyes I am giving you. See its delicacy, its marvellous whiteness—only equalled by newly fallen snow. See the perfection of the shape, the translucent glaze that makes it shine as if it had been dipped in liquid light. Come, stand beside me while I hold it up to the window so that you can see what perhaps you have never observed before, that underneath the glaze there is an exquisite pattern engraved all over the surface."

"Well, I'm blown!" said Margie. "I never saw that before. It seemed just a plain, common sort of thing."

"I thought as much," said Mr. Weissberg, permitting himself the ghost of a chuckle. "But now you know better. Your vase, Mrs. Philby, is a treasure such as few people possess today—which is not surprising, for it is five hundred years since such things were made and only by a miracle has it remained perfect. It is a poem in porcelain, made for

"You shall put it back where you took it from, my dear. The cabinet, you understand, does not interest me. It is a thing of small account, not bad, not good. And it is the only place here where your treasure can be housed, safe from careless hands. You must keep it locked. And you must also remember to lock up your house when you go out. News of such a possession soon leaks out, and a thief who understands these things would take great risks to steal it from you."

"I do not urge you to insure it against damage or loss, for the premium would be so high that you could probably not afford it. In any case, it is not right that this precious thing should be a liability to you, but only a source of joy."

He handed the vase to Margie and she replaced it in the cabinet.

"If you are wise you will line the shelf and the panel at the back with black velvet so that your treasure can be displayed in all its beauty. It should properly stand on an ebony base. I shall send you one—of a later period, but it will serve. And take out of the cabinet those horrible cups and saucers and all the other rubbish."

"Now I must be going. Guard your treasure well. Look at it each day with the new eyes that I have given you and it will uplift your heart."

Margie was left in such a daze that, as she put it, she didn't know whether she was coming or going. She could hardly wait for Bob to get back from work or for Robert to



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By VICKI BAUM

ILLUSTRATED BY THEO BATTEN

"I'll be back in half an hour," Glenn had called when he took off from Tiburon in Tracey's red plane. But it took him five days to return, and when he did it wasn't by plane but on foot, and he was full of thunder and red storm clouds.

Thumbs stared at the perspiring, dust-covered, bedraggled figure that entered the lusciously curtained pink bedroom where he had been dozing.

"What happened to you? Where did you come from?" he cried.

"From the station, where else? And may I inquire why our truck wasn't there? I had counted on it; it's Thursday, isn't it? Where's the shipment we ought to have loaded on the train today? What's going on here the moment I turn my back? Why do I have to slog through six miles of dirt in my old canvas shoes if I want to get home? On a Thursday! On train day!"

"Sorry, boss. You see, we had a little trouble. The truck went on the blink, and the men fell a little behind in their fishing, and, well, what with one thing and another, there wasn't much to be shipped—"

"Caramba! Who's responsible for it? Why isn't the truck repaired? Where's Manuel? I'll give him holy hell!"

"Well, you see, that's part of the trouble. Manuel was bumped pretty badly when the truck turned over and went into the river—I mean, there was that little accident on Monday; it could have been much worse. No fractures, no internal haemorrhages, just a slight concussion. And the cans we lost, of course—or didn't you notice the mess on the road where they burst and all those livers spilled out?"

"Before the bridge? Where it smelt to high heavens and the bottom of the gulch was black with buzzards? I thought they'd found a dead coyote, but no! We're feeding hundreds of pesos' worth of shark liver to the birds! That's a nice homecoming, really!" he shouted.

Thumbs felt it was time the worm turned, and shouted back at him. "I like that! What did you expect? Arches of triumph? After leaving us for almost a week, without so much as a goodbye or a postcard, a wire, anything to let me know you're still alive! But you never learn, you're as irresponsible as ever. Remember when you tried to get to New Zealand as a stowaway? How old were you then? Not quite ten. Your poor mother went half crazy before they found you."

"Wanted to see some real cannibals, did you? Took them three days to find you in the hold of the old Tasmania. And who got spanked black and blue for it? Who else but me: I—Robert S. Thumborn. It's always like that. You get the fun and I the sore bottom! Sometimes I really wonder why I put up with all the trouble you are."

Glenn had kicked off the soiled, ragged canvas shoes and was studying some angry blisters on his left foot. "If you must know the truth, she kidnapped me, Tracey did," he said sulkily.

"Do tell! Musta been lots of fun," Thumbs said, to win time before confessing to Glenn the communal binge and subsequent hangovers during which Manuel had driven the truck over the railing of the small wooden bridge. Not to mention Vida's marriage intentions. Besides, Glenn would feel better if he could let off steam, talk, get over the sulks.

"Fun? Thumbs, believe me. The fun I had I don't wish on my worst enemy!"

"Why? You didn't get airsick, did you?"

"Oh, don't try to be witty. Sure—at first I enjoyed flying along the coastline. Tracey said she'd have to make a little stop-over in Manzanillo before taking me back to Tiburon. But it took longer to get there than I'd thought; we quarrelled a little, and I told her to turn around and take me back immediately. She said, "Aye, aye, sir," but you know her—when she can't have her own way she's full of the devil. She banked and turned and made a couple of loops, and suddenly I found myself way out over the ocean going south-west, with clouds below and no land in sight. I was so mad I would have baled out and into the drink if only there had been a parachute."

"Yes? Then what happened?"

"Then she broke through the ceiling into a stew of fog, visibility zero; the night came up and we were flying blind. In the end we landed off Isla Roqueta just before our fuel gave out. It wasn't a very systematic landing, and we had a heck of a time before we got fished up by the Coast Guard. Acapulco just isn't the place where they expect little red amphibians to plunk down ten minutes past midnight. But we were alive, and that's something. I hope some day someone will wring Tracey's neck for a stunt like that."

"But it was fun," said Thumbs, for he knew his friend Glenn.

"Yes, maybe it was fun. I guess it was huge fun for a few hours. It was a change; it was a vacation from shark livers. It reminded me of the time when Tracey and I were grounded in the Bahamas."

"I suppose that was her intention: to remind you."

"I congratulate you on your keen gift of observation."

"Well, if it was fun, what are you beefing about?"

"First of all, I don't like being handled like parcel post. Furthermore, it was no fun at all to work out a way of getting back here from Acapulco. No boat available. No railway down there at all. No road except the one to Taxco. I had to fly to Guadalajara and catch the train out from there. And the worst was that I had to borrow the money for it from Tracey. I hadn't even a tooth-brush with me."

"Wouldn't it have been simpler if she had flown you back?" said Thumbs.

"That's what you think. When we parted I wasn't in the mood to ask her a favor and she wasn't in the mood to do me one."

"I think she would do you all the favors you want if you'd ask her the right way."

"That's just it. We had a horrible scent, and I left as quickly as I could."

"What happened? Or don't you want to tell me?"

"Yes, I want to tell you in detail, because it'll be a relief. It has been boiling in me all the way from Acapulco. Thumbs, you've heard her rattle on about those poor homeless people for whom she wants action! You should have seen them! Thumbs, you've never dreamed of such a congregation of useless, spineless ghosts. They were still in the bar, one of the many longest-bars-in-the-world, and certainly the darkest."

"Some of them played poker in a corner, and some of them behaved disgustingly, and

some had passed out. They all were drunk, but they are the sort who don't show it until the very moment when they suddenly fall under the table. They have a lingo of their own, and nicknames I wouldn't give a French poodle, and they prattled and gossiped with venom.

Thumbs chuckled his appreciation while Glenn's furious talk gained momentum. 'I don't know how to express it, they made me shiver. As if the whole congregation would have to hurry back to the cemetery when the clock struck one. There were titles a yard long, and emeralds saved from cataclysm, and there was such a smell of decay—Thumbs, I'll take our honest shark-liver smell any day. I guess I've grown away from cafe society these past few years.

'There was a great hullabaloo about Tracey's late entrance: it made me sick to see how easily she fitted into that crowd and let them kiss her and paw her and probably made a sucker of her. What a mixture! Mexican City gangsters and gamblers and a sprinkle of rich American loafers, and some of those titled cosmopolitan gigolos you find at every resort—they struck me as if they all were relatives of poor Ladislaus, the late Prince Barany. I don't know how she can stand them.'

'Perhaps it's her form of atonement,' Thumbs ventured; suddenly he remembered



They looked the perfect family as they frolicked and played on the edge of the beach.

the marks of her husband's cruelty on Tracey's body and her fear of him, and the thin, rust-brown threads of blood that were all that was left of him...

'What has she got to atone for? I'd rather think she's paid very dearly and was treated outrageously for being the innocent witness of a hideous accident. And,' Glenn added, hardly audible, 'and so was I.'

'That's your version, Glenn. However—' Thumbs began, but was stopped by the expression on his friend's face; it was blanching under the dust and sweat on his skin; even his eyes had lost all color. It took Thumbs some effort not to turn away from them, and so the two men stood staring at each other for one of those silent seconds that seem to last for ever.

'Go on,' Glenn said finally, 'speak up. You were saying: however—? However, what? Thumbs, for God's sake, you didn't think I committed perjury?'

'I am not sure what to think. You wouldn't be the first man to swear a false oath to save a woman he's crazy about. I wouldn't hold it against you—probably I'd do the same for Tracey. You were crazy about her on the Arundel. And you still are, if you really want to know what I think.'

'But, Thumbs—you've known me all my life, how could you—Listen. I was the master of the Arundel—how could you ever believe I would falsify my logbook? Do I

have to swear to you that what I put in the log and what I testified in court is God's holy truth?'

He made a step towards Thumbs, who instinctively ducked. He thought, he's going to knock me out. But Glenn only gripped his shoulders and shook him; it hurt, but it was a friendly shaking. He had shaken Thumbs like that in their boyhood tussles; they both remembered it at that moment. The color returned to Glenn's eyes as he said: 'Do you believe me, Thumbs, you fool, or do I have to give you my word of honor that Tracey is innocent? She may have done a lot of damage in her life, but she didn't kill her husband. She tried to save him.'

'Okay, okay, no need to break my collarbone. I believe you. And it sure takes a load off my mind. But,' Thumbs said, trying to adjust himself to this new vista—it was like a fast change on the stage when you've got to find what the new scenery stands for—but if Tracey is another Snow White, innocent, wronged, and badly treated, I don't quite understand why you are running away from her. A blind man can see that she loves you.'

'Perhaps if I were a blind man I'd see it,

too. But as long as I have all my faculties I don't like to be shipped around like parcel post. I can't stand to be handled, and I won't be eaten alive, not by Tracey—not by any woman. Look, Thumbs, we don't live by logical thinking—or why would you have stayed with me through all my battles if all the time you believed me a lying, swindling, perjuring rotter?'

'Well—each man to his taste,' said Thumbs, thinking: Yes, why indeed? Because I like you, you damned nut, in spite of all your faults; or because of them, or because you need me. To be needed is not a small thing, he thought deep in himself, not a small thing at all. But things like this are not spoken aloud between men, and so he only muttered that he had a passion for canning shark livers. And that Glenn should tell some more about what happened in Acapulco.

'When I tell you, you'll see right away why I turned tail. All right, the party broke up, and when we had left the dark bar I suffered a slight shock. They go all out in Acapulco now for glass and fluorescent lights, modern as hell; there was such a sharp, hard light at the door, and maybe you remember how middle-aged women look late at night when

they are over-dressed and over-made-up and their faces have gone to pieces with drinking.

'There were oldish guys, too, with fat stomachs and money-makers' thin lips and false teeth. Tracey's men of influence, I guess. And then there were some young girls I hadn't noticed before because they had better and quieter manners than the society ladies. And there was this crop of slick young men—you know the sort, gigolos and tourist guides who provide the romance the Chamber of Commerce promises in its travel folders, and muscle boys from the beaches who sell their company to the highest bidder.

'So there we stood in that glaring light, saying good-night and going off, two and two, like Noah's animals. The old men with the young girls hanging on them, and the oldish hags grabbing their respective boys. I think Tracey and I were the only people of an approximately same vintage. But I felt their eyes creeping all over me like slimy snails; look at the new boy-friend Tracey picked up on some waterfront. They speculated how much she was paying me for one night's fun and was I worth it. I was cooled

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I took a couple of years of marriage before Laura became aware of the undercurrents silently racing beneath Steve's patience and self-discipline. She finally felt the force of it when the letter came from Steve's alma mater, State University.

Laura brought it into the living-room, where Steve was studying the results of some experiments he'd been making as a laboratory technician with a new method of making a blood analysis.

There were statistics and charts scattered around as usual, and Steve was poring over them intently.

"Darling," said Laura, "the annual reunion dinner is here again by the look of this letter. Maybe we can finally go. I've always wanted to see the college you went to . . ."

Steve said, a shade too quickly, "I'm afraid not, honey. Can't make it."

"But," said Laura in surprise, "you haven't read when it is, so how . . .?"

She stopped as Steve turned a slow crimson. She looked at him in grave surprise, and as they stared at each other she remembered that last year she'd had the feeling that Steve was avoiding the reunion dinner, but it was a thought she'd banished as silly.

Now, startled that there should be anything about Steve she didn't understand, she sat down opposite him. Steve looked embarrassed.

"This is an important experiment," he said. "I hate to leave it, honey. I . . ."

"Darling," said Laura gently, "I know you do. I know you're one of the best laboratory technicians in the state and how much you love your work. Sometimes I'm even jealous of it. But I should think you'd want to see your old school friends and find out what's been happening to them . . ."

"I know what's been happening," said Steve. He grinned a bit ruefully. "Not in detail, of course. They've all been doing very well. At least my three close friends are. Matter of fact they're in the ten to fifteen thousand dollar a year group . . ."

"You never mentioned them," said Laura, her voice hurt.

"Well," said Steve slowly, "I guess I'm aware of how much higher they've risen . . ."

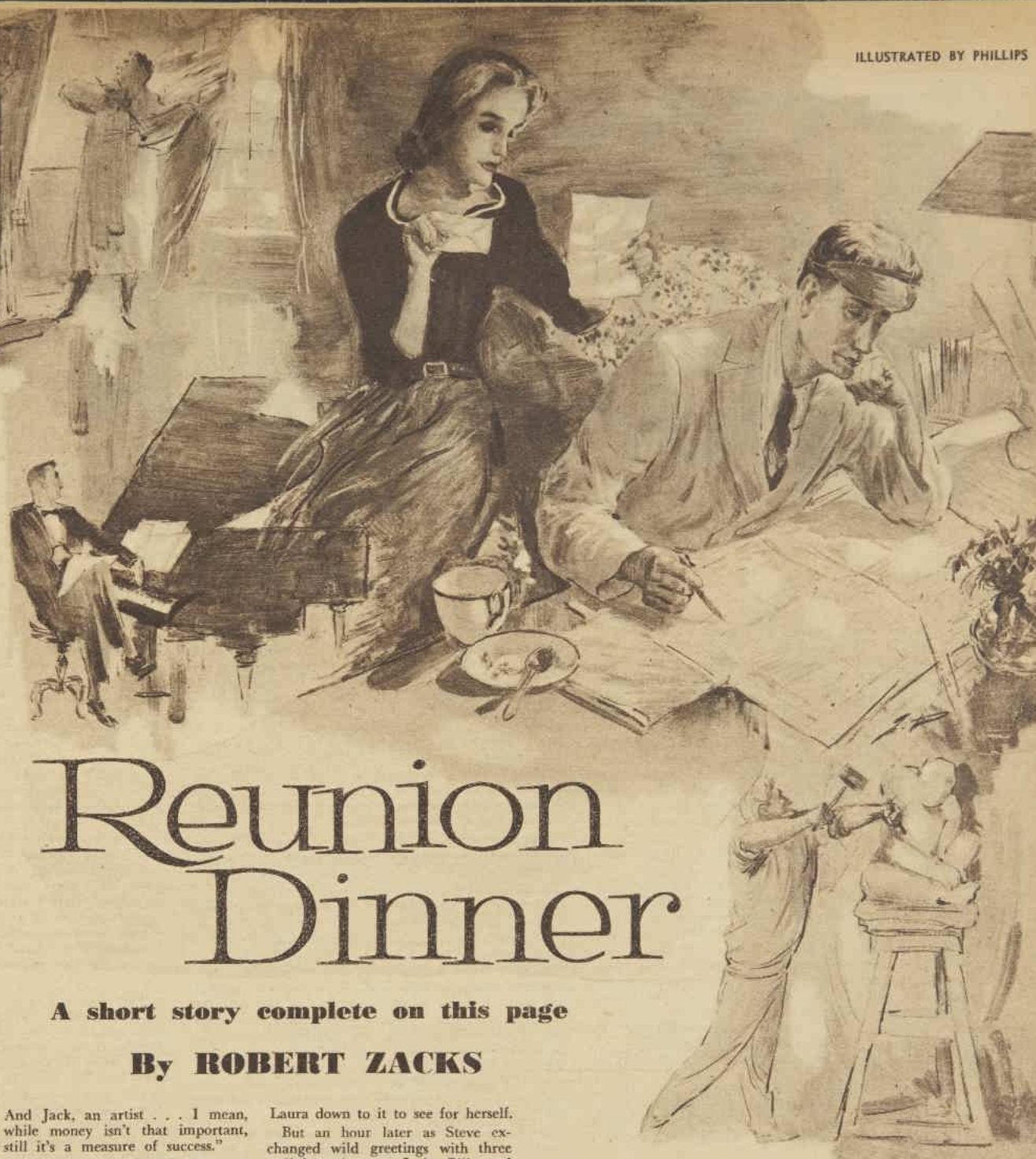
He paused and saw her indignation. "It isn't the money, Laura. Honestly it isn't. I'm happy, and we eat well enough and have a nice apartment, and . . ."

"Then what is it?" said Laura quietly.

Steve shrugged. "Well, it's . . . it's a matter of how well a man has done, that's all. They've all done so well . . ."

He broke off and turned and stared out the window for a long time. Laura thought he'd finished, but then he went on.

"There was Mike. He composed music. And Bill, who was a sculptor.



Reunion Dinner

A short story complete on this page

By ROBERT ZACKS

And Jack, an artist . . . I mean, while money isn't that important, still it's a measure of success."

Laura nodded unhappily, her eyes fixed on Steve's face.

"We met on the student council," said Steve. "You see, we were all big shots representing our individual course in the main school governing body. Everybody expected us to go far in our careers. I was going to be a great doctor, but I couldn't afford to finish and go on to medical school, so I went into this laboratory work because it was challenging. But they . . ."

He paused and grimaced. "The point is, as long as I keep away they won't know how much better than I they've done."

His laugh was sour. It infuriated Laura. "Don't run away from them. Let's go," she said.

Steve hesitated. He didn't look happy, but he nodded.

So a week later they set off on the rather long train journey to Carterville and then took the bus.

The road climbed up a steep hill to high ground where the modern buildings of State University overlooked the beautiful valley.

Laura was enchanted. Her gasps at the loveliness of the grounds softened Steve's grim face. He became happily talkative as he pointed out the road to the lake where he'd spent many wonderful hours rowing and fishing and he even took

Laura down to it to see for herself.

But an hour later as Steve exchanged wild greetings with three well-dressed men, Jack, Bill, and Mike, and their wives, Laura wasn't so sure she'd done the right thing.

The aura of success is a palpable, breathable perfume when one steps out of a Cadillac as Jack, the artist, did.

And when Bill, who was the sculptor, reached forward a long, slender hand to shake hands with Laura, she was dazzled by the diamond ring glittering on one of his fingers. As for Mike, the composer, he looked as unrich as any average man, but his wife wore mink.

But they were nice, all of them. Laura warmed to them and to their wives and Steve's face began to shine as they laughed over old memories.

Then one of the wives, Laura wasn't sure which, asked with innocent curiosity, "What do you do, Steve?"

A silence fell over the table. Outrage rose in Laura. What was there to be silent about? Just because Steve wasn't doing well, did they think it was a subject to be ashamed of, to be polite about?

Her eyes flew to Steve's face.

He said evenly, "I'm a laboratory technician. Doesn't pay much, but the work is fascinating. I love it."

Laura tilted her chin and turned to show their utter lack of envy. Let them boast, she thought.

Steve listened as Laura read out the invitation to meet all his old friends.

She said to Jack, the artist, "I understand you're a painter. I . . . I'd love to see some of your work."

To her surprise Jack flushed. "Uh," he said awkwardly, "well, I . . . uh . . . don't do fine art. I had to make a living, so," he shrugged mournfully, "I turned to a more profitable field of art." He paused and licked his lips, then blurted, "I do the art work on comic books."

"Comic . . ." said Laura, her voice trailing away.

As she looked away in embarrassment she met the glance of Bill, the sculptor. Bill was grinning.

"He's not the only one who has reason to blush," said Bill. "I was going to be another Michelangelo. Instead I'm making shop-window models. My own business, though, so it pays. And would you like to know what I did for two years before I got into my business — I made moulds for plastic dishes!"

Steve broke into laughter with the others. As the whole table rocked with mirth, Bill lifted his hands in mock defence. "And how about Mike here," he shouted. "Our com-

poser of music. Do you think he writes symphonies?"

Mike gritted his teeth. "I hate it. I hate it. But what can I do? It pays so well." He turned tortured eyes upon Laura and Steve. "I write those awful singing commercials . . ."

After a while the amusement died away, and in the silence that filled the gap of conversation crept a sense of sadness, like darkness under mirth. Laura saw Steve staring at them intently, and then they looked back at him and in turn studied him.

That was when Bill, the sculptor, leaned forward with interest flickering in his eyes. "So you're a laboratory technician, eh? I'll bet that's interesting work."

Bill's face came alive. "You bet it is," he said. "We're working out a new blood-analysis method. If it works we'll be able to save lives that now . . ."

They eagerly listened as Steve poured out his enthusiasm. In their glances were respect and wistfulness.

(Copyright)

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Bird in the tree

A short story by ENID BOULTER

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

CINTRAS voice challenged from inside. "Father, tea's ready to serve!"

The man in the tub-chair on the front verandah of the shack grinned to himself. He stretched lazily and settled even more comfortably against the cushions. He let the newspaper drop and it slid gracefully to pieces on the floor. When his daughter disapproved of him she always gave him his full title. He called back briefly, "Cinders, here a minute — And bring the sherry with you."

The girl came out with poured glasses. A slim creature, rather angular. A strong, intelligent head, and short, fine brown hair hinting auburn. Thoughtful grey eyes and a very shapely pink mouth. An attractive young woman. Her father thought, looking up at her: if it weren't for the prickles! His own eyes laughed at a private joke.

"The meal," Cintra repeated severely, "is all ready and waiting."

"It can wait then," Stephen Mackley returned. "Sit down and relax. We don't want ulcers in the family. Enjoy the sunset with me for ten minutes."

She chose a place where the boards were still intact at the edges and sat down. Between the dark boles of the pine trees in front of them they looked out over shelving pastures to the west. Heaped-up hills glowed violet, the gullies mysterious dark glens. On a sky of delicate blue washed with a fantastic medley of color, flame deepened. The crop of maize immediately in front of them blazed gold and light spilled over on to the girl's red blouse, her dark green slacks, the glint of her brown hair.

They sipped and smoked in silence for a while. Overhead a new moon like a slim gold ring shone brighter, thicker, on one side than the other. A star leapt out beside it, quivering like a moth. Cintra drew a deep, sighing breath.

"That's better," Stephen said. "No good being mad at me. Life's too short to waste."

Cintra glared at him. "You're a fat, complacent, callous, insufferable male, and I hate you!"

He laughed. "You're just a frustrated spinster! What have I done this time?"

She put down her glass and leaned back against the weathered old verandah post. "I'm twenty-six," she told him, "and for the past ten years I've been your devoted housekeeper, secretary, slave. Your right-hand man, as you like to call me when you want to butter me up!"

She pulled a little pink rosebud off the only bush that roving cattle had left growing in what had once been a garden. "The famous scientist, Stephen Mackley," she intoned viciously as she pulled the petals off, "following severe overstrain, has retired to a cottage in the hills in the vicinity of Frawley to work without interruption on the notes of his latest forthcoming publication. He is accompanied by his daughter, Cintra."

"Didn't I deserve a holiday?" Stephen asked, aggrieved.

"Did I complain about being dragged up here to this primitive hideout," Cintra retorted, "where the pine needles have rotted all the water tanks, the wood stove is all rusted away, and the copper lives in the backyard along with the hens and goats? No, I put up with it for your sake, as I have every other indignity and inconvenience! And now —"

"My dear girl," Stephen reasoned glibly, "you can't blame me about this new development. I've been unexpectedly invited to join this research party and it

will help me immeasurably in the work I'm doing. As I've explained to you half a dozen times already, in the circumstances it just isn't possible to take a woman along. Conditions will be infinitely worse than here. We shall probably have to live off the land as best we can. And, after all, I'll be back again within six months."

"Am I complaining about that?" Cintra demanded. "I'm sure it will be an unmitigated relief to be rid of you! But surely you could have arranged for me to stay in town? You could have rented a flat — a room — anything."

"But, Cinders, darling! I've leased this cottage for a year! You'll have the car and the telephone. You surely wouldn't want me to run myself short of money and supplies on this trip of mine?"

Cintra stood up. Golden in the last horizon light, she sparkled like a small tiger. "And what do you imagine I'm going to do here for the next six or eight months?"

Stephen looked guilty. "Well, there are all my notes to transcribe," he reminded her, "and then there's that library job down in Frawley that Gren Harbuck —"

The girl's face flamed. The very mention of that name seemed to turn her into a red rag of defiance. Advancing on her father she declared indignantly, "Gren Harbuck! Do you know what that detestable creature had the impudence to say when I asked him what he thought my chances were of getting that job in the face of local competition? He said he thought if he used his influence a bit I ought to have quite a good chance. And if they did happen to give the job to some deserving widow with ten children, or someone like that, I needn't worry — he'd even marry me himself if the worst came to the worst!"

Stephen Mackley put his head back and roared with laughter. He shut his eyes and all his chins shook. His daughter's eyes spat fire at him and he didn't even notice. "You — you gargyle!" Cintra panted. Stephen opened his eyes and looked at her placatingly.

"But, darling, it's your own fault, honestly it is," he protested. "If you'd only be natural with him. I mean to say, if you wouldn't turn yourself into a porcupine every time he comes near the place. He can't resist pulling your leg! Gren's a farmer, down to earth, no beating about the bush. The only language he understands is the plain truth. And you ought at least to give him credit for leaving us strictly to ourselves here, unless he's invited over. After all, it's his property."

Cintra had gone back to the verandah edge, sitting with elbows in her lap and chin on palms. She was trembling and ashamed of her own emotion. It only showed how vulnerable she was under the surface. Lonely, really, and — and — she might as well admit the hateful fact: frustrated. Yet she had always been perfectly happy until they had come up here. She had gone everywhere with Stephen up till now.

She couldn't be expected to adjust herself straight away to the fact that he could do very well without her if he chose. Could disappear into the blue with half a dozen other men and leave her dangling in mid-air in this maddening place where the very beauty ate into her heart and gave her foolish thoughts. How could she immunise herself against loneliness and hurt? She didn't know. Nothing like this had ever happened to her before.

Evening, now, had lost its passionate color. Muting to a smoked-pearl delicacy, a pastoral peacefulness. The

field of corn as soft as water, shining and moving as the wind walked over it.

"Cinders," Stephen said gently, "I'm sorry, I really am. But you see, it's like this. When a man courts a woman and she refuses, no matter how sincerely, a part of herself is always on his side. Fighting with him against her own will and ready to betray her. It's no good blaming us, because it's nature's way. You don't have to marry any man unless you want to. But I'm afraid if you want to be convincing about it, you'll have to learn not to be so incandescent about it. You'll have to be more detached. Gren's actually a sterling chap and I like him. He's probably lonely, too, you know. There don't seem to be many girls round here who'd appeal to a man like him."

Cintra said icily, "Now that tea is probably ruined, anyway, perhaps you'll condescend to come and eat?" She led the way indoors and Stephen followed meekly.

She was adding, "All this down-to-earth paragon of yours really cares about is his dogs and his sheep! Or he'd have married years ago. He can't even spare the time away from his farm to make a civilised approach. Thinks a woman ought to be so overwhelmed at the honor of being noticed by him that she'll come running to heel like one of those silly red kelpies!"

The roads round about Frawley were narrow, winding. Particularly on the Hawk's Creek Road. This went spiralling on up into the hills through rough boulder country, with gritty orange banks on either side. Trees rising like the chequered white masts of schooners shed bark like tattered brown sails. And down below in the gullies, shadowy, or light-entranced, the tree-ferns, and bridal bush, bellbird-haunted.

Cintra drove a secondhand utility named Satan that her father had picked up locally for a song. A maddening thing, unpredictable as a cat. Her system was to coax it up the steep pinches in second gear and to let it roll down them at its own pace.

Fortunately, you never met anyone else on the Hawk's Creek Road. There just wasn't room. Wombats, kangaroos, a slinking fox, or even at twilight a stag crossing from one wilderness to another, but that was all. Or maybe a fallen tree, come down in a gale, that you had to chop your way through as best you could with the axe that always had to be slung aboard with the spare tyre.

Cintra had been up to Connaway for Stephen's steak. Nobody, Stephen declared, sold a steak like Tom Urquhart's out of paradise, and he would accept no other. On the way back Cintra was thinking hard. There was nothing else to do on that long, lonely stretch.

She was thinking that as soon as Stephen was safely away on this all-male safari of his, she would go back to the city on her own and find herself a job. Live in a hostel, or even at a hotel, if she had to. She could put up with anything. Except the thought of staying on at Frawley, next door to Gren Harbuck, when her father had already asked him to keep an eye on her during his absence, just as if she were a dim-witted octogenarian or a teething baby. That was quite impossible.

She had no money, of course. Stephen Mackley never managed to accumulate any surplus, and Cintra had been content to be dependent on him all her life. He had never paid her any settled wages, though she had worked for him since she left school, but he was very generous when he had anything to share. The trouble

was they were both far too inconsequential about it, she could see that now.

Still, money should be simple enough to earn. A young woman who had managed to satisfy Professor Mackley's fastidious secretarial standards for ten years should have no fears in the open market. Though it might take time to find an opening.

You're running away, she told herself. And answered back promptly that she didn't care if she was. You love Frawley, she informed herself, and you're going to hate having to leave it so soon, just as you were getting settled in. You don't really want to go and make a place for yourself all among strangers. You know very well, deep down, that you're only running away and that you're going to hate having to do it.

All right, then, she retorted flatly, it must be high time I learnt to stand on my own two feet. Frustrated spinster, indeed! To say that, even in fun.

She blinked back tears and swung angrily round the next snakelike bend. Stay here, she jeered at herself, and be the butt of Gren Harbuck's down-to-earth humor! You know you're shy, she reminded herself again, and scared, that's all. Because you can't meet the man on his own terms and best him. Because you're afraid he'll think you've stayed behind for his sake. And because you know very well that if he could once break through the thorny wall you've built up round yourself . . .

It was bad luck that the next stretch of roadway was totally obscured just here as it swung right back on itself in a swift downward slope round a stand of vigorous young wattle trees. And that the truck coming up at pace, though on its right side, gave the appearance of taking up the entire width of the road, looming up with only a yard or so between them, like a sea-going liner towering above a small tug.

Cintra caught one awful glimpse of the huge red truck and pulled hard at Satan's wheel. Living up to his name, the little ute responded with devastating suddenness. Left the metal for the soft built-up verge, and careened merrily on down the gully slope, to be stopped only by a large blackwood doing point-duty twenty feet below. Here, with a great crackling of dead twigs and a snapping of shrubbery, Satan hovered for a moment or two on his off-side wheels, then lay over like a kicked mongrel.

Cintra, buffeted and considerably shocked, found herself mixed up with Stephen's steak, a dozen oranges, tomatoes, biscuits, and the pound of butter that had reposed in bags on the seat beside her. She was in a panic to get out. But the remaining door, now a skylight, refused to open. She struggled to let down the window as far as it would go and scrambled recklessly through the opening.

Gren Harbuck's strong arms helped to yank her free. He hard her right side up and she leaned dizzily against the overturned utility, too angry and shaken even for tears. "You!" she said. "You — you —"

Gren's six feet of agile brawn withered under her

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*Swinging Cintra into his arms, Gren said,
"I'll carry you up to my truck."*



DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● The brunch coat-cum-overall illustrated at right is designed for comfortable living and easy laundering. I chose it in reply to the request of a young country matron.

HERE is her letter and my reply:

"WITH hot weather not far off, I want to make some sort of cool, comfortable garment to wear in the house and garden. I also want it to be easy to wash and iron. I do all my washing, and not in a washing-machine."

I do hope you will like the design I have chosen and illustrated (right) in answer to your letter. Made in a no-iron cotton, it will be a practical and cool all-purpose house-and-garden dress. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the picture are further details.

"COULD you give me an idea for an evening smock to be worn by a mother-to-be? My maternity skirt is in fine black crepe, and the smock is to be in black chiffon. My normal fitting is SSW. I am having the babe in December."

A sleeveless overblouse would be newer and more appropriate for the occasion than a smock. Have the blouse made with a round neckline cut low back and front and outlined with a self-material band and a bow with streamer ends. Below the neckline band, have a front section of narrow pleats. This section will be best if it reaches almost to the side seams.

"I WANT to make a little jacket to wear over a sheath frock. What styles are being worn?"

Brief jackets; these are waist-length, and shorter, and include the "blouson" type. The "blouson" is a term in American fashions meaning a jacket "bloused" into the waistline with a drawstring, a band, or elastic.

"MY problem is a skirt design to be made in fine black wool crepe. I intend wearing the skirt with a pastel chiffon blouse as a late-day costume. I want a soft style."

I suggest a skirt featuring all-round small box-pleats worn with a detachable

"crushed" cummerbund in self-material.

"WOULD you let me know the most popular beach colors being worn in France? I would also like a color suggestion for narrow slacks and some type of top. What beach accessories are popular?"

On the French Riviera turquoise is the leading color for beach wear, followed by yellow, coral, parma violet, and white. A slip-over blouse and a tailored shirt are the most popular tops for slender slacks. A smart ensemble would be pants in turquoise poplin, worn with a white tailored shirt and a red calf belt. Raffia is the big hit in accessories, and is often teamed with gilt-colored leather.

"AS I generally wear grey, navy-blue, or black, I would like you to let me know if any of these colors will be worn for spring."

Black is being worn for late afternoon; there is a revival of pearl-grey, and navy-blue shares the field with sapphire and a shade of light purple.

"I HAVE some really lovely black crepe and 1½yds. of black satin for a late-day frock. I want a simple, smart style. I am in my late twenties and take an SSW fitting."

I suggest a black crepe sheath, with softly "pegged" skirt, set-in satin cummerbund, and slightly bloused bodice-top. Have the latter finished with a high, scooped neckline and tiny puff sleeves, and have the neckline and sleeves trimmed with tiny bows and narrow satin binding.



DS 261.—Brunch coat-cum-overall in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-. Patterns are obtainable from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Beauty in brief: GROOMING FOR SPRING

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Spring brings its quota of beauty problems to most women, for impeccable grooming for the new season needs attention to every detail.

LOW-NECKED cotton dresses demand an unblemished and smooth back. It's a good idea to buy a long-handled brush and scrub your back gently with mild soap at bath-time.

Pat with cologne or skin tonic afterwards.

If your heels aren't pretty enough for summer sandals, try rubbing them, in soapy water, with a pumice stone.

Put some olive oil on to a pad of

cotton-wool, and rub it well into the skin. Rinse and dry thoroughly.

(And remember always that de-fuzzed legs are vital in summertime; both on the beach and for work-days.)

Elbows are sometimes discolored after months in long-sleeved winter clothes. You can bleach them by rubbing with quartered lemon.

This will tend to dry the skin, so apply plenty of skinfood after washing off the lemon.

"TELL ME ANOTHER"
SAYS KLEENEX[®] TISSUES
3/9 2/- 1/6 EVERYWHERE

HANDLE WITH CARE

When sending "breakable" gifts by post, wrap in soft Kleenex tissues. So light that they won't add to postage costs. Useful for travelling, too.

BLOW, BLOW, BREATHE AND BLOW

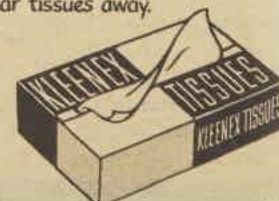
Kleenex tissues are so soft yet they stand up to the strongest blow. So when winter's sneezes come your way soothe that sore nose with soft, absorbent Kleenex.

SLIPPERY SILKS

Sewing silk material needn't be nerve wracking — just place Kleenex tissues between the material when seaming, and then tear tissues away.

TOURING WITH TODDLER?

When going on a trip with youngsters be sure you take a box of Kleenex. Tuck a soft disposable Kleenex tissue under junior's chin — saves carrying soiled bibs.



Candy Hardy FROCK SERVICE

"Yvonne," yours to buy ready made or cut out ready to sew, and to wear from now through spring and summer.

SUMMER-TIME living is easy, pretty, and exciting in our washable no-iron cotton dress (right).

The dress has a bare neckline and softly gathered skirt swirling into a deep hemline frill; it is striped in the clearest, most heavenly color range.

The color choice includes young pink and white (illustrated), sweet-heart-blue and white, cognac and white, and emerald-green and white.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust £4/19/9, 36 and 38in. bust £5/3/6. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 73/6, 36 and 38in. bust 75/6. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.



TO ORDER

* Address orders to Candy Hardy Frock Service, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney, Tasmanian and New Zealand orders to same address. Please make a second color choice and mention "Yvonne."

Dream of a falling star

● An unusual story, set in a film studio, wins this week's first prize of £20 for Nesta Tait, of 93 Adelaide Parade, Woollahra, N.S.W.

WORK at the Sydney film studio where I was on the production staff started at six in the morning, so the dream about Jean, our young singing star, was still fresh in my mind when the day began.

Staff members laughed, telling me to "Take more water with it," when I described how the dream showed Jean falling down a steep staircase which led to the set.

However, the wardrobe mistress insisted that no one should mention it to the young singer, lest it make her nervous.

Aged only 15, Jean's voice and appearance had won her a role in a film which featured English and Australian artists.

Some hours later the agitated director came up, grabbed me by the arms, and raced me across the studio floor, just in time to see Jean

being put on a stretcher and carried upstairs.

After doctors saw her, ambulance men and some of our boys took her home to the house, which I had never visited, but which matched my dream in every detail.

Fortunately she was back at work within six weeks, none the worse for her accident, which in my dream had had a serious result.

HOW TO ENTER

WRITE your "Strange but True" experience clearly and in not more than 250 words. The story must be true and must not have been published previously. It can be amusing, sad, dramatic, or romantic.

Send your entries, giving clearly name and address, INCLUDING THE STATE, to "Strange but True," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned nor any correspondence entered into.

STRANGE but TRUE

A PRIZE of £5 was awarded for:

I was performing duty as police constable at Charters Towers railway station when an aboriginal stockman asked me if I could give him a smoke.

With no thought of repayment I presented him with an unopened packet of tobacco.

Several years passed, and I was stationed in Brisbane, on point duty at a busy intersection outside the Exhibition Ground.

Surrounded by vehicles, I was approached by a smiling aboriginal in typical outback dress who said: "By crickey, you down here now. I am, too, for the big show. I saw you here yesterday, and have got your tobacco."

While I was still trying to remember, he said: "You gave me a packet at Charters Towers," and, pushing a packet of tobacco into my hand, disappeared in the maze of traffic—a man whom I shall always recall as a truly honest Australian.

K. C. Kruger, 175 Scott St., Cairns, Qld.



See your skin improve on Rexona's health and beauty diet

Altogether at one with blue skies, warm sunshine and bright, casual clothes — the smooth-as-silk, honey complexion of true Australian beauty, 18-year-old Jocelyn Wiseman of Sydney, whose skin knows only the gentle care of Rexona Soap.



Rexona Soap is medicated with Cadyl* to

Bring out your natural loveliness

Give your skin a health and beauty treatment every time you wash. *Cadyl, the special blend of rare and wonderful beauty oils, cade, cassia, cloves and terebinth in Rexona Soap, flows deep into your skin where blemishes begin... healing, nourishing. Known as Cadyl, this formula is exclusive to Rexona Soap. So every time you smooth the silky Rexona lather over your face, neck, arms, all of you, your skin blooms with new health and life. And day by day, you reveal your natural loveliness. Why, Rexona even smells like a beauty treatment! Such a lovely, fresh perfume, like wild roses in the morning dew.



BATH SIZE 1/5 REGULAR SIZE 1/1

X.140.WW143g

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One
chap
tells
another...

How Mummy's new treatment idea DOUBLES THE COMFORT —REALLY HELPS THE COLD!

- 1st Baby: Gosh! What a cold I had last night.
2nd Baby: Really? You look fine today. How come?
1st Baby: My mummy discovered a new way to use Vicks VapoRub—she rubs it on my chest, throat and back as usual... then two hours later she rubs it on again!
2nd Baby: Two treatments with VapoRub... why? One works mighty fast.
1st Baby: That's it, exactly! Mum says why not rub on VapoRub twice for even more comfort and more relief.
2nd Baby: Him-m-m, that makes sense... did it work?
1st Baby: My word!... in no time my nose cleared up, coughing stopped, my throat and chest pains disappeared... and I slept like a baby.
2nd Baby: Gee, sounds like your mum's got something there... more mothers should try that two-treatment idea.

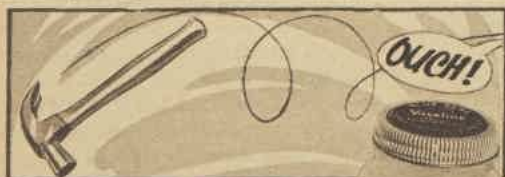
Gives baby all the extra benefits of 2 times more VapoRub medication

This new way of using your favourite remedy is bound to give your child extra comfort. It's only logical that two treatments with VapoRub provide twice the medication for more complete relief and faster recovery.

But whether you use VapoRub for one treatment, two treatments or more, you'll find it starts pleasant relief from colds the instant you rub it on... and in two ways at once! VapoRub's medicinal vapours are breathed in to clear the nose, soothe the throat and calm coughing. And its warming poultice action draws out chest congestion.

Faster than you can imagine, Vicks VapoRub ends your child's colds. You try it... and see for yourself.

Best for colds of young and old



Heals Bruises

Hit the wrong nail? Then heal that bruised thumb with pure 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly. It's a first aid kit in a jar. Economy size 3/11. Standard size 2/6.

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Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

BEFORE summer is here again, can't something be done about the picnic-shelters close to public beaches and in parks and picnic grounds? Usually there are holes in the roof, and the paint, if any, is peeling badly. I think these damp, dirty, and unsightly shelters are a blot on the councils' books. It wouldn't hurt them to take a few pounds each year from revenue to paint and improve the shelters. At present it's a pretty poor deal for the crowds of people who pack these places on their family excursions. Surely they deserve to be able to eat their lunches in more healthy and pleasant surroundings.

£1/1/- to S. M. Royce, 3 Nicholson Pde., Cronulla, N.S.W.

AFTER our marriage 18 months ago, my husband and I settled into our new home. We were justly proud of it, and our new belongings, but soon found that most visitors have no respect for other people's property. After just three months, a sizeable chunk had been knocked out of the refrigerator, a hole burnt in a lounge chair, and three Dresden figures smashed. Last, but not least, the inlaid lino in the kitchen, bathroom, and laundry had been noticeably damaged by tacks and tin clips on shoes. We were never allowed to have these clips on our shoes at home for just this reason, and it amazes me that people apparently don't realise or care what damage they do to floors. No doubt other readers have struck this same trouble.

10/6 to "Miranda" (name supplied), Gunnedah, N.S.W.

WHO'S going to be first to introduce a sliding scale of charges for men's hair-dressing? A man with a massive crop should pay more than one who has little or nothing to shear. Don't all "thin-tops" agree?

10/6 to "Trim" (name supplied), Gladstone, Qld.

HOW sorry I feel for young mothers when I see them struggling along, trying to do their shopping with young children trudging wearily beside them. It's not much fun for the youngsters, either, for their only view is a sea of legs. It's high time a concerted effort was made to provide more adequate facilities for mothers to leave their children under trained care while they shop. Support from church clubs and women's organisations could help solve this problem.

10/6 to Mrs. A. Parratt, 27 Tarlton St., Somerton Park, S.A.

MY wife always complains that the basin of our kitchen sink is so small. I didn't take much notice of these complaints until the other day when she asked me to do the dishes. Once I'd started, I heaved a sigh of relief that it was no bigger. Out of the soapy water came a never-ending stream of equipment. It took me an hour to complete the job, and when at last I thought there was nothing left in the sink, I was horrified to find two more spoons still "hiding" at the bottom. I think I'll start a campaign for smaller sinks.

10/6 to G. Wasserman, 19 May St., Inverell, N.S.W.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

Those "terrible" teens

MY thanks to "Sorry Adult" (24/7/57) for putting in a good word for the younger generation. I am one of those queerly dressed teenagers everyone looks at sideways and dubs "another budding delinquent." But, under the latest clothing fashions for teenagers, I'm quite an ordinary girl. I teach Sunday School and go to church every Sunday. I never fail to stand for an adult in a bus or tram, and I always help mothers lift their prams up steps. I study every night after school, and on Saturdays I go jiving or to the pictures. So, you see, I'm quite average, and that description fits about 99 per cent. of the "terrible" younger generation.

10/6 to "Grateful Teenager" (name supplied), Floreat Park, W.A.

Homes for the aged

I AM interested in K. Emerson's view (14/8/57) that members of the younger generation are not willing to look after aged parents and take them into their homes. What I'd like to know is whether parents really want to spend their last years in their children's homes, where, at best, they are only guests. The young mother is busy and harassed with her children, the children are noisy, and the grandparents feel they don't belong. Most old people cling to their homes and firesides, if they are lucky enough to have them, and those who haven't often prefer the comparative independence of a home among people of their own generation.

10/6 to "Own Home" (name supplied), Ringwood, Vic.

Family affairs

MANY busy housewives don't bother to prepare themselves a substantial midday meal if their husbands and children are away from home all day, and their health subsequently suffers. I find it is a good plan to cut an extra lunch when I'm cutting my family's lunches each day. Knowing it is already prepared, I take the time to sit down and enjoy it at midday. Apart from feeling the benefit of this myself, I find I am taking a greater interest in giving the family a variety of sandwich fillings, cakes, biscuits, and so on.

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Stegert, Hanbury St., North Bundaberg, Qld.

Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

WOMEN are very casual in the way they borrow one another's clothes.

I've noticed it at the office.

Marlene and Gloria, two of our junior secretary-teamakers, are always exchanging garments.

Gloria will say: "Harry's taking me to the Police Ball on Saturday. Can you lend me your pink chiffon?"

"I think I'll be wearing it that night."

"But you're only going to a barbecue! Your black ballerina will do just as well."

"Oh, all right. You can have my chiffon. But only if you lend me your white cape."

"Okay. I'll bring it in tomorrow when I return your half-hat."

Marlene and Gloria wear each other's clothes mainly for party occasions. They exchange evening gowns, stoles, and hats; also earrings, necklaces, and other trinkets.

It seems to work all right. Most women regard a certain amount of skirt-swapping as normal.

The trouble starts when somebody makes a welter of it.

BORROWED PLUMES

This happened when my cousin's wife, Nora, had her friend Prue staying in the house.

Prue used to try on all Nora's clothes. When she found something she liked, she wore it into town.

The showdown came when she started wearing Nora's stockings and



returning them with runs in them.

I believe the ensuing row was terrific.

The female habit of pooling apparel seems queer to men, because men don't do it.

They only borrow clothes when

it is absolutely necessary, like after a shipwreck.

I wonder what would happen if men had the same point of view as women on this matter.

I can see Cec McGoon coming into my place one night.

"Look, I'm in a spot," he says. "I've got to meet some big customers of the firm tomorrow and show them round, and I haven't a decent hat to wear. Do you think you could lend me one?"

"Certainly, Cec. I've got only one hat, but you're welcome to it."

He tries my hat on and looks in the mirror.

"Yes, it does something for me all right. Thanks a lot."

His eyes stray to the clothes in the cupboard.

"I say, that pink shirt of yours is smart. Do you mind if I slip it on?"

I lend him the shirt, too, on condition that he lets me have his Paisley tie for the weekend...

But, no, I don't think it is likely to happen.

The average man likes to own what he wears.

He is, so to speak, a wolf in wolf's clothing.

Here's your answer

● The behaviour of teenagers in public is something all of them should watch carefully. Adults judge teenagers by the small group with whom they come in contact and often condemn them all because of unbecoming behaviour they have seen.

HERE is a letter from a girl who, I believe, needs to watch how she acts:

"I AM 15 and I am going with a boy whom I like very much. My parents don't know, and I have not told them because they think I am too young; but all the girls of 15 go around with boys now. This boy I am going around with said he likes me very much, and yet when I saw him down at the milk bar

on Sunday all he said was 'Hello,' and then went home. I became very worried and asked my girl-friend to ring him up and ask him did he still like me or not. When she rang up and asked him he said, 'I think so, but I'm not sure.' What should I do? Should I just sit and wait for him to make up his mind, or go round with other boys?"

"Thetis," N.S.W.

What I would do is smack you firmly and keep you at home until you learn to be-

have. I think you are too young to "go around with boys." At 15, I think the permissible outings with boys are occasional ones—perhaps to a school dance or a party.

I am quite sure you don't agree with me, but meeting boys at the milk bar in the way you do is a bad thing. You'll be a popular girl in no time, but your popularity will have the wrong quality. Just a hint of this can cause great unhappiness to you and your family.

By LOUISE HUNTER

But I don't think I will worry, because you seem so eager to scare the boys away.

Boys have no desire to make a declaration of their likes or the quality of their affection every time they see you.

Remember, it's the male who has the privilege of taking the initiative. To be approached by a third party and asked to reveal his feelings seems to me to be all that is necessary to finish off the most promising friendship.

"I AM very much in love with a soldier whom I have known quite a while. We intend to marry as soon as he returns from Malaya. My parents have never met him, as I was away when we first met. Our only problem is that we are both of different religions, and, although this makes no difference to either of us, as we love each other very much, my parents object, and say that marriages of different faiths never work out. Is this true? They say that ours is not real love, and I shall get over it. I should hate to marry against their wishes. I have not told my fiancé about my parents' objections yet, as I do not want to worry him while he is so far away. Did I do right? I am 18 and he is 22. I shall have to explain when he arrives home next month. I



A word from
Debbie . . .

LOVE letters are wonderful things to get, dynamite to keep.

This outburst is brought on by a news item from an American college where they keep HIM books. These books are described as fancifully "decorated depositories of details" about and comments on all the men in your life, present and past.

Think about it. How would you like one of the boys to do one about you and hand it round to his friends? How would you like to find it lying around a few years later? It makes me curl up inside to think of it.

Well, love letters are HIM books complete in themselves. So do your best boy a favor. Read them and lock them in your heart, then burn them. He'll love you for it.

*****DISC DIGEST*****

AL BOWLLY, the singer who was once described as Crosby's most serious rival, was killed when his London flat was bombed in 1941. He was right at the peak of his popularity, and his recordings were to be found in collections all over the world. In the years following they gradually disappeared from the catalogues and his name was almost forgotten.

But a strange thing has happened. Australians have been asking for his records again, and the majority of the requests have come from Victoria. The record people con-

cerned got in touch with their English headquarters, and they in turn specially compiled several LPs from the original 78 r.p.m. master copies. The first of the discs (ODLP.7517) is now available.

"Memories of Al Bowly, Vol. 1," was a surprise to me. I'd completely forgotten how he sounded. His voice is much lighter than I thought, and some of the tempos sound too fast by present-day standards.

There are 10 lovely tunes, including "Please," "The Moment I Saw You," "Little Man, You've Had a Busy

Day," and "Waggon Wheels." The music is provided by the orchestra of Bowly's partner and friend, Ray Noble, who also composed two of the other tracks, "Love Is the Sweetest Thing" and "Goodnight, Sweetheart."

This 10-inch LP will be snapped up by the older fans. I understand it will be followed by two more LPs and an Extended Play seven-inch, and the complete set should provide a sort of cavalcade of the best pop tunes of the 1930s.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

am very worried at the thought of hurting my parents, as I know that they only mean well for me. But I could never give him up. What do you think I should do? And could my parents stop my marriage?"

"Worried Soldier's Girl," W.A.

Yes, your parents could stop your marriage. You cannot marry before you are 21 unless you have their written consent or the consent of a court.

I think you should write to your fiancé immediately and tell him how your parents feel. It is much better for him to know now that there are objections to your marriage instead of waiting till he returns.

A difference in religion has been proved in numbers of cases to cause marriage difficulties, and, indeed, has been known to break a marriage.

But there have been successful mixed marriages.

I do not think anyone can say theoretically whether a mixed marriage is bad or not. It depends on the intelligence, adjustment, and depth of the faith of the two people concerned. But to have a chance of success, such a marriage must be well considered, and every possible difference gone into before the marriage.

I can see, as you can, how your parents feel. They want you to start your married life with every possible chance of happiness. They believe a mixed marriage does not give you this.

You should put the whole situation before your fiancé now, and when he returns talk it over with him and your parents. Perhaps in the years before you are 21 the two of you can prove to them that your marriage would succeed.

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Positive Relief from COUGHING!

Nyal 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir Gives You Faster, More Effective Relief

When coughs and bronchial congestion make your life a misery, get faster, more positive relief with NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir—the modern formulation which "breaks" stubborn coughs far, far better than ordinary mixtures. The 3-way-expectorant, sedative, decongestive-action of NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir brings you a proven effective medicine to fight winter coughs.

Stops Irritating Coughing. Because NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir penetrates instantly into congested membranes of throat and chest, it stops tight, uncomfortable bronchial coughs quickly. The gentle expectorant action liquefies

and cuts away bronchial secretions which cause irritation. You've never known such soothing relief!

Makes Breathing Easier. Only NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir contains Phenylephrine—an active agent for relieving congestion. Shrinks swollen bronchial tubes and phlegm-congested membranes; you'll breathe easier; get more restful sleep at night, undisturbed by harsh, rocking coughing.

Adults, children, babies can all benefit by taking NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir. There are 3 formulations with dosages specially adjusted for all ages.

Infants 6 months to 5 years—NYAL 'Decongestant' **BABY** Cough Elixir—3 fl. oz., 4/6; 6 fl. oz., 5/9.

Children 5 years to 12 years—NYAL 'Decongestant' **CHILDREN'S** Cough Elixir—6 fl. oz., 5/9; 12 fl. oz., 9/11.

Adults and children over 12 years—NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir—6 fl. oz., 5/9; 12 fl. oz., 9/11.

Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR



Nyal

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Breathe freely in 2 minutes!

At last—here's the relief from "stuffy" head colds you have longed for! You'll breathe freely 2 minutes after using a NYAL 'Decongestant' Nasal Spray—the newest, most modern form of nasal medication known. Contains an active agent for relieving congestion; does not sting; can be used as often as necessary. So easy to use. The ingenious microspray tip of the pliable squeeze-plastic pack ensures that the relief-giving spray reaches high into the blocked nasal passages—shrinking them to normal. Carry a pack with you—get relief anywhere, anytime. 6/6. And now, for children—Nyal Pediatric Nasal Spray, 5/6.

Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' NASAL SPRAY



Stops Sore Throat Instantly!

End the nagging pain of sore, inflamed throats now. The new triple-acting formula of NYAL Medicated Throat Lozenges bring you instant, soothing relief. The sedative, antiseptic, anaesthetic action checks infection... suppresses coughing... stops soreness—makes your throat feel right! Slip one—just one—NYAL Medicated Throat Lozenge into your mouth and feel how quickly you get relief. 24 lozenges, 4/6; 50 lozenges, 6/9.



Nyal MEDICATED THROAT LOZENGES

Safe Positive Cough Relief for Baby

Coughs and chest congestion in infants (from six months to five years) vanish quickly when treated with NYAL 'Decongestant' **BABY** Cough Elixir. Soothes sore, inflamed tissues of throat and chest; shrinks swollen bronchial tubes, cutting away phlegm and so making breathing easier. 3 fl. oz., 4/6; 6 fl. oz., 5/9.

Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' BABY COUGH ELIXIR



Now you can have WHITER TEETH IN 10 DAYS

New NYAL Toothpaste cleans the teeth better than you have ever known before. It gives you the completely clean teeth you expect, gives you stain-free whiteness and added brightness. The secret of the wonderful cleansing action of NYAL Toothpaste lies in the highly activated dental detergent which foams instantly, safely removing dulling film and cigarette stains.

Smooth texture, and a clean, refreshing peppermint flavour make NYAL Toothpaste the family favourite. Try it soon!



Soothing Relief from Cold Sores

See how quickly NYAL Cold Sore Cream or Cold Sore Lotion brings relief from irritating cold sores and cracked lips. Both the Cream and the Lotion are specially medicated and have a soothing, healing action. The Cream keeps the lips soft and supple while it heals the cold sore. The Lotion dries up the cold sore until it quickly disappears. Either Cream or Lotion stops the burning, itching sensation instantly. Cream or Lotion. 2/9.

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CHECK LIST of other dependable winter products

- ☐ Nyal Chilblain Paint. C-o-o-l-s and s-o-o-t-h-e-s the burning and itching of irritating chilblains instantly. 3/-
- ☐ Nyal Creophos. A valuable "After-Flu" and convalescent tonic. 4/9, 7/9, 9/-
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- ☐ Nyal Figsen. A palatable, chocolate-flavoured, efficient laxative tablet suitable for all ages. Regular or Double Strength. 2/6, 3/9.
- ☐ Nyal White Lip Salve. Invisible protection against windburned lips. Assists healing—protects your lips while it soothes them. 2/9.

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
For week beginning Sept. 9

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<p>ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in a task completed.</p>	<p>★ Publicise your talents rather than yourself. The skills you possess and the work you can do are what matter. Attempts to coast along on personality fail.</p>	<p>★ Some concentrate on one target exclusively. You may dream of, or you make curtains while the family must be content with scratch meals.</p>	<p>★ Two must play the game of hearts. Don't expect that prospective boy-friend to make all the overtures. If you're attracted to him, include him in invitations.</p>	<p>★ If associates become prickly, this may be due to private worries, health problems, or matters quite beyond your knowledge. Be patient. Things will be smoother.</p>
<p>TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in competitions.</p>	<p>★ You might think twice before giving up a sure thing to grasp what may elude you, but only the brave deserve the cash and kudos, and all life is a gamble.</p>	<p>★ There's luck at home. A member of the household may have an honor bestowed, the breadwinner might have a fatter pay envelope, or the house-hunter finds treasure.</p>	<p>★ Such favorable indications for a love affair are rare. Resolve to make the most of them. Whether it's a budding romance or an old one revived, give it encouragement.</p>	<p>★ Don't rush a new friend so that you become inseparable and exclude past ties, for you leave a trail of hurt feelings behind you. You may soon need old friends.</p>
<p>GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in avoiding an accident.</p>	<p>★ Changing situations could render possible a plan of action previously regarded as an impossibility. Your first idea, studied from a new angle, could win.</p>	<p>★ You are off in a new direction and you may keep it secret a while for fear the family will think you're crazy, but there is real method in your madness.</p>	<p>★ A few are looking ahead to Christmas and planning to surprise the beloved with a gift you intend to make. Much of the pleasure may lie in the actual work itself.</p>	<p>★ There's danger in talking too much. Plenty of confidential information may be poured into your ear, and you'll be tempted to tell your knowledge.</p>
<p>CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck in quick thinking.</p>	<p>★ With your mind functioning in top gear, you might write a personal triumph out of unpromising material. Keep two moves ahead of the game and watch competitors.</p>	<p>★ Even your sign, which loves its home, may get fed-up with cooking, cleaning, washing, and long for a look at the shops. Bang the door and be off.</p>	<p>★ If you've been thinking of a little expedition, carry it out now. Include that fascinating stranger in your plans. It should mean a good time for your crowd.</p>	<p>★ If requested to show your home town to strangers you can both interest them and impress them. Incidentally, you might make a few happy discoveries yourself.</p>
<p>LEO The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in a little bonus.</p>	<p>★ Leaving details to others is a comfortable policy until mistakes begin to be evident, for which you will be obliged to shoulder the responsibility. Keep in close touch.</p>	<p>★ Whether it's your project or the family's, if finances are tight, get out paper and pencil and sum up. Allow a margin for the unexpected, then decide.</p>	<p>★ Should you be denied some rather expensive good times so the beloved may obtain something he badly needs, make the sacrifice, and don't harp on your heroism.</p>	<p>★ You may be keen to see a certain play, attend a concert which does not appeal to your friends, or visit an exhibition. You go alone and find you have enjoyed it.</p>
<p>VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in a personal matter.</p>	<p>★ More than one associate may wish to use you as a leaning post. While in certain cases this may be justified in an emergency, in others it is an excuse for inefficiency.</p>	<p>★ Many a homemaker must choose between personal needs and a home acquisition. While you generally put family first, don't push self-sacrifice to extremes.</p>	<p>★ You are just as romantic as anybody else, but you can't be rushed off your feet. You may need time for friendship to ripen, but your love is genuine.</p>	<p>★ Whether on the platform or in the audience you'll be where there is a crowd. Some applaud members of the family who are taking part. Congratulations abound.</p>
<p>LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 23 — OCTOBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, silver. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in a secret enterprise.</p>	<p>★ Study one day in your working life and see what a heavy toll is taken through poor planning of activities or casual chitchat. Cut short desultory conversation.</p>	<p>★ Postponed work should be carried out now, and this applies especially to time-consuming details. Brighter, more varied activities are coming, so look ahead.</p>	<p>★ For many of you a quiet stroll on the riverbank, the serenity of mutual understanding to the more dramatic quarrels which thrill others.</p>	<p>★ Listening and observing, you are on the receiving end. Whether you keep notes on paper or merely in your own mind, they are going to be exceedingly valuable soon.</p>
<p>SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 23 — NOVEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, light blue. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in happy relationships.</p>	<p>★ If the going is lonely, or if you are not quite sure that you can see it through, a partner can be a tower of strength. Make a tentative offer.</p>	<p>★ If you're young the family may tease you about your friends. Don't take it too much to heart. Older people have different standards. Avoid arguments.</p>	<p>★ Have friends been pairing you off with a certain member of the opposite sex? Both of you may have taken this as a joke, but you may have met your fate.</p>	<p>★ Leadership of any group carries responsibilities. Don't put off sending out those notices or making that important telephone call. Be systematic and punctual.</p>
<p>SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, gold. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in prestige.</p>	<p>★ You may be asked to teach a new chum the ins and outs of work. This may delay your own tasks, but could lead to friendship with a congenial associate.</p>	<p>★ After a crowded schedule of outside events you stay at home. A casual invasion of your home by chance acquaintances might be resented.</p>	<p>★ It isn't easy to get off in a corner with the beloved when you both have social duties to perform. Those acting as organizers for a club function are busy.</p>	<p>★ Are you standing for office? Fals will be barracking for you and you have an excellent chance provided you do not antagonize influential people.</p>
<p>CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 23 — JANUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck through inspiration.</p>	<p>★ Is there a thorn in your side in connection with your job? This could apply to a person or a set of conditions. Keep your dignity and you'll win.</p>	<p>★ Any feature of your home which displeases you can be modified, even if it cannot be abolished. Turn a liability into an asset by thought rather than money.</p>	<p>★ The boy next door lacks novelty, but a little episode might cause you to see him in a new light and dates will follow in rapid succession.</p>	<p>★ Going highbrow? That's not a bad idea just now. Let folks tease you over efforts to improve your intellectual horizon; you can swing open the gate to a new world.</p>
<p>AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in watchful waiting.</p>	<p>★ Some of you may have become so steeped in a project that you lose all sense of proportion and sacrifice other values which make life worth living.</p>	<p>★ Get the family to co-operate in a scheme which will benefit all. Make a game of it; hold their attention. This will bring a cheerful atmosphere and good results.</p>	<p>★ You might be surprised to be off with the old and on with the new. If you've been drifting along, a new attraction could start another romantic chapter.</p>	<p>★ Leaving a group is never happy. There is a tendency to look back, but nothing lasts forever. When a particular interest has served its purpose you should replace it.</p>
<p>PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, green. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in appreciation of your merit.</p>	<p>★ New factors, new methods, even new resources, may demand rapid readjustments on your part, but you can extract many advantages from these conditions.</p>	<p>★ With more people than usual coming and going, the noise might be hard to bear. Extra work may be involved, but the homemaker will be stimulated.</p>	<p>★ There will be no wallflowers among you this week. You are sought out and made a fuss of, and the beloved may gallantly sacrifice his own wishes to yours.</p>	<p>★ Even if you're nearing 60 you may feel like a suberb whose diary is filled to the brim. The more variety the better, and many of you will end up doing something new.</p>

TOUGH

SHIRTS

AS

SHORTS

BUCKSKIN

OVERALLS

Wherever the going is hardest — at work or play — you'll find Oshkosh clothing giving Australia's men and young men freedom of action, comfort, and genuine wear-resisting service.

Clean cut, smart looking trousers, shorts, overalls and their companion, the Oshkosh shirt to complete the outfit. They wash easily, and come off the drying line looking like new.

Oshkosh

Oshkosh in Indian language means "Good News". All Oshkosh clothing is pre-tested and checked for perfection — good news for men who demand the best!

Including garments made from

BRADMILL CLOTH SANFORIZED

CLOTHING

for MEN and BOYS

AT ALL GOOD RETAIL STORES

From Corn the richest grain, comes the richest flavour!



Corn soaks up more of the sun's goodness than any other grain . . . you taste that goodness in the richer, deeper flavour of Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

CORN — WHEN YOU NEED STAYING POWER

Put stored sunshine on your table with Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Each big, crisp, golden flake is loaded with fresh lively flavour and deep-down goodness from the sun. In itself, it would be hard to serve a more delicious, more satisfying, more *sustaining* breakfast than Kellogg's Corn Flakes! In fact, nutrition experts say that one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar gives the same energy as 2 big helpings of lamb's fry.


Bring your family to the breakfast table with Kellogg's Corn Flakes — every morning. Enjoy them *yourself*, mother! — if anyone needs a sustaining breakfast, it's you. Remember, Kellogg's Corn Flakes take only seconds to serve.

**FULL OF ENERGY
FROM THE SUN**



Kellogg's **CORN FLAKES**

Special Home Feature



● Outdoor living is the main theme of this special section, which presents many attractive ideas for the patio, garden, and home. It begins a splendid new series of kitchen-tested recipes, and offers a handy indexed recipe file, to buy or make yourself, in which to keep them. It also extends our comprehensive home plans service to readers in New South Wales.

● The delightful garden setting above shows how arresting color can be added to the surroundings with potted plants.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 11, 1957

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DECORATIVE IDEAS TO ENHANCE



OUTDOOR AND INDOOR LIVING combine delightfully in the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Timmony, of Balgowlah, New South Wales, shown above and below, left. Outside (see picture below) the terrace catches the sun while wide eaves shade the living-room. Light, folding chairs and matching table make outdoor eating a pleasure on the private, sunny terrace. Indoors (see picture above) the color scheme is vivid but restful. The polished floors are of cypress pine. Note how flower-boxes are carried inside.



GLORIOUS TERRACE leads into the picturesque winter-garden setting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Carson, of Wahroonga, New South Wales. Furnished in gay colors of red upholstery on white (the chairs and table match the garden seat beyond), the terrace is shaded in summer by a sweet-scented frangipani.

OUTDOORS

● *Well-designed outdoor living space provides the link between house and garden. Treated with imagination, this space can lift any house out of the commonplace to make it pleasant to live in and more attractive to look at.*

ON these pages are some colorful ideas for brightening those popular retreats — the patio, the terrace, and the verandah. In planning these areas for outdoor living, aspect and view should be the most important considerations.

It is unimportant and usually useless to place a terrace for outdoor living so it faces the front street, for no other purpose than to improve the look of the house. If such a feature is really to fulfill its purpose, it must be located with as much care and thought as any interior room.

In hot climates such as that of Queensland, unprotected outdoor living with a northerly aspect is of little use. The cooler climates of the southern States make this aspect more suitable for a summer terrace. The ideal, of course, is to provide outdoor living space that can be protected in summer, but in winter receives the full benefit of the sun.

Unpleasant prevailing winds should be considered when planning an outdoor living area. Screen walls, suitable plants, trellis work, or a projection of the house itself will all give protection from winds.

SUN CONTROL: Protection from midsummer heat can be provided economically by several interesting and decorative alternatives. One of them is a pergola framework with a suitable deciduous flowering creeper.

A similar frame with a roll-up or removable colored awning can provide a helpful splash of color in the right place.

LOCATION: In the arrangement of outdoor living space in relation to the house, privacy must be considered. In some homes where a busy thoroughfare is adjacent and the view is not important, trellis screens in well-considered patterns can be used to give interest to the space as well as protect it from public view.

Planting troughs situated so they are in a continuous line with the indoor plants give the appearance of unity between the house's interior and exterior.

An enclosed courtyard developed within a U-shaped plan formed by two projecting wings of the house is always an attractive feature.

CONSTRUCTION: The contemporary trend in making the main floor of water-proofed concrete, built directly on the ground, assists the illusion of continuity between indoor and outdoor space.

On steeper sites, balconies or terraces in reinforced concrete built above the ground line are most expensive. For these structures hardwood decking can be more economical to build, but it requires more care and maintenance.

For the more informal type of terrace, built directly on the ground, natural materials such as stone flagging in a random pattern give a more definite relationship with the garden.

Concrete surfaces can be treated with colored cement paving put on in various patterns formed with a V-shaped incision in the surfaces. Colors such as red and ochre are more suitable for a cool, protected terrace. The greens and blues should be used in sunny places.

By

**Sydney architect,
W. J. McMURRAY**



LEFT: Sunshine-yellow and white is the charming color scheme on this scenic balcony at the home of Judge and Mrs. C. V. Rooney, of Rose Bay, New South Wales. The balcony opens out from the lounge area on the right-hand side.

ABOVE: Indoor plants flourish in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Gibson, Brighton, Melbourne. This view through the entrance hall gives a glimpse of the lanai. Beyond there is a sun patio and a private, brick-walled garden. The house is centrally heated.

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THE ROOF area is covered with short lengths of Fibrock Corrugated Asbestos Cement sheets.

EXTERIOR WALLS are Fibrock Sidings — applied to show a heavy shadow line to give greater character to the wall area . . . with less waste, less mess.

Additional savings are made possible through the use of FIBROCK Accessories which include all the guttering, flue pipe, down pipes, ridge capping, and barge moulds. The corrugated FIBROCK screen divides the living area of the backyard from the service yard.



THE KITCHEN ceiling is GYPROCK Plaster Wallboard, and the walls are De Luxe FIBROCK. De Luxe FIBROCK has an attractive spatter finish in a wide range of decorative colours. Resists moisture, grease . . . and the easiest surface to keep clean ever. Sheet sizes: 6' x 4', 7' x 3'. VINYL FLEX Tiles give the floor added colour, and a surface resistant to wear and grease that can be cleaned to a bright, non-slip finish with just a wipe of a damp mop and an occasional polishing.

This handsome home, using quality C.S.R. building materials, was built to show homebuilders that an attractive 10-square home can be built with speed and economy.

Designed by Sydney architects Mack & Leary, this home is both charming and functional . . . and clearly demonstrates how the various building materials made by The Colonial Sugar Refining Co. Ltd. can be successfully used in a practical home.

WHY THE "REAR VIEW"? . . . to show that the backyard, which is becoming a more important part of outdoor living, need not look shabby. The picture above clearly shows how attractive the porch area can be with Fibrock Asbestos Cement Sidings providing the exterior wall covering. Dividing the backyard is a Fibrock Corrugated Asbestos Cement screen. This provides an excellent wind-break as well as separating the service yard from the living area . . . functional beauty at low cost.



THE LIVING ROOM walls and ceiling offer a smooth, seamless surface for paint or wallpaper. GYPROCK Plaster Wallboard is vermin-proofed, fire-resistant. Sheets are from 6 to 16 feet long, 3', 4', and 4'6" wide.

ONE C.S.R. MATERIAL YOU CAN'T SEE. This home is sheathed with Cane-ite Insulating Wallboard. As a result, it will be warmer in winter, up to 15 degrees cooler in summer, much quieter all year round . . . and cleaner inside, too. Whatever exterior finish you prefer — timber or asbestos cement flat sheets or sidings — sheath with Cane-ite Wallboard for insulation against weather and noise . . . and to prevent dust from seeping through the outer covering.

These are the money-saving C.S.R. Materials used in this low-cost home: Gyprock Plaster Wallboard, Timbrock Hardboard, Cane-ite Insulating Wallboard, Fibrock Asbestos Cement Sidings, Flat Sheets, Corrugates and Accessories, De Luxe Fibrock, Vinylflex Floor Tiles.

INSPECTION TIMES: Location, Princes Highway, between Kenneth Avenue and Acacia Road, Kirrawee, N.S.W. (on the Sydney side of Sutherland). Wednesdays and Saturdays: 10-5 p.m. Sundays: 1-4 p.m.



THE BEDROOM ceiling is CANE-ITE, the only wallboard that insulates as it decorates. It's light and easy to handle. Walls in one bedroom are of Timbrock Hardboard and in the other, Gyprock Plaster Wallboard.



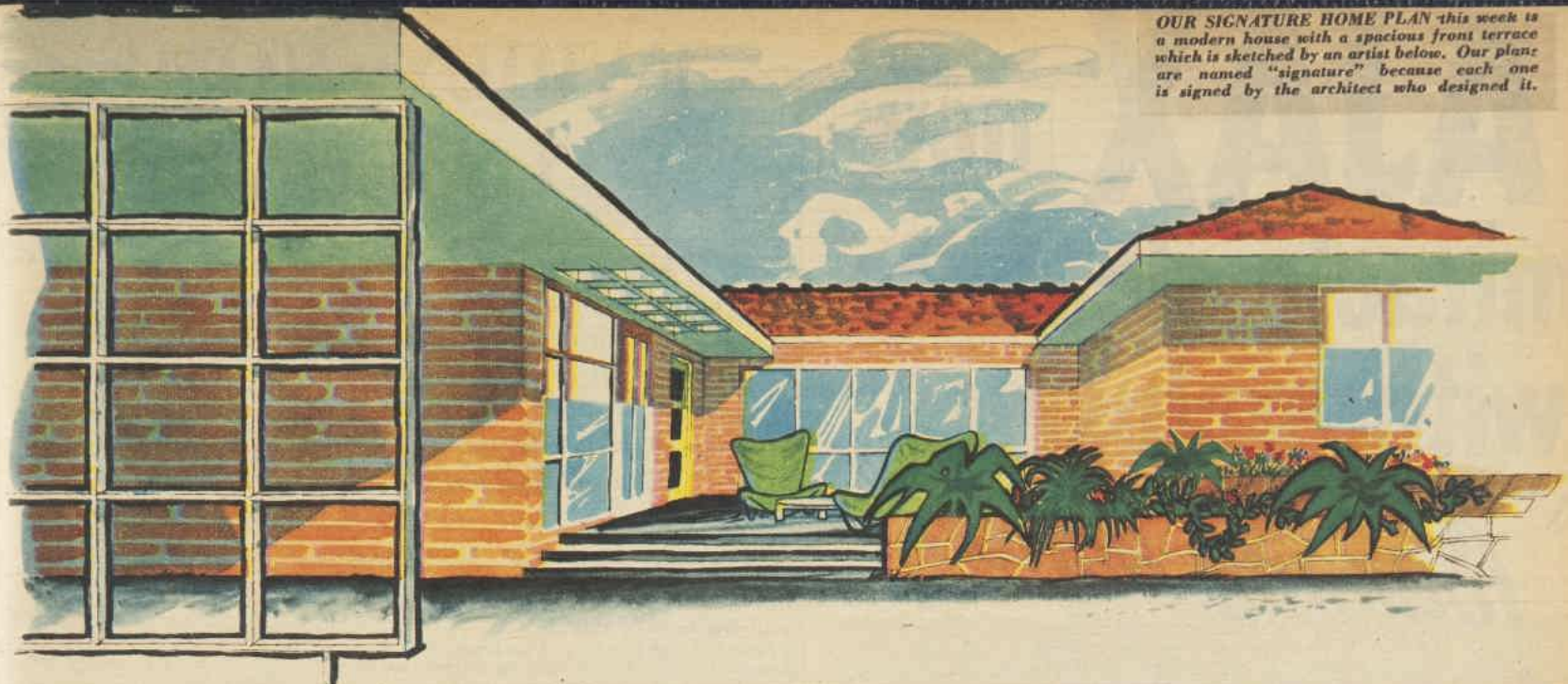
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CSR103

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 11, 1957



OUR SIGNATURE HOME PLAN this week is a modern house with a spacious front terrace which is sketched by an artist below. Our plans are named "signature" because each one is signed by the architect who designed it.

BUY the PLAN and BUILD IT

● This beautiful modern house, with its air of space and comfort, is our home plan this week, and is the first of the series to appear in color. For readers in N.S.W. it is also the first of the series of plans designed by our Home Planning Centres, already functioning successfully in Victoria, South Australia, and Queensland.

READERS can buy the plan at our Home Planning Centres in the capital cities listed below. The latest addition to this list is the Home Planning Centre in Sydney, established in conjunction with Anthony Hordern's store, Brickfield Hill, and opens on the third floor of the store on September 4.

This house would cost approximately £5500 to build in brick in New South Wales, between £4000 and £4550 in Victoria and South Australia, and £5100 in Queensland.

Timber or fibro would cost less in all four States.

Queensland readers could build this design in timber for about £3700.

This plan shows an outstanding house that has an excellent appearance from every angle.

Basically, the layout is a U-shape with the wider wing at the rear. Together with the broken building line of the front wing, this results in all the main rooms having a front outlook.

One of the main features is the spacious patio at the front that gives an informal, friendly approach and is ideal for outdoor living.

The clever planning of the home is illustrated in the floor plan shown at right. The passage connecting bedrooms and living-rooms has been widened so it becomes a sun gallery where winter sun can be enjoyed behind glass walls. The kitchen, designed to save work

for the housewife, contains an attractive meal recess with a wide window that admits the sun at breakfast time.

The plan, complete with specifications, costs £7/7/- and can be bought at our Home Planning Centres, where a comprehensive service is offered to intending home-builders.

All our standard plans are available at the centres simultaneously with publication and cost £7/7/- each with specifications. Hundreds of other plans are available from stock. The centres will also prepare plans to any individual design at a fee of £1/1/- per square, based on total area.

Readers can call at our centres or order plans by mail, enclosing fee. The centres, established in conjunction with

leading stores, are situated in the stores. Addresses are:

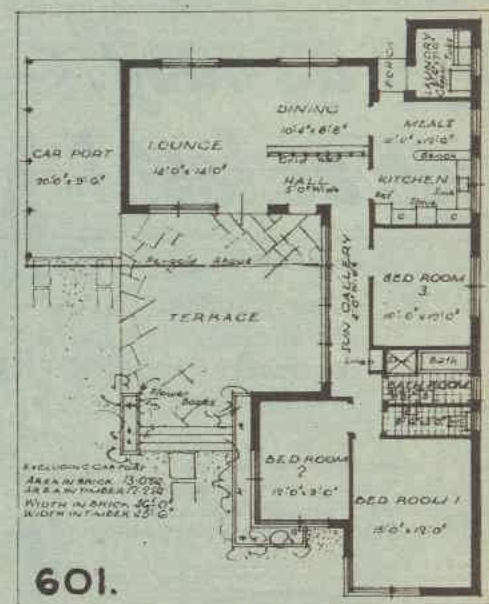
SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd. (third floor), Brickfield Hill.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium (sixth floor), Lonsdale Street. Mail to Box 5038Y, G.P.O.

GEELONG: Our representatives will be in attendance every Thursday at the Myer Emporium in Geelong to advise readers on the selection of home plans.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd. (second floor), The Valley. Mail to Box 151, Broadway P.O.

ADELAIDE: John Martin and Co. Ltd. (second floor), Rundle Street. Mail to Box 629, G.P.O.



ABOVE is the floor plan of the new home, showing its convenient layout and pleasant, open appearance. This design is by architect F. T. Humphrys.

BELOW is the house in perspective with pitched roof. An alternative suggestion is a skillion roof to the main section and a flat roof over the second bedroom.



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miracle cleanser with exclusive "foaming action"

cleans twice as easy, twice as fast!

No other cleanser cuts grease so fast!



Greasy pans come shining clean with half the rubbing! Miracle "foaming action" dissolves grease fast, floats it away down the drain. And AJAX leaves no scum!

No other cleanser polishes so bright, so fast!



AJAX actually polishes as it cleans—makes pots, sinks, cookers, everything, shine brighter than ever. AJAX floats away every trace of grease and dirt—in half the time!



No other cleanser keeps porcelain so white—because only AJAX contains BLEACH

No other cleanser can make your sinks and tubs so brilliantly white and bright—tea stains, fruit stains, coffee stains, rust—"foaming action" AJAX floats them down the drain!

- ★ AJAX sells more in America than all other brands combined.
- ★ AJAX is gentle to lovely hands.
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★ AJAX IS GUARANTEED

Use AJAX on a portion of any grimy, greasy, porcelain or enamel surface. Use any other cleanser on another portion—if you don't find AJAX better, return the partly empty can to Colgate-Palmolive, Sydney, and your money will be refunded.

A COLGATE-PALMOLIVE PRODUCT

FLOATS DIRT, GREASE and STAIN RIGHT DOWN THE DRAIN

BUY THE LARGE KING SIZE AND SAVE MONEY

FAMILY HOME WITH CHARM

● This elegant but practical two-storied home was built by a young married couple to combine graciousness with a comfortable family life. The photograph at the right shows the exterior of the house and the garage beside it. Maximum garden space has been allowed in this layout. The smooth lawn and colorful plants enhance the appearance of the house.

THE house belongs to Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Brauer, of Strathfield, N.S.W. There are two children in the family, Tony, aged four, and three-year-old Amanda.

Because of their young family, the Brauers wanted a house that would grow with the children and could be adapted to their changing needs.

This has been achieved in the charming home. Built on a normal-sized block, the house has been cleverly designed to include three bedrooms, a large sunroom, two bathrooms, living-room, dining-room, separate family dinette and kitchen, as well as a roomy laundry.

On the first floor an attractive sunroom with large areas of glass and polished floors opens off the stair landing.

While the children are small they can use the sunroom as a playroom. Later it will be an ideal place for them to hold dances and entertain their friends without disturbing their parents.

One of the most unusual features of the sunroom is a striking mural done by artist Florence Swinbourne. On a pale pink wall the mural is painted in oriental style that gives an extra lightness and freshness to the room.

Mrs. Brauer said their first reason for having the mural painted was that the wall is fibrous plaster and won't take nails for pictures safely.

Three handsome wrought-iron lamps are grouped on the wall over the fireplace. "I wanted something dramatic and bought the lamps a year before the house was built," Mrs. Brauer said. "The room looks lovely with them lit up."

Downstairs the lounge and separate dining-room are furnished in a more formal style for entertaining. The living-room is decorated in soft shades of grey and pink as a background, with blues, mushroom, and soft strawberry for the furnishings.



RIGHT: The formal living-room is decorated in restful shades. Here Mr. and Mrs. Brauer do most of their entertaining. Note the mirror with divided glass panels above the fireplace.



VIEW OF THE SUNROOM looking in from the stair landing. This large room, decorated in warm modern colors, is designed for comfort and liveability. In the future it will be an ideal place for Tony and Amanda Brauer to entertain their young friends. The end window looks out over the small but charming front garden.



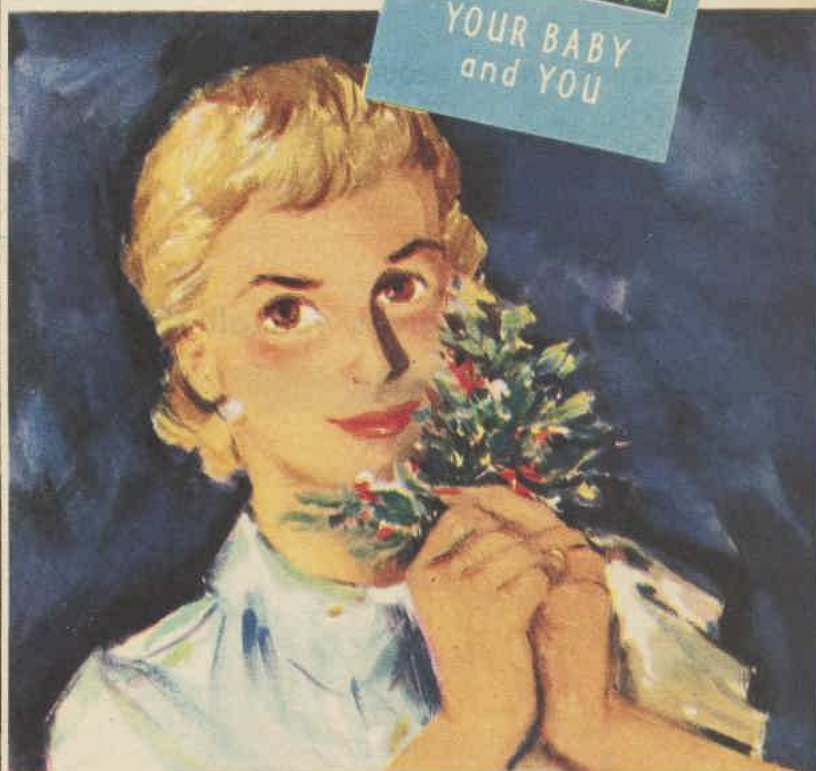
MURAL painted in delicate pastel tonings on the wall of the sunroom is one of the features of the house. Artist Florence Seabourne painted the mural when the Brauers decided the room needed something other than the conventional pictures on the wall. Beyond the doorway at right is the stair leading to the bedrooms.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 11, 1957

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Page 38

Springtime

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NEW EXCLUSIVE "BREAKFAST BAR"

Here, in one smart built-in section of the door, is everything you need for a delicious breakfast: eggs, bacon and fruit juices. Each item has its own individual compartment . . . easy to find — easy to reach. Conveniently located at the top of the Pantry Door.



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This full-width Frozen Food Chest holds up to 35-lbs. of meat, fish, commercial and home-packaged foods — including sandwiches, scones and cakes. Keeps them fresh in many cases for months at a time. Location puts everything at eye-level.



GLORIOUS COLOUR — INSIDE AND OUTSIDE!

This, big, wide, and so wonderful Kelvinator range gives you the greatest colour selection ever! Now you can choose from four inside colours: Butter-cup Yellow, Pacific Blue, Surf Green, Golden Sand. New outside colours, too—in addition to Lustrous White and Kelvin Cream. These are: Pastel Green, Pastel Blue and Pastel Yellow—and are optional at extra cost.



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Choose **Kelvinator** for Better Living

Kelvinator time



SPRINGTIME IS KELVINATOR TIME! Your beautiful new Kelvinator is as much a part of Spring as the flowers that bloom. Model illustrated above is the Kelvinator "Space-Saver-11 De-Luxe" with "Magic Cycle" Automatic Defrosting; exclusive Pantry Door with Breakfast Bar, Cheese and Butter Chests and Deep Door Shelves that take pint milk bottles; Full-width Frozen Food Chest to hold up to 35 lbs. of food; big Meat Keeper; Roll-out Shelves; Twin Fruit and Vegetable Crispers — and the mighty "Polarsphere" sealed unit — *exclusive to Kelvinator.* Price: £230.0.0.

Tact deodorant soap
safeguards your freshness,
all over, all day
all year round
as no ordinary soap can...



New miracle
Tact deodorant soap
actually keeps perspiration

Odour-Free

☆ **PROVED BY LABORATORY TESTS**
to wash away up to 95% of the germs
which actually cause perspiration odour

Even in COOL weather, people perspire—but gentle, fragrant Tact makes perspiration odour a thing of the past!

Tact Deodorant Soap contains a great, new anti-odour discovery—miracle ingredient G11, known to science as hexachlorophene.

G11 HEXACHLOROPHENE

Perspiration odour is caused by germs! Perspiration has no odour—at first—but the germs which live on everybody's skin quickly cause it to decompose, become offensive. Tact, with G11, washes away up to 95% of these odour-causing germs and stands guard against new germs on your skin.

You can wash over and over with

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT YOU LACKED TACT

ordinary soap and thousands of these germs stay—but, when Tact's miracle ingredient has removed these odour-causing germs, you can't offend.

Wonderful for complexions, too!

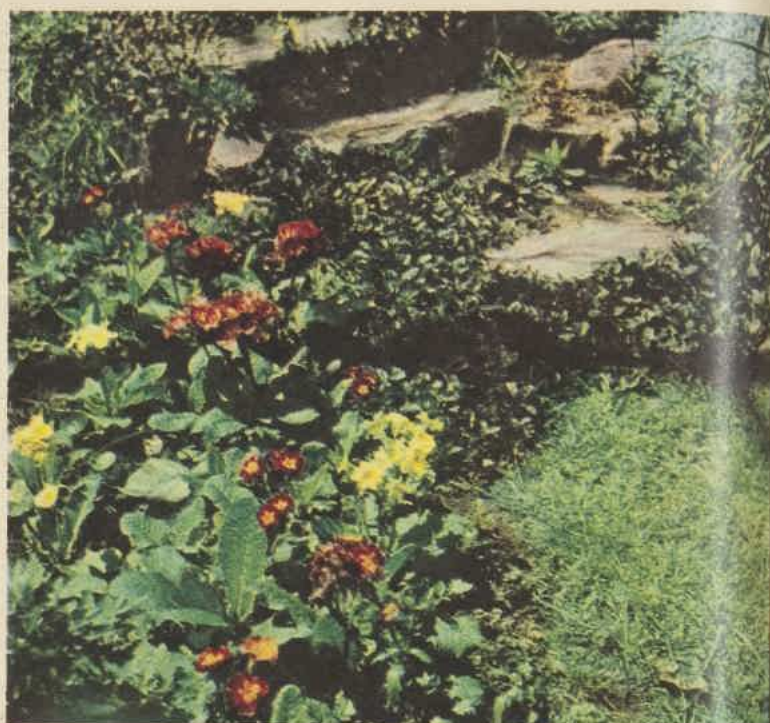
Tact helps clear up surface blemishes and minor skin infections, is ideal for teen-age skin problems. G11 is so gentle it's used in baby lotions.

**BUY TACT DEODORANT SOAP
IN THE BIG BATH SIZE...
and SAVE MONEY!**

REGULAR SIZE 1' - BATH SIZE 1'5

LANDSCAPES... BIG AND SMALL

● Landscaping is sometimes misunderstood to mean a large piece of land needing several expert gardeners to keep it in order. Landscaping is not bound by the measuring rod, and a tiny plot can be as artistically rewarding as a big estate. The trick is to plan, and consult nurserymen before buying costly, unsuitable trees, shrubs, and plants.



Beautify Steps

INFORMAL plantings (above) with "spill-overs" can make a feature of garden steps. Massed effects of polyanthus, English primroses, ajuga reptans, and alyssum make these steps very attractive. Azaleas, double or Kurume varieties, and iris bulbs are effective, too.

Tree Treatment

MORE people these days plan homes and gardens round existing trees. Rockeries can be set at the base of gnarled old gum trees and filled with ivy (right), geraniums, daisies, or even strawberries. Wistaria or other creepers are effective trained round trees. Wooden tables can be built round them, too.



Attractive Ponds

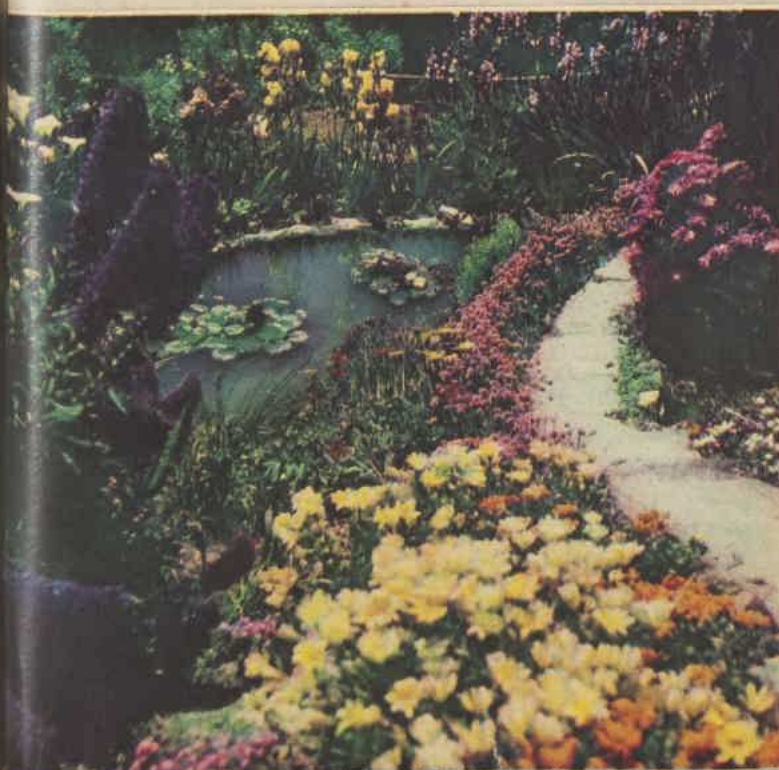
A LARGE GARDEN is not essential for a garden pond. A small one (left) can be built by an amateur. Set in crazy paving, grass-filled, or with tiny ground creepers, it can be as attractive as a more elaborate pool (right). This is planted with water-lilies and hyacinths, and massed along the edges with clumps of golden gasanias, mesembryanthemums, and threll. Perennials and small shrubs make a beautiful blaze of background color.

Effects an amateur can copy



Flower Tapestry

THE SECRET of effective rockery or wall planting is to veil most of the rocks. Above, the shallow wall has been planned to take "spillover" plants in pockets, including *alyssum saxatile*, *bellis perennis*, and broad-leaved thrift. It is not necessary to have a brilliant rockery; pastel-toned rockeries are equally charming.



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"They're Arnott's"

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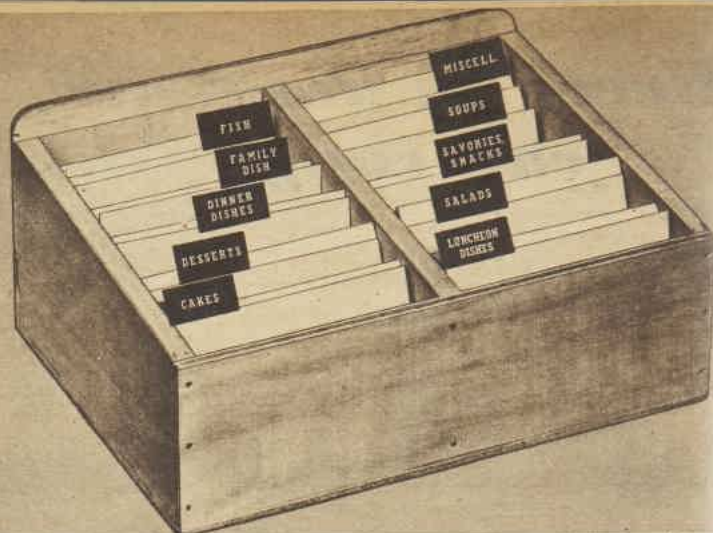
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DELICIOUS WITH
ICE-CREAM OR COFFEE

Arnott's
famous
Cream Wafer

There is no Substitute for Quality



HANDY RECIPE FILE has a thumb index for quick reference and easy handling. You can order yours from our offices in each State or make your own by following the easy directions given below. Paint it to go with your kitchen color scheme.

RECIPE FILE TO BUY OR TO MAKE

● Here is a wonderful index in which to file, for quick and easy reference, our splendid new kitchen-tested recipes opposite and on page 46, as well as your old favorites.

THE neat wooden indexed file is shown in the picture above. Readers can buy it or make it themselves. Directions are on this page.

The file was designed specially to hold our kitchen-tested recipes, but it has room for many more.

Readers can order the ready-made recipe file from any of our branch offices. See the addresses on top of page 2. (Tasmanian readers should write to our Sydney office.) Price of the file is 10/- over the counter. Postage is 2/- extra.

Ready-made, the sturdy little file comes in unfinished wood ready for you to varnish or paint to match your kitchen color scheme. Small and compact to fit on a kitchen shelf, it measures approximately 8½ by 6½ inches.

There are 10 compartments in the file with a handy thumb index for quick selection.

The tasty kitchen-tested recipes on the opposite page will start you off with a splendid recipe for each category, and you can add to your collection as more of our new recipes are published.

Here are the directions for making the file.

Materials: Several pieces of scrap plywood 3/8in. and 3/16in. thick; some light panel pins. The tools needed are a hammer, rule, square, fine saw, a sheet of medium-grade glasspaper, and a smoothing plane, if available.

The box consists of the parts shown in the diagram (right). The two ends and centre partition (A) are cut from 3/8in.-thick plywood, and taper along the top edge from 3in. at the back down to 2½in. at the front.

The back (B), front (C), and base (D) are all cut from 3/16in.-thick threeply to the sizes shown. The back panel is wide enough to project ½in. above the two ends and centre partition, and the outside top corners are rounded over.

There are two other sections cut of 3/16in.-thick threeply. These are cut to fit neatly into the compartments and to rest at a slight angle against the back as shown by the dotted lines in the diagram. These pieces allow the recipe cards to fall back slightly for easy selection in the finished box.

To assemble the box, tack the back and front panels to the ends of the three partition pieces, making sure the compartments are exactly the same size. The bottom panel



ABOVE: The diagrams give the sizes for cutting pieces for the recipe box. The bottom diagram shows how the rest-pieces fit into place.

is then tacked on in the same way.

The sloping rest-pieces can be glued into place inside the compartments. Trim the top and bottom edges of these pieces with a plane or glasspaper to conform to the angle of placement (see the diagram). Smooth off all joints and corners with glasspaper, then varnish or paint as desired.

Centrepiece of lemons

● Real fruit arranged attractively on a compote makes a colorful centrepiece specially suitable for outdoor dining. The miniature lemon tree in the table setting on page 33 is an example.

THIS miniature tree looks wonderful and is not difficult to make. All you need is some ordinary chicken wire, a length of strong, thin wire, and a pair of wire-cutters.

Shape the chicken wire to form a cone, as shown in the picture at the left. Next run an end of the thin wire through the lemons at the stem end and twist the wire together, leaving one long end.

Build the tree gradually from the lower end upwards, using the long end of wire to attach each piece of fruit. Fill in any gaps with leaves as shown in the illustration at right.

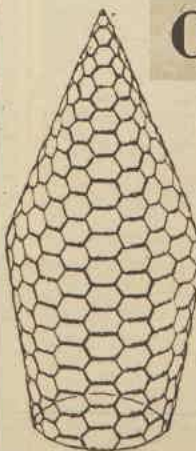


DIAGRAM shows how the wire cone should look before fruit is firmly attached to it.



DECORATIVE centrepiece on compote. Glossy leaves help to hide the wire frame.

Our kitchen-tested recipes

● On this and the following page are eight delicious kitchen-tested recipes to cut and file in the handy wooden index shown opposite. The four recipes given below are arranged back-to-back with the four overleaf.

Cut them straight along the dotted lines and you will have the recipe printed on one side, and on the other a colored illustration showing how the finished dish looks. This is a splendid guide for garnishing and serving.

SAVORY PLATTER



CHEESE SOUFFLE

● Two tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 cup shredded tasty cheese, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cream of tartar.

Melt butter in saucepan, add flour, stir over low heat 2 minutes without browning. Add milk, continue stirring until sauce boils and thickens; cook further 3 minutes. Add mustard, salt, cayenne, and cheese; allow to cool. Stir in beaten egg-yolks. Beat egg-whites stiffly with cream of tartar, fold into cheese mixture. Pour into an ungreased 3-pint souffle dish; insert knife-blade lin. in from the edge and cut a circle in mixture. This gives the "top-hat" effect when cooked. Bake in slow oven 50 to 60 minutes. Serve immediately. Serves 6.

CROWN ROAST OF LAMB

● Two loins of lamb, salt, pepper, 2 tablespoons shortening, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. mushrooms, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, pinch each of grated lemon rind and nutmeg, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 3 cups soft breadcrumbs, 2 rashers bacon (rind removed).

Have meat prepared as for crown roast by butcher. Stand upright in well-greased baking-dish to form a circle, fatty side inside, skewer or secure with string. Melt shortening, add peeled chopped mushrooms and onion, saute 5 minutes, then add lemon rind, nutmeg, parsley, breadcrumbs, and one rasher chopped bacon; season with salt and pepper. Fill into centre of roast, bake in moderate oven $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours, according to thickness of meat. Cut remaining bacon rasher into 3, place on top of seasoning; cook further 10 minutes. Serve with baked vegetables. Serves 6 to 8 people.

TOMATO RICE SOUP



SALAD LOAF



CHERRIES JUBILEE

● Two to 3 dozen strawberries, $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons sugar, 1 tin dark cherries, $\frac{1}{3}$ rd cup red-currant jelly, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brandy, 1 pint vanilla-flavored ice-cream.

Wash and hull strawberries, place in basin; sprinkle with sugar and set aside in refrigerator for 2 hours. Drain cherries, combine with strawberries, and place in saucepan or chafing-dish in which the red-currant jelly has been melted. Stir gently while fruits heat slowly. Pour brandy into centre of fruits and heat without stirring. When warmed, carefully light with a match. Immediately spoon flaming fruits over ice-cream and serve. Sufficient for 5 or 6 persons.

Note: For traditional Cherries Jubilee omit strawberries and sugar and serve straight to table in flaming chafing-dish.

SALMON TARTARE IN RICE SHAPE



TWO-TONE LAYER CAKE

● Six ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup castor sugar, 1 tablespoon hot water, 3 eggs, 3 cups self-raising flour, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped cherries, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon coffee essence.

Cream shortening with sugar and hot water. Add eggs gradually, beating well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with 1 cup of the milk. Place one-third of the mixture into another bowl; fold in cherries and vanilla. Fill into a greased 7in. sandwich-tin. Add cocoa blended with balance of milk and coffee essence to remaining cake mixture; fill into two greased 7in. sandwich-tins. Bake all tins in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. When quite cold, join with whipped cream, top with mocha frosting. Cut into 10 wedges.

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More new recipes to file

Below are four more good dishes for you to add to your file. Put together with the other four, these should start you off to a worthwhile cooking index that should enable you always to turn out a perfect meal.

Filing your recipes in this way will also keep them in order and easy to find. Each section is thumb-tabbed, so you turn straight to it. We will publish more of these recipes from time to time for you to add to your collection.

CHEESE SOUFFLE



TOMATO RICE SOUP

One and a half pounds ripe tomatoes, 1 onion, 1½ pints stock or water, 3 teaspoons salt, small bunch herbs (parsley, thyme, marjoram), 2 bacon-bones, 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons flour, pinch cayenne pepper, 1/3rd cup rice.

Chop tomatoes and onions. Place in a saucepan with seasonings, stock, herbs, and bacon-bones. Cook slowly over low heat until onion is quite soft. Rub through wire strainer. Melt butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk and tomato puree and stir until it just comes to the boil. Just before serving add drained rice which has been cooked in boiling salted water and seasoned as a garnish. Serve with triangles of toasted bread. Serves 5 or 6.

SAVORY PLATTER

Spread small rounds toasted or fried bread with:—

1. Equal quantities minced cooked chicken livers and chopped hard-boiled egg bound with mayonnaise; season with salt and pepper.

2. Cheese spread, decorate with thin strips parboiled red pepper, flower-fashion; place a cocktail onion in centre.

3. Butter, top with a shelled prawn dipped in lemon juice; dust with salt and pepper.

4. Flaked cooked cape fillets, flavored with chopped chives and cayenne pepper, bound with mayonnaise.

• Open-top sandwiches:—

Mash asparagus tips, season, spread on small round of buttered bread; top with second circle of bread.

• Stuffed prunes:—

Fill stoned prunes with minced ham mixed with soft breadcrumbs moistened with mayonnaise.

CROWN ROAST OF LAMB



CHERRIES JUBILEE



SALAD LOAF

One-day-old sandwich loaf, 2lb. mashed potatoes, chopped chives or parsley, 2 cups diced cooked meat, 2 gherkins, 1 hard-boiled egg, 1 cup pickled onions, ½ cup white sauce, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, ½ cup mayonnaise, 2½ dessertspoons gelatine, 1 cup stock or water, salt and pepper.

Trim crusts from bread, cut a thick slice from top lengthwise. Remove inside crumb, leaving walls 1 in. thick. Combine meat, chopped gherkins, egg, and onions. Dissolve gelatine in hot stock and add gradually to mixed mayonnaise, white sauce, and meat mixture. Season with mustard, salt and pepper. When slightly thickened, fill into bread-case, replace top, chill. Cover with seasoned potatoes, sprinkle with chives, and serve with a crisp salad. Serves 6.

SALMON TARTARE IN RICE SHAPE

One cup rice, 1 slice onion, 1 dessertspoon salt, 2 thin pieces lemon rind, 1 tin salmon (or tinned fish cutlets), ½ cup mayonnaise, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon chopped olives (plain or stuffed), chopped gherkins or capers, chopped parsley.

Cook rice in large quantity of boiling water with onion, salt, and lemon rind until tender—about 20 minutes; drain. Form quickly into an oval shape on hot serving-platter, hollowing centre with back of spoon. Fill with flaked salmon which has been slowly heated, allowing liquor to seep through rice. Combine all the remaining ingredients, heat slightly without allowing to boil, pour over salmon. Garnish with sliced lemon and olives and parsley. Serves 4 or 5.

TWO-TONE LAYER CAKE



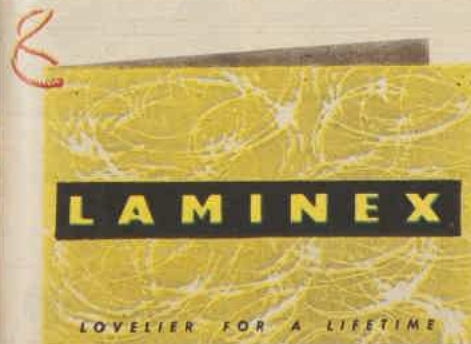
Laminex has no equal

says Joy Blamey

"The latest overseas trends", says Joy Blamey, "show that the cold, utilitarian bathroom is a thing of the past. The biggest step forward is the vanity unit, adding new charm to every bathroom. Modern design and the beautiful Laminex surfacing combine to make this vanity one of which every family would be proud. I recommend Laminex because of its gleaming beauty . . . its unequalled durability . . . its ease of application. Wherever a surfacing is required, I have found there is really only one choice — Laminex. It has no equal."



Joy Blamey, creative fashion consultant and principal of Interiors Unlimited, has just returned from an extensive trip to the U.S., where she has been studying new trends in home decoration.



Only genuine Laminex carries this tag. Look for this guarantee before you buy any surfacing material.

Wherever there is a new development in furniture, there you will find Laminex. Laminex adds beauty and charm to every room . . . brightening your kitchen bench and table, adding gleaming life to your bedroom furniture . . . renewing your diningroom table and sideboard. Genuine Laminex has the "secret in the

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Handy ideas in wood

● Two new ideas for wooden furniture, given on this page, can be adapted easily by the handyman. One is a linen cupboard that will tuck into a recess behind the door, and the other is an attractive plant stand. It will fit neatly against the wall and take up a minimum of space.

Linen cupboard

THE linen cupboard shown at right will have to be adapted to individual requirements, but the suggested size is 6ft. high and 2ft. 6in. wide by 12in. deep.

Solid coreboard 13/16ths of an inch thick can be used for the door, side panel, and shelves. Use a softwood, such as pine or oregon, 2in. wide and 7/8ths of an inch thick for the hanging stile for the door and for the shelf cleats.

The cleats are screwed to the wall and side panel to support the shelves. As an alternative, the shelf-ends could be housed in grooves 1/2in. into the side panel instead of using the cleats.

Note that the side panel is recessed at the bottom for a kick-rail and the shelves are set back 13/16ths of an inch inside the cupboard so the door closes flush with the outside edge of the side panel.

Plant stand

THE size of the plant stand shown below is 5ft. long by 12in. wide and 33in. high. The end frames are made of 2in. by 2in. posts with a 3in. by 1in. rail mortised into the top. Dowels 1in. in diameter are spaced as suggested in the photograph, the bottom one being 6in. from the floor.

The end frames are joined by the back and front rails, which are also 3in. by 1in. The top is 12in. by 1 1/2in. thick dressed timber, such as coachwood or parana pine, and is secured through the rails from underneath in the same way as a table-top. The top overlaps all round for about 1 1/2in.

The lower plant shelf, also of the same 1 1/2in.-thick timber, is checked around the uprights to rest on the lower rungs of the end frames.



ABOVE: With storage space at a premium these days, every corner is valuable. This cupboard, tucked away in a door recess, can be used for a linen cupboard, as shown, or for storing china, jam, toys, or out-of-season clothes. Any handyman can adapt the cupboard to his family's needs.

LEFT: A neat plant stand like this will be a boon to indoor gardeners. Narrow enough to fit against any wall, it will hold your largest indoor plant-pot. The table can do double duty as a serving-table for buffets or parties. Make it any length you like, to suit the space available.

BAD SKIN CLEARED

then her dreams came true



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Valderma Balm owes its amazing effectiveness to its double antiseptic action. No single antiseptic could destroy the great variety of germs that cause skin troubles. But together these antiseptics penetrate deep down into the pores to destroy these germs. Spots, pimples, rashes, sores, eczema, are quickly relieved. Your skin becomes clear and healthy, often in a few days. Valderma Balm at chemists: tubes 2s. 6d., jars 3s. 6d.

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TINY TINS ARE IDEAL FOR SMALL PAINTING JOBS LIKE THESE!

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Flower Pots	Picture Frame	Toy Boats
Plants	Cupboard door	and many more.

DULUX "Super-Enamel" is by far the most popular paint in Australia. It has a glossy moisture-proof surface, specially perfected for walls and ceilings in kitchens, bathrooms and laundries and for woodwork throughout your home. It's also ideal for exterior surfaces which receive periodical cleaning, such as motor cars, yachts, etc. In the standard range of DULUX "Super-Enamel" there are 39 glossy fadeless colours. They all look lovelier and last longer than any other enamel and DULUX "Super-Enamel" is the **easiest of all** to use!

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says MATRON SHAW, O.B.E.

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"Use a Steadiflow bottle, and Steadiflow teats. Steadiflow has been designed on medical advice to be next best to natural feeding. Every Steadiflow bottle has the wonderful teat that breathes. Two valves at the base of the teat allow air to enter the bottle as baby is feeding, thus eliminating wind and colic, the cause of many unhappy mealtimes. This teat also holds baby's mouth and teeth in the perfect natural position during the vital formative years. And, of course, by using 6 Steadiflow bottles, formula can be prepared at the one time for the whole day and stored without any risk of contamination. Steadiflow is so much better for baby and mother too."

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PYREX 6/6 complete
STANDARD GLASS 5/- complete
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ALWAYS USE GENUINE STEADIFLOW TEATS - REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

Your linos are brighter
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FISHER'S SPARKLE

Fisher's Wax cleans as it polishes, gives a bright sparkling transparent finish. So easy and quick to use too!

LARGE
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For dark woods use FISHER'S WAXTANE



CRISP, CRUNCHY, AND DELICIOUS, these Amaretti are a treat suitable for either morning or afternoon tea. See prize-winning recipe below.

Two readers win cash prizes

● Recipes for a tasty Continental biscuit and savory liver dumplings win prizes in our recipe contest this week.

THE prize-winning biscuit, made from a popular Italian recipe, is a special confection that is delicious to serve at morning or afternoon tea parties.

Savory dumplings make an appetising and nutritious luncheon dish.

All spoon measurements are level.

AMARETTI

Three egg-whites, 7oz. sugar, 7oz. ground almonds (or almond meal), 3/4oz. dark chocolate.

Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add sugar. Continue beating until mixture holds its shape and sugar is dissolved, then add ground almonds and grated chocolate a little at a time. Drop a teaspoonful at a time on to greased and floured oven-tray. Bake in moderate oven approximately 15 minutes.

First Prize of £5 to Miss D. Bruzese, 46 Gebbie St., Kelvin Grove, Brisbane.

SAVORY DUMPLINGS

Half-pound calves' liver, 1/2lb. sausage mince, 1/2 teaspoon marjoram, 1 onion, 1/2 cup soft breadcrumbs, flour, 1 egg, 1/2lb. noodles or macaroni, 1 large tin any desired soup, salt, pepper.

Soak liver in cold salted water for 1/2 hour. Drain, then cook in fresh salted water 15 minutes. Allow to cool, then mince finely. Combine with sausage mince, breadcrumbs, marjoram, grated onion, salt, pepper, and beaten egg. Form into small balls with floured hands. Prepare soup according to directions on tin, bring just to the boil; add noodles, simmer 10 minutes. Add liver balls, cook further 1/2 hour.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Webster, 34 Benaroon Rd., Lakemba, N.S.W.

ANOTHER RECIPE TO FILE

Below is our popular Family Dish in the correct size to fit into the new recipe file shown on page 44.

Each week in future the Family Dish will be printed in this size so it can be cut out and filed easily.

FAMILY DISH

LEFT-OVER cold meat is the main item in this week's appetising family dish. It costs about 6/9 and serves five.

SAVORY LAMB WEDGES

One and a half cups minced cooked lamb, corned beef, or veal, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 3 eggs, 2 tomatoes, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1/2 cup grated cheese, 1 tablespoon soft breadcrumbs, little extra butter or substitute, chopped parsley.

Beat eggs, add meat, onion, Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper. Melt butter in pan, pour in egg mixture. Cook gently for 10 minutes. Arrange sliced tomatoes on top, cover with grated cheese and breadcrumbs, dot with extra butter or substitute, cook under grill until golden brown. Cut into wedges, serve sprinkled with parsley.

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—at last! a good looking, comfortable arm-chair—that quickly folds away for storage when your guests have left!

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Buy several of these—for Picnics—Reversible folding action—only 19/9d.

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The Comfort Chair—that's always there—get quickly folds away!

AT YOUR FAVOURITE STORE—NOW!
Comfort chairs by HILLS — manufacturers of Australia's largest selling clothes Hotters.

Times have changed
old boy - but we can
always get our
VENCAT!



It's made in Indiah!

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THE WORLDS BEST CURRY



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 11, 1957



You can almost catch the tantalizing aroma, now! Mellow Kraft Cheddar and juicy tomato — a tangy toasted treat.

You can make this tasty breakfast in 3 minutes

Grilled Kraft Cheddar Cheese — tasty, satisfying . . .

There's a nip in the air and an edge on appetites. Time to enjoy this piping-hot breakfast.

Toast bread on both sides — slice Kraft Cheddar onto buttered side. Place slices of tomato on cheese and pop under the griller for a few seconds.

That's all! Now call the family to a wonderfully sustaining breakfast.

It takes a gallon of milk to make every pound of Kraft Cheddar Cheese.

This creamy goodness of milk provides more protein than sirloin beef — plus essential vitamins, valuable milk minerals and calcium and phosphorus.

Kraft Cheddar adds nourishment and flavour to all main-course meals, sandwiches and savouries.



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Kraft Cheddar. Choose the 8-oz. packet, and plenty of those 1-oz. portions. Buying Kraft Cheddar for a big family? Then ask for the family-size 2-lb. pack, or have Kraft Cheddar sliced from the 5-lb. loaf. Kraft Cheddar is Australia's family favourite.

You'll see other wonderful food ideas on "The Kraft Television Theatre". See it every Wednesday at 8 p.m. on HSV7 (Melbourne) and TCN9 (Sydney).

Cheese is a wonderful food and KRAFT makes wonderful cheeses

Mrs. Hathaway, like a million other Australian women, washes up every day in Rinso's richer, softer suds.

She says: "The generous Rinso lather makes light work of the biggest stack of greasy dishes." And just see how those rich, soft suds keep Mrs. Hathaway's hands as smooth and soft as her own little daughter's.

MIGHTY SIZE
Rinso
 GIVES
RICHER, SOFTER
SUDS

Your hands are out of hot water much sooner because Rinso speeds-up dishwashing

Why wash-up with slow old bar-soaps the way Mother had to do when Rinso can help you get through the job much faster? When dishes meet up with Rinso's richer suds, the grease just melts away! Tight-stuck food, like dried-on egg and gummy macaroni, floats off in seconds. Forks and

spoons come out not just soap-and-water-clean but hygienically-clean. But, even more important, your hands are in hot water only half the time because Rinso is so speedy. Wash-up the modern way with Rinso! More than a million Australian housewives do every day.

indignation. Her brown eyes glared.

Gren ran his hands through his hair in a gesture of desperation. "Thank God you're all right!" he exclaimed. "I made sure you'd go rolling over and end up on all those rocks—"

He pulled in a deep, gulping breath. Then, manlike, began to abuse her carelessness. "For heaven's sake, why didn't you pull up? Coasting round the bend like that and right on the edge! I was pulling over all I possibly could— You've got brakes, haven't you? And a horn?"

Cintrá had begun to shake uncontrollably. She wanted to sit down, but the ground was all matted with a kind of spiky herb. She tidied herself as best she could, saving her breath because she had none to spare. But her legs seemed suddenly to break at the knees, and she hung on to Satan like a drowning man to a spar. Gren Harbuck reached forward suddenly and swung her into his arms. He carried her up the bank and put her down.

"Better get into the cabin and sit down," he said. He lit a cigarette and handed it to her, then lit another for himself. "I'll go down and bring up your parcels, then I'll drive you home. When I get back, I'll see if I can get somebody to help me to tow the ute back. But it may take a tractor to get her on to the road again—"

Cintrá said stiffly, "Thanks." She had recovered her dignity at least. They swung round, with difficulty, and went back down the road. In silence. Both staring at the ground ahead.

By nightfall, a chastened Satan had been returned to his camp-site under the pine trees. And oddly enough, neither Stephen nor Gren Harbuck made any but the most impersonal and polite references to the mishap in Cintrá's hearing. No real damage had been done to Satan. A few extra scrapes and dints were hardly to be noticed, after all. And she herself had escaped with only a bruise or two, which she kept concealed.

There seemed, therefore, no good reason why she should still feel so muddled and unhappy in mind about the whole incident. Her mind counselled her to forget it. So she put it resolutely out of her thoughts whenever it sought admittance.

Which was probably why it turned up again, time after time, in her dreams, under all sorts of absurd guises. All different except in one respect. That whether simply embarrassing, or frankly outrageous, the dream always finished up by implanting her in Gren Harbuck's arms. And, what annoyed her more than anything, without any notable remonstrance from the dream Cintrá.

A week later Stephen Mackley set off to join his party of fellow-scientists on this peculiar mission of theirs. Cintrá was far too proud to question him about it, except scientifically. She knew that they were to make for a certain island, to begin with, off the north-west coast.

They were to study anthropology, so Stephen explained, and ornithology. The migrations of men and birds, down through the avenues of time, which seemed harmless enough, after all. And not particularly secret or hush-hush. Stephen, however, was being so angelic during these last few days at the cottage that instinctively his daughter suspected him.

"You'll be much more comfortable here during the summer months than in the city," he assured her. "There's always a cool breeze under those pines. I'll be thinking of you and envying you, I expect. Gren's promised to do his best to find you some kind of congenial job in Frawley. And

Continuing . . . Bird in the Tree

from page 25

I've arranged with the bank to tide you over till I get back, so don't worry. Take your time transcribing those notes, my dear. You'll have a good chance now to get to know your neighbors—you needn't imagine that Gren Harbuck will worry you, he understands the position perfectly— But if there's anything you need, they're a nice family down there, Cinders, and you can rely on them completely."

Cintrá listened dutifully. She answered with daughterly compliance. But she had already been in touch with city friends, who had promised to do their best to find her work and accommodation. If Stephen insisted on having his secrets, she was equally entitled to hers. It might mean that she must remain behind at the cottage for another week, to pack all their things for storage until her father returned. But she

One afternoon she had walked up the bush road that ran past the cottage to look once more at the view, taking mental photographs for future days, and gratefully filing them away in the album of memory. All along the track there, white gums grew tall. Proud, graceful trees that posed their beauty on a dreamlike sky. Birds were everywhere, even on the backs of cattle, industriously filching wisps of wool and hair to line their hidden nests. Or foraging for threads of bark, or twisty twigs. And perched on any vantage point to sing with throbbing throats.

It was while she was gazing up at the light dancing on the upper branches of a white gum that Cintrá saw the magpie.

The white gum rose to a height of thirty feet without a limb, silhouetted against the cloud-shadowed, sunlit hills. And ten or more feet higher still, caught by one leg in a snare of twigs, the magpie

it from slow thirst and starvation, and those jeering, cruel crows. In the sunlight, in the balm of wind and the laughter of all those other passing wings, better a clean swift bullet than a lingering death.

Cintrá turned and ran swiftly along the road to Harbuck's gate. Gren would be working somewhere about, he had a gun and knew how to use it. She ran into him halfway down the long rutted track to the house. Coming up with his dogs. Breathless, it was a while before she could speak. She just stood there, swallowing, and imploring him with her eyes.

"Cinders!" he said, alarmed. "What's wrong? Have you seen a snake?" He put his hands on her shoulders. "Relax—I'm here, there's no need to panic." The quietness of his voice, its tenderness, restored her. Not what a man says, but how he says it. She wanted to lean against him. To feel his living heartbeats and warm blood. She took a steadying breath.

"Oh, Gren, you'll have to get your gun! There's a magpie up there in a white gum tree, trapped by the leg—I can't bear to see it struggling! And all those crows. Can you shoot it?"

"Wait on, then," he said. And while Cintrá stood there making a big effort to recover her scattered dignity, he was loping off back over to the house, the dogs racing alongside. But I don't feel dignified any more, Cintrá thought. I feel like a child, frightened and hurt inside and looking for strength to lean on.

Gren Harbuck walked slowly round the tree, examining the situation from every angle. He had left the dogs at home. Futile wings beat again at the vacant air. "Stand clear!" he called at last, and Cintrá watched the bird.

A moment later, it was falling quickly through the leaves, through the bright air. She ran to break its fall, thankful that for once she was wearing a skirt, full enough to make a safety-net. The stunned bird lay in her hands limply; but its heart still beat. Gren Harbuck had shattered the branch that held it snared. He had broken the trap apart.

She turned to him a face of radiance and tears. "It's still alive!" she cried. "It's going to be all right! Fly again, and be happy—"

He came close to her, smiling, his whole face glad. Cintrá looked at him; and again there was something she wanted very much to do. But first she wanted the answer to a question, and there was no doubt at all in her mind that from Gren she would get the simple truth. "Why did Stephen go away and leave me behind?" she asked. "He didn't really have to, did he? He did it purposely, didn't he?"

Gren's face sobered, his brown eyes trying to make her understand. "It was the only way we could think of to make you see," he said. "Me loving you, and you wanting love and pulling away all the time. Like a wild thing—like that bird—"

Cintrá put the bird down carefully on a tussock of grass in the sunshine. "It was a trap, all right," she said, "but I made it myself. And I hadn't the brains to see the right way out—"

She went to him. Engrossed, they didn't see the bird's eyes open or the tentative movement, the joyful throb of returning power. Minutes later, they were startled to laughter as the magpie suddenly rose on ecstatic wings and mounted into the freedom of the bright noon sky.

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DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE

(2 cups) plain flour; 4 level teaspoons baking powder; ½ level spoon salt; 2 level tablespoons Bournville cocoa; 1 cup sugar; ½ cup milk; ¼ teaspoon vanilla essence; 4 oz. (½ cup) butter; 2 eggs; 1 level teaspoon bi-carbonate of soda; 1 tablespoon boiling water. **Drift Frosting:** 2 oz. (2 level tablespoons) butter; 3 tablespoons; 2 dessertspoons lemon juice; 1 lb. sifted icing sugar. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Combine cocoa with sugar and half milk. Place in saucepan and stir over medium until mixture boils and thickens. Cool and add vanilla. Cream butter and remainder of sugar. Add well beaten eggs gradually to mixture. Stir in cooled chocolate mixture. Lightly fold in sifted flour with remainder of milk. Add soda dissolved in water. Bake evenly in 2 well greased 7-inch sandwich tins and bake in moderate oven 40 minutes. When cold, sandwich together with cooled cream and cover with Snowdrift Frosting. **Drift Frosting:** Heat butter with milk. Cool slightly and add lemon juice. Stir in sifted icing sugar gradually, until frosting is of correct consistency to spread over top and sides of cake. Sprinkle with coconut and decorate with dribbles of chocolate sauce and halved almonds dipped in chocolate.

CHOCOLATE LOG CAKE

pinch salt; 4 oz. (4 slightly rounded tablespoons) castor sugar; ½ (4 rounded tablespoons) plain flour; 2 level tablespoons Bournville cocoa; 1 level teaspoon cream of tartar; ½ teaspoon vanilla essence; 1 level teaspoon bi-carbonate of soda; 2 tablespoons hot water. **Drift Frosting:** 2 level tablespoons butter; 4 rounded tablespoons castor sugar; 1 teaspoon vanilla essence. Separate whites from yolks of eggs. Add salt to whites, beat until stiff. Gradually beat in sugar, add egg yolks one at a time. Sift flour and cocoa with cream of tartar. Stir into the mixture and pour with vanilla. Dissolve soda in hot water and stir in lightly. Bake in shallow, greased pan, 10 x 12 inches, lined with greased paper. Bake in hot oven (400 degrees F.) for 12-15 minutes. Turn on damp cloth. Remove paper. Cut off hard edges and roll up like a log. Lift on to wire cooler. When cake is cold, unroll, spread with Vienna Frosting and re-roll. **Drift Frosting:** Beat butter to soft cream. Add gradually the icing sugar. Beat until well mixed. Flavour with vanilla.

CHOCOLATE QUEEN PUDDING

(2 level tablespoons) Bournville cocoa; 3 oz. (3 level tablespoons) castor sugar; 1 pint (2½ cups) milk; 1 cup soft white breadcrumbs; 2 eggs; ½ teaspoon vanilla essence; 3 tablespoons apricot jam; 1 level teaspoon castor sugar for meringue. Combine cocoa with sugar. Blend to smooth paste with little of milk. Heat remainder of milk and pour on to sugar and cocoa. Pour into breadcrumbs in greased pie-dish. Add beaten egg yolks. Stir well mixed. Flavour with vanilla. Place dish containing pudding in a hot water bath. Bake in moderate oven for about 40 minutes or until set. Spread apricot jam over top of cooked pudding. Beat egg whites until stiff. Add slowly the castor sugar and continue beating until stiff. Pipe or pipe on pudding. Return to slow oven to dry brown and set the meringue.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

1 level teaspoon Bournville cocoa; ½ cup sugar; 1 rounded dessertspoon plain flour; pinch salt; ½ cup milk; 1 level teaspoon butter; 1 level teaspoon vanilla essence. Combine cocoa, sugar, flour and salt. Blend to smooth paste with cold milk. Place remainder of milk on to boil. Pour onto blended mixture. Return to saucepan and stir until sauce boils and thickens. Cook 2 minutes. Remove from heat, add butter and vanilla. Serve hot or cold.

MARBLE CAKE

(½ cup) butter; 4 oz. (½ cup) castor sugar; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 2 eggs; 8 oz. (2 level cups) plain flour; 4 level teaspoons baking powder; pinch salt; ½ cup milk; pink colouring; 1 level tablespoon Bournville cocoa blended with 2 extra tablespoons milk. **Chocolate Icing:** 4 oz. (4 rounded tablespoons) icing sugar; 1 oz. (1 level tablespoon) Bournville cocoa; 2-3 tablespoons milk; ½ teaspoon vanilla. Beat butter and sugar until light and fluffy. Add vanilla. Separate egg yolks from whites. Beat egg yolks into cake mixture. Sift flour, baking powder and salt. Stir lightly into mixture alternately with milk. In separate basin, whisk egg whites until stiff. Fold lightly into cake mixture. Divide mixture into 3 equal portions. To one portion, add pink colouring, to second portion add cocoa blended to a smooth paste with extra milk. Third portion is left plain. Spoon alternate portions into well greased 7-inch, deep-sided cake tin. Bake in moderate oven 30-40 minutes. Cool and cover top with chocolate icing. **Chocolate Icing:** Sift together icing sugar and cocoa. Place in saucepan and mix to smooth paste with milk. Quantity of milk may vary with sugar. Always add it carefully. Consistency should be just thick enough to coat back of spoon. Heat for about 30 seconds over low heat. Flavour with vanilla and pour quickly over cake.

CHOCOLATE PUDDING

(2 level tablespoons) butter; 3 oz. (3 slightly rounded tablespoons) castor sugar; 2 eggs; ½ level teaspoon vanilla; 6 oz. (6 rounded tablespoons) self-raising flour; pinch salt; 2 level tablespoons Bournville cocoa; 3 level teaspoons milk. Grease 6-inch basin and cut piece of paper 1 inch larger than top of basin. Cover pudding while it is cooking. Beat butter and sugar to soft cream. Add well beaten eggs gradually and flavour with vanilla. Sift flour with salt and cocoa. Stir lightly and evenly into mixture alternately with milk. Place in prepared mould and steam over boiling water for 1½ hours. Unmould and serve with custard sauce.

CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

(1 cup) butter; 6 oz. (1 cup) sugar; 3 eggs; 1 teaspoon vanilla; 12 oz. (3 level cups) plain flour; 3 level teaspoons baking powder; pinch salt; 3 slightly rounded tablespoons Bournville cocoa; 1 level teaspoon bi-carbonate of soda; 1 cup milk. Cream together butter and sugar. Stir in well beaten eggs gradually until well mixed. Flavour with vanilla essence. Sift together flour, baking powder, salt, cocoa and bi-carbonate of soda. Add to cream alternately with milk. Place in well greased 8-inch cake tin and bake in moderate oven for 1-1½ hours. When cold cut into 3 layers and fill with cream. Cover the top and sides with Snowdrift Frosting (see recipe 1). Decorate with nuts.

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Continuing . . .

Written on Water

(from page 21)

off as though they had emptied a bucket of ice down my front. Thumbs grinned knowingly, and Glenn went to the kitchen door. 'Vida!' he called. 'Where's Vida?'

'I don't know,' Thumbs lied. 'Forget about Vida. What's so urgent about it?'

'I'm dirty. I need a bath. And I do need Vida.'

'Come on, you can't leave us standing under a fluorescent light with a bucket of ice down your front,' Thumbs said to get him on another track.

'We had another row when Tracey asked me what I was looking for. Actually, I was looking for an escape. I felt soiled, caged, disgusted, so I said: "I didn't see any trouble to take your friends away." It made her very angry, and she gave me a big talk about what some of these people had gone through, tortures, prison camps, and what a brave front they were keeping after having lost everything, and whether I didn't know the meaning of an outmoded word like gallantry. It made me angry, too, and I said:

"If they are so brave and gallant, why don't they join the Free French or do something, work for their government-in-exile or with the underground instead of loafing in Acapulco and sponging on you?" And you know what she answered? Why wasn't I, Lieutenant Glenn Hammers, in the Navy where I belonged instead of sticking to the lowest bottom of Mexico like a barnacle? Thumbs, that hurt.'

'Yes, Tracey has a fine hand with a stiletto. Never misses the point.'

'Now where is Vida?' Glenn asked again.

Since Manuel had been dragged out from under the turned-over truck Vida had practically moved into his house to nurse him. But Thumbs didn't think Glenn in the right frame of mind to accept the changed situation graciously. 'Forget Vida, this is about Tracey,' he said quickly. 'I hope you told her off.'

'I told her that she, of all people, knew best why I had cut all ties with home. The moment I said it I knew it would have been kinder to slap her face. From one moment to the next she changed so much it scared me. As if I had beaten her—crushed, humbled, it was pitiful.'

'But the worst was yet to come. Thumbs, she proposed to me. She made a horrible scene. Sticky, mushy, sentimental, not at all like the Tracey we know.'

'In the end she cried. Oh, my God, how she cried! Did you ever think Tracey could cry? Real tears, with the proper percentage of salt and pain in them? And all the time I could only think: I want Vida. I want Vida. I don't want you. It's Vida I want—'

'Leave Vida out of this,' Thumbs shouted. 'You didn't take her when you could have had her; what do you want of Vida now all of a sudden?'

'Don't shout at me! It's no news to you that I love Vida. I fought it because I didn't want to be tied down, but it's no good fighting it off. I need her, I didn't know myself how much I need her; perhaps I should be grateful to Tracey for kidnapping me, or I might never have found out.'

'Take it easy, take it easy, Glenn,' Thumbs said. 'Sit down and listen. I'm sorry if this comes as a shock to you. Vida is going to marry Manuel a week from Sunday.'

'So that's how it is,' Glenn said bitterly.

'Now, take it easy. Don't forget, you were the one who left—with Tracey. Vida only

gave in when she thought you were gone for good—'

'How could she?'

'She knows you and those headlong flights of yours. After all, it wasn't the first time you ran out on her.'

'Doesn't she know I've changed? I've been sitting tight now for years, and it wasn't easy. I couldn't have done it without Vida. I don't know how I can go on without her.'

'What do you mean, without her? Vida will work for you just as before, I'm sure. Nothing will change much, really.'

'Nothing—except that she'll be another man's wife. Not much of a change, is it? It's an impossible thought: Vida to be married to Senor Manuel Perez! She'll be his drudge. Why, Thumbs, is that really the sort of life she wants? Or deserves?'

'Don't ask me—ask Vida,' Thumbs said. He had seen Vida emerge from Manuel's place across the yard. She carried a basket with dirty laundry on her head and, as usual, Chiquitin was hanging on to her skirt. She smiled down at the little boy and called some joke to the bunch of laughing women around the old stone trough. 'And mind you, Glenn, if she wants to have a husband and children instead of dancing attendance on you, you'll have to accept it like a—like a—'

'Yes, grandma. Like a gentleman,' said Glenn. 'I suppose the correct thing to do now is to congratulate the lucky man and wish good luck to the blushing bride.' He squared his shoulders, pushed the door open with his bare foot and marched out.

Through the window Thumbs watched what happened then. Glenn made a few tentative steps towards Vida and stopped. She only noticed him when the gabbling of women was suddenly cut off and the silence grew taut. Vida stood frozen for a long moment. No doubt she had prepared herself carefully for their first encounter, when and if Glenn returned. Certainly she had planned to be all dignity, pride, and courtesy.

But what happened was something entirely different. It was as elementary and forceful as a tidal wave breaking down walls.

Vida stood frozen to the spot; her right arm, which had supported the laundry basket, let go of it. The basket kept its precarious balance on her head for another few seconds, then, the moment she moved, it slid down. She rushed towards Glenn with outstretched hands and articulate little bird cries, and the laundry was fluttering around her, blue, pink, white.

In the middle of the yard Glenn met her and they simply fell into each other's arms as if nothing else in the world existed—which probably was what they felt—and decorum, pride, dignity, and fair play be hanged! They kissed and hugged and swayed, fused together as if never to be cut apart.

You would have expected those chattering women to react to the spectacle with their usual loud noises, cheering, or laughing, or teasing, or scolding, or calling on all their saints. But nothing of the sort happened. These women withdrew quietly.

In the vast empty yard the two lovers still stood lost in their trance, their breath mingling in a mute love duet, in

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the fervently whispered promise that Glenn wouldn't, couldn't, no, never, never let another man have her and that Vida was his, for ever and ever and ever, beloved heart of his heart...

Mama mia, that's a nice kettle of fish! thought Thumbs, who went unnoticed past them on his way to Manuel's house.

He had put a gun in his pocket and he also carried a bottle of the best tequila with him for defence purposes. Perhaps death and murder could still be avoided if he gently broke the bad news to Manuel before anybody else did.

You may live among the Mexican Indians all your life and you'll never quite understand the working of their minds or hearts or souls or whatever hidden motor makes them run.

When Vida didn't become Manuel's wife after all, but quite openly and blithely gave herself to Glenn, Thumbs, like all of Tiburon, expected bloody revenge. And what worried him most in the subsequent weeks and caused him to stand a taut watch over those two dreamy lovers was Manuel's unchanged behaviour.

While Glenn appeared serene and happy as never before, poor Thumbs grew jittery, anticipating the outbreak of the deadly jealousy and vengeance concealed behind Manuel's stolid mask.

But aside from Manuel's getting drunk in his decorous but total way on the consolation prize of good tequila, nothing happened. Against all local tradition Manuel killed neither Glenn nor Vida, but in his sudden, inarticulate and experienced way remained the best man in the Cooperativa.

Maybe in his primitive way he had a natural understanding and respect for the other man's feelings. Or maybe it was just the good old Mexican indolence, plus the speculation that he owed the Cooperativa good money for his outboard motor and was better off as long as he kept his peace. It is even possible that he simply didn't want to give up the truck and the new car, the power launch, the generator, and all the other gadgets that had become the all-consuming love of his life.

Meanwhile the chubasco season had come along once more with its summer storms, and the fishing-boats had to stay close to shore. The Germans were bombing London, and Glenn was slowly working up a good strong wrath against them.

In the midst of his new happiness with Vida the old itching and chafing crept up on him once more and he took the Blimp out quite often, storms or not. The fishing was good just then and the waters were thick with sharks, the large, white man-eating ones.

'Sharks,' Glenn would declare, 'they're not game, the stinkers. In fact, they're cowards. You can frighten them away by hollering at them, and if you hit them on the nose with an oar they will be off in a blue funk. Certainly they're nothing like the fierce man-eaters they're made out to be in some of those magazine articles,' Glenn said.

'All right. Sharks are unpredictable. Or why could you hardly come to any port in the Pacific without meeting some poor devil who lost some of his limbs to them?' said Thumbs.

'Well, in all my experience I've never seen a man killed by a shark,' Glenn began, but Vida looked at him in a queer way and said very quietly: 'Except the husband of that woman, when you were comodoro of the Arundel, no?'

Glenn stopped sharply and

Continuing . . .

said, 'Thanks, chiquita. Yes, except the prince.'

But this conversation took place a few months before the morning when Manuel lost his best line.

Sharks being rather hard on nets, they are mostly caught on trawl lines made for fishing in shallow waters. There is a kedge anchor and buoy at each end, and every six feet or so there dangles a big hook from a few feet of rope, with a piece of iron chain on the hook end, because a shark would cut the rope clean through when he takes the bait.

That morning when Glenn and Thumbs went out with the launch they noticed that Manuel was crabbing around in funny little circles in his boat.

'Let's see what's his trouble,' Glenn said.

Well, his trouble was that one of his lines was gone. A nice new hundred-and-fifty-foot line, with the buoys made of gasoline drums and little Mexican flags stuck on them.

He had put it out the evening before near a reef which they called El Templito, the Little Church, because it had one sharp peak shaped like a church spire sticking out of the water, but in the morning the line was gone.

At first Manuel sullenly refused Glenn's help in the search, and that was a bitter demonstration against his luckier rival, but finally he left Pedrito in his boat and swung himself over to the deck of the Encantadora because she had a wider radius of operation.

For a while they were cruising, with Glenn at the wheel, while Manuel and the engineer hung over the sides and scanned the ten feet of water to the ocean's floor. Some of the other fishermen called to them that somebody was believed to have seen the line beyond the second bank, and Glenn manoeuvred the launch through the reefs and over the bank where the water was so shallow the lava was grazing her keel.

There is a tongue of lava stretching from the Punta Negra into the sea, and beyond the second bank there is a sheer drop, like an underwater cliff. That's where they finally found the line, one end of it dragging along the sandy bottom, with one hook empty and a small shark dead on the second. There seemed to be the shape of a huge hammerhead farther down the line where it was deeper and murkier.

The rest of the line disappeared in what is called black waters. Manuel wanted to dive down and fasten a rope to the

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line so that it could be hauled up. Glenn was against it. He wanted to wait for the low tide, when the line would be floating to the surface. Suddenly there was a quarrel.

'By the time the low tide comes in my line will be gone. But what do you care? You like me to lose my line and come begging for credit once more and make me pay you off two pesos for every ten pesos I'm earning,' Manuel said.

'Don't talk like a fool,' Glenn said, holding on to himself. 'I just don't want my best fisherman taking risks.'

'What risk is there?' Manuel cried. 'What risk is there in diving for my line?'

'Tiburones,' Glenn said. 'Sharks. Only fools dive in black waters, as you well know.' Manuel angrily kicked the rope around with his bare feet, and Glenn added: 'Look here, hombre! I'll make you a proposition: If your line has drifted away by the time the low tide comes in, I'll give you a new one as a present.'

But this made Manuel still more furious. 'Yes, you would like to give me a new line for

Everybody thinks of changing humanity and nobody thinks of changing himself.
—Tolstoy.

a present! So people will say: 'Look at Manuel Perez. He let the boss have his woman and the boss paid him off with a new line. Oh, no, I am not taking a line for a present from you.'

'All right,' Glenn said, getting mad, too. 'If you look at it that way, I will go down with the rope myself. It's not worth haggling over.'

'Oh, no, I will not permit you to do this,' Manuel shouted, grabbing Glenn's arm and holding him back. 'If you so much as scratch your skin down there, people will say: "Look at Manuel. He tried to have the boss killed by the shark because he took his woman away from him."'

The poor fellow, he was still all sore inside, and wherever you touched him it hurt and whatever he swallowed had a bitter taste. To put an end to their dispute Thumbs began peeling off his shirt to dive for the line himself. He was not much of a diver, and Glenn laughed when he saw him getting ready. Manuel also laughed.

'You're fat and pink,' he

said. 'The tiburones will see you a mile off. I'm thin and brown and no shark can see me in the black waters.'

And with this he took the rope, slung it over his left arm, and dived. Watching him sink down to the bottom, they were quickly playing out the rope and he began fastening it to the trawl line down there.

Then something rose out of the black waters. In the shallows it looked like the shadow of an aeroplane as it swished over the sandy bottom and towards Manuel.

Thumbs had never seen a shark attack a man. He did not think this shark had evil intentions but that he was just angry because Manuel had disturbed him while he was feeding on one of his own brothers caught farther down the line. There was a paralysed shocked second when the men in the boat did not understand what happened next what they were doing. They yelled; they pulled a warning signal on the rope.

Manuel down there turned his head, saw the shark, dropped the line, and tried to rise to the surface. Just before he reached it the shark collided with him. There was a struggle, man and fish lashing the water, and Manuel was dragged under. Thumbs suddenly found in his hand the harpoon which they always had in the launch; he threw it but missed. At the same moment there was a splash: Glenn had dived into the water to fight the shark single-handed. It was a large shark—twenty-five feet, the largest Thumbs had seen.

Thumbs didn't know if Glenn had his knife with him. All he had, as far as could be seen, was an empty gasoline can used in the launch for baiting out water. Glenn was holding it in front of him, working it against the shark as a lion tamer uses a chair against the lions. Thumbs saw him dive under the belly of the shark and then he saw another shark shoot out of the black waters, fierce and relentless as the smell of blood will make them. He saw Manuel go limp.

Then the water was brown with blood, and he thought faintly: So Glenn did have a knife after all and he struck the gills—they are a shark's only vulnerable spot. The shark Glenn was fighting reeled around and began slowly to sink to the bottom. At this the second shark changed his course, like a bloodhound on a new scent. He didn't go after Glenn and

To page 58

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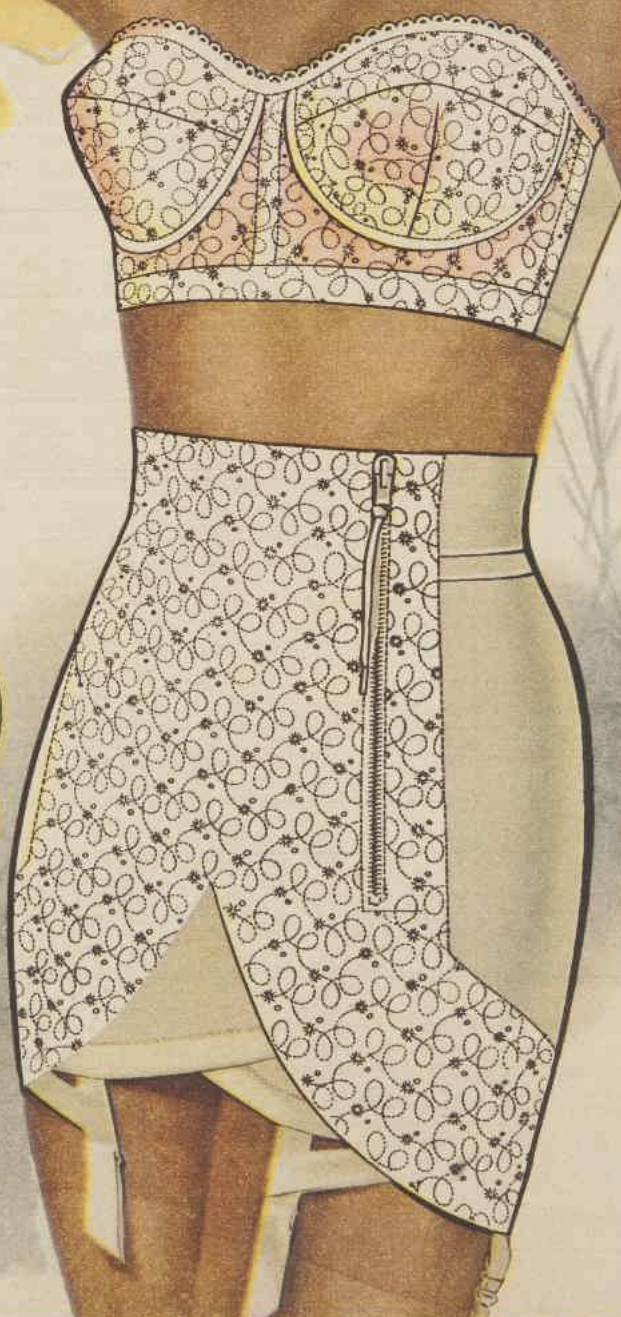
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Manuel any longer but after his own dying brother.

When they had Manuel back in the launch they found that a hunk of flesh was bitten from his right foot with those characteristic clean scalloped edges, but no limb was missing. Glenn, still out of breath but very quiet, made a tourniquet to stem the bleeding while the engineer brought the launch in at top speed.

Of course there was no doctor in Tiburon. There was one, however, old and dopy, in Mazatlan, though. Fortunately this was train day and, extraordinarily, the train wasn't eight hours late, and the same afternoon Vida was on the train taking Manuel to Mazatlan. She had a huge bottle of pulque with her to keep him pleasantly and happily doped.

Glenn went out and brought Manuel's line in at low tide, and it turned out that there was a record catch on it. Seven of the biggest sharks, twelve feet long the smallest of them. No wonder they had made off with the line.

The sorry rest was done by the doctor. First he decided to amputate the foot because some bones were crushed. And after two weeks he said there was an infection and he cut off another piece. And after five weeks he said that gangrene had set in and if Manuel's life was to be saved the leg had to come off above the knee. When Manuel came back to Tiburon, crippled for life, there was some compensation of a kind waiting for him.

His wife, Aurelia, the mother of his children, present and future ones, was there. She had returned to him, either because she felt sorry for him and thought that now he needed her, or else because she had learned that Glenn had taken out an insurance policy for Manuel after his accident with the truck. And Manuel Perez, vice-president, with six hundred pesos cash in his pocket, had become an important and rich man.

He accepted her return with his usual stoical equanimity, celebrated it with getting drunk for three days, and probably found plump, brash, and lively Aurelia quite an adequate wife for his middle age.

If he hated one thing more than sharks it was that bungling doctor in Mazatlan. He did not hate Glenn, not any more.

On a pleasant clear evening in December Vida had just come in with the soup when the phone rang. She put down the hot bowl and asked: 'Do you wish me to accept the call for you?' because she knew that Glenn didn't like telephoning during meals. But after a few minutes of the usual muddle and complications and quaking voices in the receiver she shook her head: 'I do not comprehend. It appears to be a long-distance call for the dueno.'

She still called Glenn her dueno, her master, her squire. Many Mexican women address their husbands so respectfully—and Glenn wasn't even her husband, however close they might have been otherwise.

'Oh, not those Chempax people again?' said Glenn. 'Wait, let me—' Thumbs said, and took the receiver. But he heard only a hopeless confusion of noises at first. 'Well?' Glenn asked.

'I don't know. I believe it's Tracey. Something must have happened to her—I think she's crying.'

Glenn caught his breath. 'You're crazy,' he said, got up, and took the receiver. Vida had been about to go back into the kitchen, but she stopped near the door and she did

Continuing . . . Written on Water

from page 56

coffee-pot and leaned over his shoulder to refill his mug. 'What passes? She gives you bad news?'

'Yes. Quite bad.' 'She always carries ill luck, that woman, always,' Vida said, crossing herself behind Glenn's back. 'Something bad happens to her and immediately she calls for you to come to her, true?'

'Not to her, little one. Something happened to my country, you understand?'

'How not! To your country. An earthquake? A flood?'

'No. A war. A very bad war for my country.'

Vida let it sink in and then she put her hand lightly on Glenn's shoulder. 'I am sorry,

room and put it with the others. We must have saved up millions of them,' he said, smiling up at her. Then gently dismissed, Vida went out without another word.

For a long while neither spoke a word—and what was there to be said, indeed? When Glenn at last began to let off steam, it was curious that his rage was turned not against the Japanese who had done this to the ships he loved but against the high brass who had let it happen.

When he had got rid of every curse in his rich vocabulary he stomped out, muttering something about needing fresh air. Thumbs remained, his ear pasted to the radio, listening for some report from the States, but he got nothing but the usual diet of Mexican songs, commercials, and a pompous speech of some local politico up for election.

Vida brought in some of the untouched, warmed-up supper; she looked a bit sickly. 'Do you think, Pulgarito,' she asked, leaning against the door, 'that the boss has left us for ever?'

'What do you mean, for ever? He went sailing—he will be back in the morning, if not before.'

'I mean to say whether he went sailing home? Sailing to his country which is at war?' she said seriously. 'And also to that woman, the bad one, who called him, no?'

'What a silly question! Now really, Vida, you are not a child, you ought to know better.'

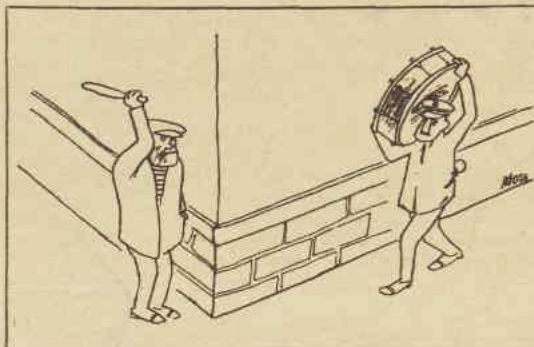
'Yes, sure. But did you watch his face when he listened to her?'

'What nonsense! You don't think the capitan will sail twelve hundred miles and join the United States Navy in the Blimp?'

Vida wrapped herself tighter in her rebozo.

'The capitan is a man and

To page 60



... Why? Damn you, Skipper, pull yourself together and stop blubbing. He listened and then he cried out loud: 'No! No! No!' very loud, and one more time, to himself, very low, only a sigh: 'Oh no—please—no—'

He turned to Thumbs, and what he whispered sounded insane: 'They've bombed Pearl Harbor—Japanese bombers—sunk our entire fleet—'

'Nonsense,' said Thumbs. Glenn pointed with his chin for Thumbs to listen in, and Thumbs squeezed his ear to the outside of the receiver, but he still didn't understand anything. He said once more, 'Nonsense!' while a chain of irrelevant notions tightened around his brain and then the terrible truth cut through all hedges of defence and the naked shock hit some nerve centre.

Pearl Harbor, Thumbs felt, but could not say it. Glenn, our own Pearl Harbor! Where we were small boys and had seen our first battleships and kissed our first girls and from where we had sailed off as young green ensigns for Pago Pago and again for Cavite...

He looked at Glenn and knew that his friend felt the same. It would be funny to say Glenn had turned white, because his skin was so pickled by the sun and the salt and the water it had the durable color of tanned leather. All the same, his eyes suddenly had white rims and the tip of his nose was dead-white chalk and his mouth froze to ice while the voice in the phone went on and on, recounting the damage and the disgrace.

Sometimes it came through so clear you might have thought Tracey was in Mazatlan, then it faded away and came in again. At last it died away in the midst of a word and didn't come back, and after a while the operator in Mazatlan rang up and said the connection was cut off.

Glenn went back to the table as if he were wading through a sticky swamp. Neither of them spoke a word; the news had knocked them groggy. 'Bring me some hot coffee, little one, for a favor. Mine got cold,' Glenn said at last. Vida came with the

my heart,' she said softly. She said it the Spanish way—I feel it so much—which had a nice sound, and it was the first time Thumbs had heard her call Glenn by a lover's name.

He pulled her hand across his shoulder and laid her palm upon his eyelids. Perhaps he wanted her to drive away the pictures of those destroyed ships which kept on burning and listing and sinking behind his forehead. Then he pressed a light kiss into that palm and closed the palm over it. 'There—take it to your



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AUSTRALIAN LASTS!

his country is at war,' she said simply, leaving Thumbs to his uneaten supper and his indigestible thoughts. When he had not returned the next day and the Blimp was not to be seen, capsized, wrecked, or otherwise, Thumbs began to wonder if Vida might not know better of what crazy stunts her man was capable. However, late in the afternoon he came sauntering in, looking so innocent, reasonable, and refreshed that Thumbs blew up. 'I hope, sir, you enjoyed your pleasure cruise, sir,' he said, 'while we inferiors were sweating it out here.'

'Sorry, Mate, but I needed a serious talk with myself. You know that I'm not good at thinking things through to a clear-cut course. Being out in the Blimp helped. Also, I had to take care of a few matters in Mazatlan. Any more news from home?'

'Some garbled little item on the radio. The Mexicans couldn't care less if Pearl Harbor were on the moon. By the way, Tracey phoned again.'

'She would,' Glenn said. 'Where is Vida? I am hungry. And tell Manuel to have the launch ready; we must be in Mazatlan first thing tomorrow morning. All right, what did Miss Calamity have to tell?'

'She phoned more details. She said—'

'More details—how does she get them?'

'Don't ask me. Probably via some friends, cousins, uncles in the Pentagon. She was in top form, that much is sure. She is joining the auxiliary whatchamacallit in the Air Force. Going to ferry bombers. She sounded as if she had made up her mind to win this war single-handed. And she talked with your older brother about you—'

'Swell.'

'He is leaving very soon on a very important, very hush-hush mission. Not very dangerous, though. His port of call being Washington, D.C. Of course they are a bit worried about your kid brother in the Philippines. It seems to look rather nasty there—'

Continuing . . .

'It looks nasty everywhere. I don't need Tracey to tell me that.'

'Sure, but there is something else she told me to report to you. Your brother wants you to fly to San Francisco at once so that he can talk to you before he leaves for Washington. He seems to think that he can wangle your old commission for you.'

'Oh, does he? Seems to be sure that I'll run out on my people here and come creeping back the moment they whistle.'

'Of course, the Navy is just waiting for misfits like me.'

'Tracey said to tell you that now is the time when they need officers of your calibre—and you know it.'

'Thanks. Anything else she wants you to tell me?'

'Yes. She is waiting for you to call her. In fact, she is staying with your folks—here's the number, in case you forgot it. She stands ready to pick you up tomorrow and fly you home.'

'Deliver me by parcel post again? How convenient! Vidal Where is that girl? I'm hungry as a shark.' He went to the relic of a wall telephone and turned the crank.

'Now let's see if we can tickle one of those dopy Mazatlan operators into action and stop Her Highness from breaking her neck to get me out of the doldrums,' he said, laughing. As Thumbs went to the kitchen to find Vida, Glenn was spilling a flood of his most charming Spanish into the phone.

If anything could have prevented the captain from re-listening it was his brother's offer of getting him a soft berth and Tracey's high-handedness in taking his return for granted. As for Thumbs, he, too, needed to have a talk with himself, as Glenn called it.

When he came back to the house Glenn had actually managed to get his connection and was in the midst of his conversation with Tracey. From the kitchen wafted the good, spicy smell of Vida's famous lobster.

Written on Water

[from page 58]

'... yes, Skipper, I know it, I grant you I've become rather dull and stale,' Glenn was saying.

'Or did it ever occur to you that I am possibly growing up by and by? What? ... Yes, now I can hear you again. Of course I will do my duty, but, darling Tracey, I have duties here also; I can't simply drop everything and run off ... No ... No ... I can't and I won't. Yes, I have obligations; I am

Life can only be understood backwards, but it must be lived forwards.

—S. A. Kierkegaard.

responsible for hundreds of families ... Tiresome? Maybe it's tiresome to you, but to me it's very serious and important ... Sorry, Skipper, but that's how it is ... When will I be ready? Not before I have taken care of everything here ... No, I do not want you to pick me up, neither now nor later—you go ahead and ferry bombers—if they let you ...'

Vida came in to ask in a whisper if she was to serve the dinner, and Glenn, listening to a lengthy harangue in the phone, signalled her an emphatic yes. '... Yes, that's correct, my dear. I don't know how long it'll take; it depends ... On what, for instance? For instance, on the time I need to arrange for my wedding—I'm getting married ... No, the connection seems quite clear; can you hear me now? ... Yes, that's what I said: married.'

'Like a million other guys, I am getting married before shipping off ... What did you say? ... Of course it's Vida, who else? ... Thanks, my dear, I'll tell her ... Yes ... Yes, and a happy landing to you, too ... Yes, au revoir, Skipper ... Good luck to you ... Certainly we'll meet again ... Skipper ... Tracey ... Please, Tracey

darling, don't cry ... Tracey Operator? Is that San Francisco? Oh, she hung up? Okay. Thanks. No, we were through.'

Thumbs was listening, open-mouthed, stupefied. Vida, too, heard it. She had come into the room, opening the door with foot and carrying the steaming dish in both hands. Thumbs expected her to drop it, but Vida set it on the table with the greatest of care, and then she remained standing there, as though she didn't quite trust her legs to carry her.

She moved the bread-basket an inch, just to do something, hold on to something. Nothing moved in her face, except that her eyelids with those unbelievable Indian lashes came down like blinds. A moment later thick teardrops hung in them and were gone the next moment.

When Glenn had hung up, he turned to Vida and said with a taut smile: 'I am very sorry—I feel it very much, he said it in Spanish—'Lo siento muchísimo—my soul and my heart—that my proposal was put at your feet in such an informal manner. I shall try to make up for it by the grandest and most formal church wedding with all the trimmings you may desire. Bells, orange blossoms, blessings, anything you want. Tomorrow morning we'll go to Mazatlan and arrange everything; you order your wedding gown and I shall make preparations for a huge fiesta, the grandfather of all fiestas ...'

At which Vida, her eyes still lowered, whispered something humble; that she hadn't listened when he was on the phone; that she didn't understand enough English in any case; and—and—for a favor, my love, my lord: no fiesta, no fireworks, no drunks when we get married. A white dress, yes, and a quiet little wedding in our Chapel of Santa Barbara—and there she raised her eyes, and all the rejected fireworks were in them as she looked at him and added shyly that she was

perfectly certain the padrecito would be only too happy to give them all necessary dispensations, nail the banns to the church door that very evening yet, and marry them off tomorrow—before the Patron could change his mind. And now, would the señores have the kindness to sit down and eat before the lobster got cold?

Glenn laughed out loud about this neat piece of feminine foresight, and Vida withdrew into the kitchen to wait, according to the custom of simple village Indians, for the food her senior would leave for her. And Thumbs had a brief vision of little Vida walking three steps behind her husband, carrying his heaviest bundles, and, like any good Mexican wife, managing him with a firm hand without his knowing it.

'Will you remain here and take care of the business, Thumbs?' Glenn asked him later that evening.

'No,' said Thumbs.

Glenn banged his glass down as if he were angry, but he couldn't help grinning. 'And who do you think you are?' he said. 'My Siamese twin or something?'

'Just something,' Thumbs said. 'Old shipmate of yours. Old friend, remember? You, Captain Hammers, spick-and-span topside, and me, dirty and sweaty below decks. Okay—maybe your kites flew higher than mine—but don't forget: I was the boy who constructed them.'

'Well, salud,' said Chief Engineer Thumborn when he had come that far in his story 'salud, senorita. Here goes the last mescal. Let's drink to a happy ending.' He flung the empty gourd out into the ever same mesquite-stippled vastness, which under the flat before-sunrise light looked like an under-exposed photo emerging from the developing fluid.

'Actually it's only the beginning—the war, I mean, and—well, Glenn's marriage and a few other odds and ends. I can see that I'll worry a lot about these people; that's the devil, the moment you grow fond of people you worry about them and, dammit, I'm fond

of them, even of Tracey. Maybe of Tracey most. Well, perhaps that's the engineer in me. Because she's made of the finest steel. And what has she got in the end? Empty hands. Ferrying bombers, as if she were expressly set on breaking her neck. I mean, whatever happens, Vida will at least have her baby.'

'I confess it gave me a bit of a shock when she came out with the news at the last moment. Just when we left for the station. That's why I had to get a little drunk in a hurry—I hope I didn't make a nuisance of myself, senorita? It was cute, though, the way she told it to Glenn. "Do you still remember," she said to him, "what I told you the first week I knew you?"'

'Every single little word,' he said blithely.

'That I wanted a child with blue eyes?'

'Yes, little one. How could I ever forget it?'

'Now I shall have it,' she said. 'A blue-eyed little boy.'

'Of course, my love. We shall see to that when I come back from the war,' Glenn said, somewhat absent-minded.

'Oh, no,' Vida said, and began to laugh deep down in her throat. 'The baby has been on his way three months and a week.'

'That sure knocked the air out of Glenn,' continued Thumbs. 'It threw him for a loop although he tried hard not to make too much of a noise and fuss. But he was shining all over and he sounded like a drunk when he asked her over and over why she hadn't told him sooner, why in the name of all the saints hadn't she told him, why not, why? Well, ma'am, you should have seen the pride in little Vida's face and her bearing, her neck straight as a queen's; it's that Indian pride and dignity; it made me often wonder if such a little girl from the Conchita isn't of royal blood.'

'I could not have told my lover that I was carrying a child of his, no? But it makes

To page 68

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1 LEFT. Blonde-with-a-past Jayne meets travelling-salesman Dailey on a cheap cross-country journey by bus.

2 ABOVE. Awaiting the arrival of the bus at their lunch-room, Jason and Joan have their worst argument.



3 ABOVE. Infuriated by Jason's interest in one of the passengers, Joan bullies the waitress, Betty Lou Keim.



4 RIGHT. After an adventurous journey the shuttle bus driven by Jason (who has left Joan) breaks down.

THE WAYWARD BUS



5 ABOVE. Accompanying the high-way-patrol helicopter, a now remorseful Joan arrives at the scene of the trapped bus, and finally persuades Jason to come back to her.

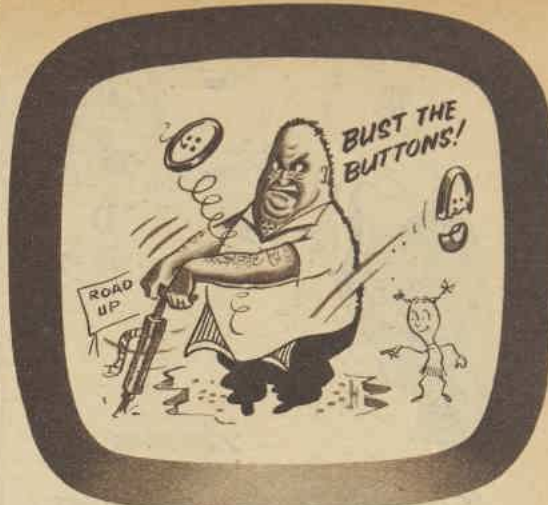
6 RIGHT. Back in town, the bubble dancer and the brash salesman, having discovered a lot of things about each other during the adventure, decide to be married.



• "The Wayward Bus" (20th Century-Fox) not only presents Jayne Mansfield in a John Steinbeck story but gives Joan Collins a strong dramatic role that could change her whole career.

Others in this story centred on a beat-up old bus that plies the Californian back roads are Dan Dailey, Rick Jason, Betty Lou Keim, and Dolores Michaels.

Director and co-writer of the screenplay is European Victor Vicas, who made "No Way Back." This is his first American film.



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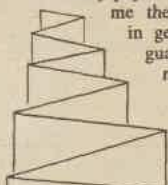
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P.S. PICTORIAL Show . . . is the magazine that gives you all the news about show business as well as a host of interesting pictures about local and overseas events — price 9d.

New teenage rage . . .



ABOVE: Janet Gaynor, the beloved Diane of the 1928 "Seventh Heaven," returns to the screen in "Bernadine." Still pretty at 48, she has been happily married to dress-designer Adrian for 18 years.

RIGHT: Pat's big, cheerful smile breaks out for his co-star Terry Moore. Pat plays youthful match-maker in the film and helps someone else get the girl. In real life he's already married and is a father.



PAT BOONE

FILM FAN-FARE

● Sensational recording artist, 23-year-old Pat Boone, who almost overnight supplanted Elvis Presley in the hearts of American teenagers, makes his screen debut in 20th Century-Fox's "Bernadine." It is a pleasant, youthful comedy about a group of high-school seniors in the throes of growing up.

As Beau, the group's master-mind, you'll see Pat wearing his now-famous trademark, a pair of white buckskin shoes. He also wore them for good luck when he was making his early screen tests in Hollywood.

Said to be the corrective influence to Presley for which American parents had been hoping, Boone looks a nice, hefty young man, well able to hold his own against any likely competition.

BELOW: In this scene Terry Moore is gazed at adoringly by promising newcomer Richard Sargent. He plays Janet Gaynor's mixed-up, troublesome screen son.

RIGHT: Pat Boone, whose recording of the film's title ballad sold over the half-million in the first week of its U.S. release. He sings two other catchy songs.



Now! Specially made
for today's 'natural look' hair-do's that need
just a few curls

Tweeny Twink



PERMS
UP TO
15 CURLS
FOR ONLY
5/6



PAGEBOY PLUS Charming variation of the perennially popular pageboy style. Comb up so that roll starts high on the head and curves sweetly to the nape of the neck, where it breaks into a soft fluff of curls. Use 9 to 15 curls with Tweeny Twink, according to the thickness of hair.



NEW WIDE LOOK Beautiful new hair style that goes way out at the sides. To keep that smooth but puffed-out look, you'll need the soft perming of Tweeny Twink curls at the sides—maybe six at each side.



PONY TAIL CONVERTIBLE By day, let it be a pony tail that takes naturally to sun and sports; by night, twist it into a beguiling little chignon or French roll. But first, make it infinitely manageable with several Tweeny Twink curls.

AT LAST, a home perm that does just a few curls... at the neckline, on the sides, the fringe up front. Tweeny Twink puts your waves and curls exactly where you want them for today's prettiest new hair-do's.

Even if you have never so much as set a pin curl before, you'll find home perming with Tweeny Twink delightfully simple—just a one, two, three operation of winding, putting on

lotion and rinsing. No neutralizer to fuss with—your curls dry naturally and comb out lustrously soft and easy to manage.

Worried by "in-between perm" stragglers? Now you can avoid those annoying stragglers, the wispy, untidy ends that spoil the look of your hair-do. Tweeny Twink gives you just enough waving lotion to put new curl where old curl fades first... the ends of your hair.

Twink—the home perm with special oil conditioner for silky-soft waves without frizz

New Film Releases

★ MAN ON FIRE

M.G.M. drama, with Bing Crosby, Malcolm Brodick, Inger Stevens. Liberty, Sydney.

CROSBY does very well indeed in this domestic drama of an embittered ex-husband determined to retain the custody of his son.

The son's part, which makes considerable demands, is played with great charm and ability by a fair-haired boy named Malcolm Brodick.

Successful engineer Crosby cannot forgive his neglected wife of some ten years for having fallen in love with an important Washington lawyer. She settles for a quiet divorce and Crosby's custody of their child.

A newcomer to the screen, Anne Seymour, provides the film's finest performance as the woman judge who hears the appeal of the mother.

Dimpled Inger Stevens, assistant to Crosby's lawyer (and the girl who is to lead Crosby into a happy future), has yet to learn that the light touch means more than merely being pert.

A generally skilful script and urbane direction do a lot to free what is essentially a woman's film from its more melodramatic aspects.

In a word: **TENDER.**

★ MAN AFRAID

Universal suspense drama, with George Nader, Phyllis Thaxter, Tim Hovey. Lyceum, Sydney.

DEFINITELY not for the easily scared, this well-made story of a suburban family in danger has a lot to recommend it.

The father of a dangerous burglar, killed in self-defence by Nader, sets out to avenge his son's death by getting Nader's small son—a part played with gnome-like wisdom by Tim Hovey.

The fact that the burglar has temporarily blinded the mother, Phyllis Thaxter, adds a horrible intensity to the scenes where she hears the avenger moving through the empty house.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★★ Average
★ No stars—below average

Nader brings a nicely disciplined strength to his role of the minister of religion who has killed and almost kills again; and Eduard Franz is frighteningly effective as the shabby father who wants a life for a life.

An otherwise successful film is let down on two counts: it is unlikely that the police would refuse to recognise the danger to the household, or that a well-loved figure in a small community would be isolated in time of trouble.

In a word: **CHILLER.**

News from studios

KAY KENDALL'S Hollywood agents were surprised to get word from their client, honeymooning with husband Rex Harrison in the Bahamas, saying that if they can find a film like "Les Girls" for her next year she would like to make it.

BEFORE he left Italy to return to Hollywood after five months of filming "Farewell to Arms," producer David O. Selznick had a long Rome conference with French director Rene Clement. The subject of the discussion was a film on the life of the great actress Sarah Bernhardt. And the star? None other than Selznick's own wife—Jennifer Jones.

ENGLISH star Michael Rennie, who was in "Island in the Sun," has been signed by producers Muriel and Sidney Box for two films. The first, to go into production shortly, will be "V.I." a story of the Polish underground in War World II.



OBLIVIOUS of onlookers, Leslie Caron and Maurice Chevalier stroll in a Paris street made-up and in the old-fashioned costumes they wear in the opening scenes of "Gigi," the film based on the famous Colette novel.

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exciting new **HILTON** stocking colours

With these
fabric colours,
wear

"**HILTON** *Taupe*"

For the important new fashion look — unbroken
blended colour from head to toe! Wear 'Taupe' with all the
taupe shades from the palest off-whites to deep caramel.



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A real luxury colour. Fabulous as mink!
Wear it with all the pinks—from soft, muted pastels
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GO PLACES LOOKING YOUR LOVELIEST, IN

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NEW STOCKING COLOURS

BEIGE BEAUTY. A lovely new colour. Will
go wonderfully with the inky blues, navy and even
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with the greens and persimmon colours which
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8½-11. Long legs, too, 9½-11.

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me happy to promise my husband a son. With blue eyes, that's what she said."

The day was coming up cool and bright over the chaparral. "Well, what do you know? Seems we're getting to Culiacan soon," Thumbs concluded. "Why, if the train keeps up this speed and everything goes well, we'll put on our blues day after tomorrow. What jerks we are to rush into this war like that, stupid jerks, aren't we? But men are an irrational race, senorita, and Tracey is right: We've got to live with ourselves—and who wants to live with a coward?"

Stretched comfortably on a garden chair in the Hotel Pacifico's shaded patio, I had closed my eyes better to remember, and now I had come to the unresolved end of my recollections. Fifteen years ago.

I opened my eyes and looked around. Slowly I realised that what was now the Hotel Pacifico (de luxe rooms and bungalows, running hot and cold water, exquisite cuisine, private swimming pool and beach, breath-taking view, moderate prices) was standing on the grounds of the old hacienda of Tiburon.

The centre part of the main building would be the old casa grande; the new wings and scattered bungalows were additions, fairly faithfully carrying through the basic style with adobe bricks and red tile roofs. A flower-bed planted around an old stone trough conjured up for a moment the women beating their laundry, laughing and chattering.

I got up and walked beneath the blue and red blossoms of jacaranda and baobabs trees to the parapet which seemed to have marked the enclosure of the hacienda in the past. Where the bricks had crumbled away they were

Continuing . . .

replaced by new concrete, sturdy but a bit cold and utilitarian-looking. The view, though, was all the hotel brochure had promised.

Down there the Pacific stretched its softly breathing incomparable blues, tinted with the purple of seaweed fields, the turquoise of shallows and sand-bars. The white surf leaped up against roofs and cliffs, the white breakers were winging in towards the crescent of beach and cove.

"Taking a little look-see around the place?" Thumbs said. I hadn't noticed him coming up behind me.

"It's very charming, your Tiburon—very lovely."

"Yes, it has developed quite a bit, hasn't it?" he said.

He handed me a pair of binoculars which he seemed to have brought along for the special purpose of pointing out to me the highlights of the small but visibly prosperous fishing town. A school, a hospital, both samples of the good modern architecture of public buildings to be found all over Mexico. A toy-sized plaza, ambitious with young trees and a little bandstand.

Where the small bay was wide enough, Tiburon spread in the somewhat sterile Mondrian-esque quadrangles which Mexican city planners have favored for more than two hundred years, wherever they did not have to struggle with all the difficulties of building up and down mountain-sides, in gorges or upon swamps and marshy grounds. Here, too, some of the small houses tentacled up the slopes and into the canyon, and Thumbs proudly showed me the paved road running at the bottom of it along the neelike river whose brown

Written on Water

(from page 60)

waters running into the harbor looked from up here as if somebody were emptying a demitasse of coffee into the endless blue sea. At the mouth of the river a sturdy bridge was under construction, clearly designed for giving the annual floods a wide berth.

"Well, how do you like it?" Thumbs asked.

"It's strange—partly I feel as though I've come home to something I have known quite well and for a long time. On the other hand, it is very different from what you told me—or what I imagined it to be. It's all so clean-cut—so new—"

"For this we have to thank the hurricane. The real bad one we had here in 1944. It blew away all the junk and trash, and that didn't leave much of Tiburon. We had to start rebuilding from scratch. In a way we were lucky, we could never have done it without the money that came in from the insurance and the Government and some U.S. emergency aid and all that. But it was a black day when it happened, believe me, and for a while it wasn't easy to see the thin silver lining."

He brought out his pipe and took his time filling and lighting it and, I thought, leaving many things unsaid. "Do you mind taking a little stroll?" he asked, perking up. "There is a pretty view from Piedras Blancas. I like to sit there watching the sun go down."

He opened a small wooden door in the wall and let me pass. Outside, a neat walk led towards the little church, continuing from there in a serpentine down the steep palisades to

a smooth, sandy beach. Through the binoculars I could see a few hotel guests relaxing under striped umbrellas and some dark dots riding the breakers farther out. At last I asked the question that had been foremost in my mind.

"Tell me, Thumbs, and how is Captain Hammers? Is he—I mean—did he get through the war all right?"

"Oh, sure, he's okay. Trust Glenn Hammers to come out on top. That guy has nine lives, like a cat. Oh, yes, he's doing very well, indeed."

"Does he still live here? Still up to his neck in shark livers?"

"Oh, that! No, sharks are just a very minor sideline. You know, the captain has his fingers in many pies. For instance, our company built a fine string of good new hotels like this one all up and down the coast. Gives him a swell excuse for flitting around a lot. Still a rolling stone. You'll find no moss growing on old Glenn Hammers. I'll say this much for him, though: since he has a family he has settled down in many respects. After all, he went through a few things that made him grow up fast during the war."

We had arrived in front of the little church, where some of the white boulders formed a natural stair. Thumbs invited me to sit down. For a little while we sat there quietly, taking in the view.

A sweet fragrance hung in the air, and, glancing around, I found that it came from the small cemetery embracing the chapel on three sides.

"Yes, Glenn is a lucky man, considering what might have happened when his destroyer was on fire from prow to stern.

A kamikaze. Full hit. Well, that's old history, don't let's talk about it. But that's how it goes. A guy like me, kept on shore duty, silly stuff, goes on furlough, drives home after a gay little party, a gasoline truck backs into him—wham! Down we go!

"A paw lost, injury not sustained in performance of military duties, not even a Purple Heart to show for it. Too bad, pal, so long, was nice to've known you. While Glenn goes through all sorts of hell and high water, comes back a hero, the pride of his family, ribbons up to his ears, gets all the kudos—not that he doesn't deserve it. As I was saying, he's a lucky man and, what's more, a happy one. I mean, anybody can have luck. But happiness is something you must work out for yourself. There ain't such a thing as undeserved happiness, am I right?"

A sound as from two old tin plates crashing together rang from the feebly reverberating bell tower, and a flight of swallows left their nests up there and swooped down to the cemetery.

"The Angelus," said Thumbs. "Cocktail time. Just listen to the racket. Soon we will have to get either a younger pad-rento or a new bell. What were we talking about?" he asked as the bell faded out in a few whining clanks.

"About happiness—that it's a thing of one's own making. And you, Thumbs, I ventured to ask, 'are you happy?'"

"Me?" He was surprised. "I? Frankly, I never gave it a thought. Yes, I guess I am, most of the time. You know, I'm a cheerful person by nature. And I like people; that helps, don't you think? And as long as there are a few people who seem to need me or care for me— No, it doesn't take

much to keep me happy. It's different with Glenn; he isn't as simple-minded as I am and—" he interrupted himself to listen to a boy's voice calling from behind the piled-up boulders of the Piedras Blancas.

"Ay! Tio Roberto!" The voice had the lovely harshness of a boy soprano shortly before the break: the kind of voice you can hear from the choir-loft singing at Mass in Mexican churches.

"Hi, Nando, here I am!" Thumbs called, making a megaphone of his hands. "That's Nando—he's their oldest boy," he informed me in a transparent glow of affection just as the boy appeared on top of the boulders but hesitated there when he noticed me.

"Come on, Nando, let's see what you've caught," Thumbs called, and Nando leaped off his pedestal and came. He was all boy, tall for the fourteen years I quickly calculated his age to be, stretched and muscular, not as chunky as most Mexican boys on the brink of adolescence. He wore the standard outfit of the new race of frog-men and Pacific cliff-dwellers, the scantiest of bathing trunks, and Japanese goggles pulled up so that they rested like a little shield on his wet, lank, brown hair.

There could be no doubt that he was a son and grandson of the Hammers. His smooth skin, though, small head, high cheek-bones, and particularly his large dark eyes, very dark eyebrows and lashes, were Montezuma heritage. He carried a spear and a pair of swim fins and in the other hand he swung his catch, four large mackerel.

"How do these appear to you, Tio Roberto?" he sang out in Spanish. "Will four of these big

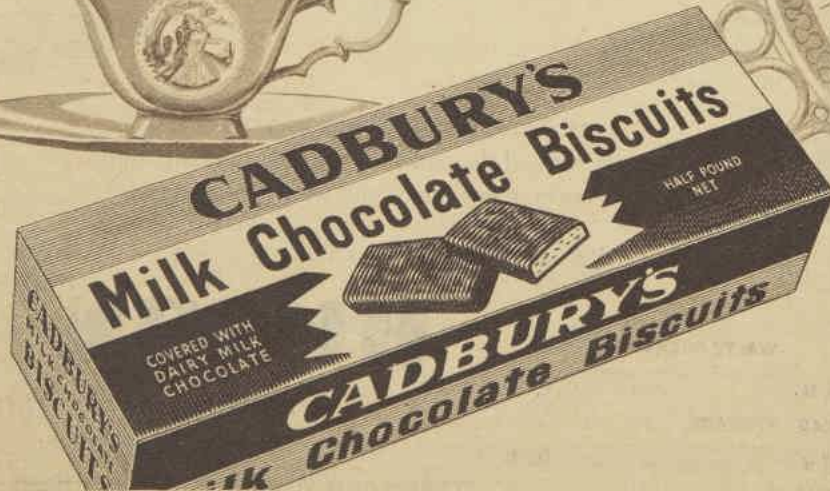
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Cadbury biscuit time

supper-time . . .

and another delightful occasion for Cadbury's Chocolate Biscuits. Cadbury's Milk Chocolate Biscuits, covered with the famous Dairy Milk. The best of chocolate on a crisp, nice biscuit; so beautifully packed; so factory fresh.

Make sure you always have some in the house. They're always ready; always a favourite. They're made by Cadbury's—that's the difference.



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ones suffice to fill you?"

"What? These little sardines? I hope you didn't go after them with a spear," Thumbs teased him. "Here, let me present you to the lady. This is Fernando Hammers, the worst rascal between Acapulco and Mazatlan."

"At your service," Nando said. "Where are your parents?" Thumbs asked him. "And speak English to the lady, please."

"They're still in the water. You know, Tio Roberto, how difficult it is to get Petra out—that's my little sister, señorita"—he turned to me—"an awful nuisance, little sisters!"

"I think they are coming in now," Thumbs announced, focusing his binoculars on the breakers.

Shielding his eyes against the sun, Nando cried happily: "Yes, I see them now, they're coming in." He dropped fish and spear on a rock and printed off, across the boulders and out of sight, to reappear a few moments later on the narrow trail.

"What a beautiful boy," I said. "He has the hair and body of his father and the face of his mother, hasn't he? I only saw her for a minute and so long ago."

"Yes, he has the same eyes as Vida, same expression sometimes. Yes, I am quite fond of the young devil. By the way, he was just showing off—actually he adores his little sister and vice versa. Not to mention Bobby—that's the eight-year-old—he's my godson. You can see I have adopted myself quite a family."

"Any more children?"

"Aren't three enough? But that's what I meant before, about Glenn being a lucky as well as a happy guy. Married to the best girl in the world, loves her dearly, couldn't do a thing without her, and she—as crazy about him as on the first day. Three healthy, handsome children—you'll see what fun they are—and all the success and useful work and independence—what more could any man want?"

He handed me the binoculars, pointing out where to train them. As I adjusted them

to my eyes the blurred picture cleared and I could follow the long swing and roll of the breaker and the surfboard riders carried shoreward on it. Thumbs laughed out loud when the board the two children were riding kicked them off while the one on which their parents stood rode on in a long, lovely sweep. Quickly their round little heads bobbed up again in the blue trough behind. They were still in the race.

"There we have them now, our young lovers," Thumbs said. It was true, the two figures on the board just coasting down the last twenty yards could have been used on a poster, a magazine cover representing youth, strength, and healthy love. The man standing behind the woman, with his arms clasped tightly around her waist, was balancing the board with his thighs and heels. His wife once turned her laughter at him over her shoulder and then bent to steer them into the shallows.

Simultaneously they jumped off the board, still thrown forward by the momentum of their ride, but hand in hand. The girl, unable to brake herself, went down on one knee, but the man pulled her up instantly and then they turned towards the sea to watch the children catch both the boards and with little bird cries and much squealing drag them ashore.

IT'S always a delight to see well co-ordinated bodies at play—tennis champions, acrobats, ballet dancers, and dolphins. And this had been so perfect as to be almost an abstract of a well-trained, athletic, happy family. Only as they walked across the sand I remembered again that these were not anonymous figures in a travelogue but people I knew—if only second-hand—about whom I had often thought, had sometimes worried, and once or twice even tried to write.

"Do you think Glenn has changed a lot?" Thumbs was asking me.

"No. He still looks like

Continuing . . .

Horus, even with his goggles on."

"Like who?"

"Horus, the falcon-headed god of ancient Egypt."

"The falcon-headed—Oh, boy, that's a good one! Wait till I tell him that! Horus! Thumbs was roaring with laughter. It was true that I would have recognised Captain Hammers anywhere; there was something singular about his long, bony leanness, his bearing, his economy of movement.

The harness vitality in the man had left an impression unblurred by the intervening years. As for Vida—no, I hadn't exactly pictured her riding a surfboard but, I thought with a smile, love is a wonderful thing, and if she had learned business correspondence and accounting to please

her man, why not surfboard riding in shark-infested waters? My thoughts were broken by a loud bird-like cry. It was Nando. He stood on a rock jutting out of the palisades and called through cupped hands: "Mamacita! Mamacita linda! Mireme, mamacita linda!"

"Listen—the young falcon is crying for his mother," I said, smiling at the lovely way in which all Mexican children address their mothers—Mama, beautiful little mama!—and caught my breath when the boy spread his arms and took off into the air. It was a perfect swan dive, but as I could not see that there was an inlet of water somewhere behind the rocks, it had startled me almost

Written on Water

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out of my wits. "Nice circus you have here," I murmured.

Thumbs refilled his pipe. "Yes, isn't he a little show-off? Thirty feet down into a thimbleful of water."

In the meantime Nando must have finished his stunt, because his mother down at the beach, who had looked up at his shout and answered it, was clapping her hands in mocking applause.

They were walking now across their private beach down there, Glenn a few steps ahead with his hand on little Petra's head, her mother following behind, with Bobby running in circles around them like a sheep-dog pup. Thin and elongated in the slanting light, their shadows walked ahead of them.

I looked from those long shadows to the woman. Her figure was foreshortened as seen from above, and I had had only a fleeting glance at Vida—and many years ago—but she had seemed much smaller, so very small and grave when she had made a cross over her leave-taking man's head and chest. Brushed by a first faint revelation I narrowed my eyes and stared through the binoculars. At the same instant the woman down there stopped and pulled off her helmet-like bathing cap. She shook out her hair and let it roll down to her shoulders. Spilled honey—wasn't that what Thumbs had called it?

"Not Vida—?" I said to myself. But Thumbs must have heard what was more a thought than a choked whisper. He shook his head.

"No. Of course not. I thought you knew," he said.

"Tracey . . . ?" I asked. "Who else?" Thumbs answered.

Hastily I tried to regroup my thoughts. You give a kaleidoscope a little shake and an entirely different pattern takes form. A few bits of colored glass, a few people in a new arrangement . . .

"But Vida—where is she? What happened to her?"

He pointed a thumb over his shoulder towards the little cemetery where bumble-bees were taking a last drink of frangipani before buzzing home, a bit heavy-headed, a bit drunk with nectar and sun, while jewelled humming-birds still helicoptered from blossom to blossom. "We can visit her if you want to," said Thumbs. "She always liked it up here. It's a pretty spot, isn't it?"

"How did it happen? Was she ill? Or was it the birth of that boy—Nando is Vida's boy, isn't he?"

"Of course. But he is Tracey's boy also. He was only two when Vida died. It happened in that hurricane. It's Tracey who saved him and raised him. She's a wonderful girl, Tracey, best girl in the world."

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SWEET and SOUR

Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners.

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

I AM only five feet tall and was married at 20 years of age. A few years ago I was taking my three-year-old daughter to the beach for a swim. I was dressed casually with flat-heeled shoes, and only lipstick as make-up.

We boarded the tram and I handed the conductor sixpence for the two sections' fare. Without a word he gave me a penny ticket and fivepence change.

That ticket has been one of my most treasured souvenirs.

£2/2/- awarded to "Only Small," Orange, N.S.W.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

A FRIEND of mine, who is the young and very attractive mother of an eight-year-old son, recently bought herself a pair of glamorous red velveteen slacks. When she paraded in them on the first occasion young Chris said:

"Gee, Mum, I like you in those red slacks. They make you look younger, you know, more middle-aged."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. R. K. Bryant, 4 Bethall Ave., Parkdale, Victoria.

Send your contributions to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Don't let your hands say 'Housework'!

After household tasks and all outdoor sports, smooth on Softasilk Cream or Lotion and keep your hands romantically lovely. Rich, protective oils in Softasilk neutralize the drying effect of harsh soaps and detergents and prevent wind and weather chapping. Use fragrant creamy Softasilk constantly . . . and then your hands will stay as soft and smooth as silk!

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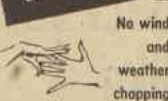
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Keep your hands romantically lovely



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Fabulous Hand Beauty CREAM or LOTION

Yet another Australian Mother endorses **MARMITE'S** goodness



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"But—" I began, and Thumbs cut me short. "Don't say it. I know what I sometimes thought of her and what I told you and—I was often sorry about it. I must have been stewed to the gills. I mean—how shall I express it? They tell me some of the best wine raises hell while it's fermenting. Like Tracey. Takes its own time to clear up. But if you leave it alone, these are sometimes the wines which people in the know buy with gold."

Down at the beach Nando came running to join the younger children. Tracey had picked up some beach towels from the sand, handed one to Glenn and rubbed Bobby and Petra dry. She herself and Nando simply shook off the water—there was a certain animal zest in it—and then Nando shepherded the youngsters up the slope.

His parents stopped here and there to exchange a few words with the hotel guests, and the captain seemed to give a few orders to the beach boys who were furling the striped umbrellas and cleaning the sand of rubbish.

While Glenn, with his arm companionably around Tracey's shoulder, left the sand and they began to ascend the serpentine together, Thumbs hurriedly told me how Vida had lost her life—her sweet young life, he called it.

"It was a black day, believe me, the worst time it could have happened; there are such times when everything goes against you. Glenn was somewhere in the Pacific—never mind exactly where—trying to bring his burning ship into port, and he himself more dead than alive. As for me, I was in the hospital; they had just taken off my slipper and if I had known what happened here I couldn't have helped in any case.

"I don't know if you have much experience with hurricanes, ma'am. Well, the people along the coast have—they almost invented them—what with the Aztec Hurakan, the god of storms. So whenever those black clouds boil up and the light gets sort of yellow and the glass is way down and the storm warnings go up, the padrecito clangs alarm on that old tin pot of a bell and the people move up into their church for shelter. It's dedicated to Santa Barbara, who is the santa you pray to in a storm, and it's built of stone and it hasn't fallen down in two hundred years of hurricanes and earthquakes, and it stands too high up to be reached by a flood.

"But Tiburon had grown and the little church hadn't; it could hardly hold so many people, and besides, this wasn't a run-of-the-mill hurricane, this was the sort that comes once in fifty years. Even the American papers were full of it at the time. As Manuel told it to me, Vida left her little boy in safety with the padrecito first of all and then she rushed down to the village to get things organised.

"Some of the men were still out with their boats—in fact, some of them never came home. And perhaps you can imagine what happens when these people get into a panic and a stampede and the old Aztec wildness breaks through. And then there are always some womenfolk who can't let go of their things; the storm is almost there and they're still packing their little belongings, and Vida pulls and pushes and collects lost children and herds them up the hill, and all the pigs and goats and donkeys and those hysterical turkeys and hens, some of them trample everything down in

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their fright and others just won't budge, but at last everybody is more or less safe in the church.

"When the worst of it was over, there was hardly anything left of Tiburon except the church, and the casa grande, and a few pieces of the old wall of the hacienda. The shacks and sheds gone, not a roof left, the trees broken, the boats wrecked. No phone, no wires, cut off from the world—all planes grounded, the bridges destroyed, even the rails torn out of the ground so that no train could pass.

"And Vida, the boss of the whole damned works, badly injured.

"Seems when Vida counted noses the Chiquitin was missing. Manuel's little boy and Vida's favorite. His wife had just had a stillborn baby and was in bad shape, maybe a bit off her rocker. Anyway, Perez was one of the men still out at sea, had his eldest son with him on the launch, so Vida was taking care of his family.

She herself had put Aurelia on their donkey and sent her off with last year's baby in her arms and the two other boys hanging on to the donkey's tail. But the trouble was that Aurelia had become too rich, couldn't get away

bara herself. He had brought in the launch, or what was left of it—he still considers it a feature equal to the captain's bringing in his burning destroyer. Together they found Vida and the Chiquitin. Over there—"

Thumbs said, pointing with the stem of his pipe to the wall of the Pacific. "A large old iron-wood tree had stood there, it had fallen across the wall and broken it down. Under the debris was Vida, and beneath Vida was the Chiquitin, knocked out but unharmed. It looked as though she had protected him with her own body against the worst . . .

"Tracey talked to me about it only once. Never to Glenn, as far as I know."

She was a heartbreaking sight, the poor girl, Tracey had said. She weighed so little, limp when they picked her up, like a wounded bird you find, and unconscious. Only when Manuel helped Tracey put her in the plane, she came to with a little moan. "Nando—my Nandito—where is he?" she asked, and: "The Chiquitin—?"

Perez told her that they were well taken care of, both, the

guessed that Vida had suffered some internal haemorrhage, but she took off into the storm in the desperate hope that by hurrying her to the hospital she might still be saved.

"Yes, but if she dies en route, Glenn will blame me for it," she thought bitterly. Vida was quiet now, though the plane was badly buffeted around. "How goes it, chiquita?" Tracey asked once when she noticed that Vida had opened her eyes. "Gracias, muy bien. Only a little cold," said Vida.

"Does it hurt much?" Tracey asked her.

"No, gracias. No pains."

Once she whispered: "Senora? I believe I am going to die, senora," very quietly, completely resigned to it.

"No! No! No!" Tracey cried over the noise and vibration of her machine. "I won't permit it. I won't let you die, I won't let you, do you hear me? You will be well, I promise you, you must get well, you must hold on to life, Vida, you'll be okay, you must fight for it, you must live because your Nando and your Glenn need you."

Vida made a little grimace with her bled-out lips; it was probably meant to be a smile, strange in her grey face. She whispered: "Okay," then she closed her eyes, only her lips kept moving. Tracey guessed that she was praying, and then the morphine took over; she fell asleep—Tracey hoped fervently that it was not for ever.

She was still alive when Tracey delivered her at the hospital. She tried to say something as she was rolled away on a stretcher, and Tracey bent down close to her mouth to hear better. It was a last bit of Spanish-Indian formality: "Thanks, muchisimas gracias—that you may forgive me my evil thoughts, senora—the senora is good—very good—carry Nando for me—and hold my dueno—if—"

Then the doctors took over, and the priest.

The only thing left for Tracey to do for Vida was to fly her back to Tiburon and have her buried up here. It was a beautiful flight in clear, beautiful weather, Tracey said. It was her last flight for many years, because she quit the Air Force—quit everything—to become Nando's mother.

Thumbs pulled violently on his cold pipe. "And they lived happily ever after," he said, trying to cover his emotions with a blanket of cheerfulness. "There—they are coming now. But don't give me away! If Glenn knew what I told you, he'd strangle me; he's funny about some of these things—I mean, he needs to preserve his pride or something."

I made a few hasty readjustments of the expression on my face, trying to build a bridge from the sadness of little Vida's dying to the victorious joy of life which these two people radiated. Yet I couldn't help smiling with the pleasure it gave me to watch their well-knit bodies.

"Waiting for us, Thumbs?" Tracey called as they approached us, and Thumbs got up and made a few steps towards them. Tracey was fully as handsome as the Tracey of my fancy, although far from being as young as I had pictured her. She wore a black maillot; her skin glowed with health and much sunlight. Her face of a good-humored lioness was creased, though, and the honey of her hair streaked with grey. Glenn's body was all sinew, bone, and muscle. Of his face I couldn't see much, as he still wore his goggles.

Only now I noticed that he

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Continuing . . . **Written on Water**

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was carrying a cane. It looked incongruously dandified together with his long bare legs, long bare arms, naked brown chest. He let go of his wife's shoulder to pat that of Thumbs.

"Thumbs has a lady visitor," Tracey said quickly.

"Oh, yes—excuse us for barging in. I hope you didn't take the lady up the hill by force," the captain said, lifting his chin. He reminded me of a dog taking a scent.

"You forgot your opera hat, Captain," I had wanted to tease him, but something strangely deliberate in the way Thumbs stepped up to him held me back. Thumbs introduced me to Tracey, and she made a few amiably conventional and flattering remarks about my books, which I was sure she had never read. At the same time she linked her arm in mine and gently placed me in front of Glenn. The strange feeling of something constrained, unspontaneous, grew stronger. As if we were on a stage which each move was prescribed and the place where you had to stand at a certain moment was thinly chalked on the floor.

"A good friend of ours," said Thumbs. "I am sure you remember her—on the train, right after Pearl Harbor? The lady-writer who wanted to know and write all about sharks?"

"Of course I remember. How very nice to see you again," Glenn said with less arrogance and more warmth than I ex-

pected. I stretched out my hand and he stretched out his. He stretched his hand past mine into the empty air.

His wife repaired the fumbled move by gently steering my arm in the right direction and we shook hands. But Glenn had sensed the infinitesimal blunder and manoeuvre. While he kept my fingers in his long, strong ones, he pushed with the other hand his goggles up over his forehead.

Until that moment they had been hiding the upper part of his face, but now I could see his eyes. I was glad that he could not see mine . . .

But while I was trying hard to conceal the shock, he must have felt it, perhaps in the stiffening of my fingers. He held them in a tighter, warming grip for another moment and he smiled at me. I recognised this smile, the wide, amiable, mischievous, radiant grin that he had carried—or that had carried him—through the trials of fire and water and the depths of personal tragedy. It was still there; he could still

laugh at life, easy and unchanged. I took a long breath and relaxed, and he let go of my hand to point at his blind eyes.

"You see what comes of taking a few uncalculated risks," he said: "I lost my eyesight . . . and I got me this impossible girl for a wife."

He sounded as Thumbs had summed it up: a lucky man and a happy one.

The sun was just going down into the ocean, not round and full, but like an enormous orange squashed into the water by the heavy, wildly burning mass of clouds. A sudden breeze came from the sea, cool and clean. A little bitterness was mixed in its odor; it tasted of salt and metal, faintly like blood; it carried the pregnant flavor of spawn and decay, of uncountable creatures' incessant dying and never-ending life.

The captain lifted his nose into the wind. "It's cooling off. Thumbs, collect my brats, will you?" he said gaily. "And let's all go home and have a drink before it is completely dark."

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university, which would leave the greater part of the money free for other purposes.

"We could buy a house in the country," Bob would begin. "And we could have a car."

"And I could learn to drive it and take you to and from the station," Margie would continue.

"I could drive it, too." This was Robert, squirming with excitement on Margie's knee. "I'll be old enough then, you see. Can it be a red one, a sports model with a huge long bonnet?"

"Well, I don't know about a sports model, son. We'll need plenty of room at the back for our two Great Danes and Mummy's Scottie."

"We could have a trailer." "From my knowledge of Great Danes they'd hate sitting in a trailer. Much too undignified."

There was a pause for reflection. Then Robert, graciously giving way, said: "All right, I don't really mind. It can be a station wagon. Can it be a red one?"

"I don't see why not. A red station wagon would be very smart. You don't see many about of that color."

The game always ended up in the orchard. Robert would say: "Tell about the apple trees, Mum." And Margie, her arms tight about the small body, would take up her cue.

"There'll be ten of them, all very big and old and gnarled. They'll bear crops of huge red apples that we'll store for the winter. And they'll be lovely for climbing on. And one of them will have a swing fixed on a bough."

"And a little tree-house perched up high near the top where I can hide when you're looking for me."

"That's right. You'll hear me calling, 'Robert! Robert! Drat the boy, wherever can he be?' And all the time you'll be up in the tree-house laughing like anything."

Another pause for thought followed. Then, regretfully, Robert said: "No, I shan't, you know. I'll be grown up then and too big to get in it. Well, p'raps I shan't grow so awfully big."

Continuing . . .

"You'll be as big as Daddy if you drink your milk and toddle up to bed at the proper time. Off you go now like a good boy."

Robert, an obedient child, would slip off Margie's lap usually at the second bidding. Sometimes he would pause at the door and ask wistfully: "Couldn't we sell the vase now and have the house and the dogs and the apple trees instead of waiting till I'm grown up?"

"No fear, my love. We have to wait and see whether you get that scholarship. If you don't it'll take all the money from the vase to send you up to Oxford."

"Oh, yes, I forgot that. Well, don't you worry, Mummy. I'll get it . . ."

It went on like this for several weeks. Then it ended, without warning, with appalling finality . . .

Margie had gone to get her hair permed. Her appointment was for two o'clock. Knowing she would not be back before Robert got home from school she had left the back door unlocked and the tea things laid ready in the kitchen. She emerged from the hairdresser's shortly before five with her hair set tight and neat, and caught a bus straight home.

She knew, she said afterwards, directly she set foot in the house that something frightful had happened.

She had a premonition of disaster born partly of her own sixth sense and partly of the unaccustomed silence that greeted her. Robert was not in the kitchen playing with his chemistry set or singing to himself in his shrill alto.

He was in the living-room. He was standing by the open china cabinet, stock still, as though he had been frozen. His eyes, in the petrified, blanched face, looked unfocused and almost black. She knew, without looking down, that the Ming vase lay near his feet shattered into fragments.

His lips moved, but at first no sound came from them. Then

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at last came a barely audible whisper: "I was just—to see the pattern. The rug slipped . . ."

The blood had drained out of Margie's face and her heart seemed to have stopped beating, but from somewhere in the depths of her being she found a reserve of self-control. The scream rising in her throat was given no outlet.

Her gaze, though it now took in the evidence of the tragedy, ignored it and stayed unwavering on the blind, shocked face confronting her.

She was thinking: *What am I to say? What am I to do?*

She was not a clever woman and she knew little of child psychology. But she was not stupid, and she had a perspective denied to those with richer imagination. Though she could not have put it into words, she was able to measure the worth of one of the world's great works of art beside the price of an hour of human happiness.

And there was more than an hour at stake here. Not only inanimate things are subject to irreparable damage. Her mind leaped forward, years and years ahead, to the possible effect of present tears and reproaches on an abnormally sensitive unformed intellect.

She felt, as if it had been her own, the agony of grief, the guilt past all atonement that turns inward upon itself, eating deeper and deeper into the secret places of the heart.

She prayed wildly to a deity she had never before invoked. "Oh, God, help me, help me."

And at once the words came. They came from somewhere outside and beyond herself, without conscious thought or volition. She listened to them as she spoke them, as if they came from a stranger. Yet the voice that uttered them sounded exactly like her own; loud, warm, and cheerful.

"Never mind, love, there's no need to get in a state over it."

You were very naughty to break the vase after promising not to touch it, but it doesn't really matter because, you see, it's not really valuable.

"We didn't want to tell you this because we knew you'd be so upset, but Mr. Weissberg came back last week to have another look at it and found he'd made a mistake. Even an expert can make a mistake, he said, and that's what happened the first time. He had the wrong glasses on, or something."

She went over to the fireplace, picked up the hearthbrush and coal shovel, knelt down, and swept up the strewn fragments on the floor by the cabinet. She strolled out to the kitchen and dropped them, with a careless clatter, into the garbage pail. Then she sauntered back again. And all the time, as she kept up the flow of talk, she was watching her son's face out of the tail of her eye.

"It was a fake, Mr. Weissberg said. You know what a fake is, don't you, after reading all those books about old china? It's a copy, ever so cleverly done so that it looks like a real antique. There are people who make their living that way. Our poor old white vase wasn't worth five shillings, let alone thousands of pounds."

"I don't deny that Daddy and I were awfully disappointed. But, as you see, there's no need to grieve about it. We've had heaps of fun planning how we'd spend the money when we got it—and nobody can take that away from us. And there's another good thing. We'll be able to get rid of the china cabinet now and buy that lovely settee."

Slowly, slowly the stricken face relaxed. Color crept back over the cheekbones. The dilated eyes lost their dreadful stare. She went to him and put an arm round his shoulders and gently propelled him out of the room.

"Now then," she said, "what

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IT WAS LOVE

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would you like for your tea . . . ?"

It was not long after this that the note came from Mr. Weissberg. It said:

"I have had the good fortune to acquire an ebony plinth of the correct period for your vase. The other, you understand, was only a makeshift. I will be passing your house within the next few days on my way to value a collection in Hampshire and will call in, if it will not inconvenience you, so that we can make the exchange."

The whole incident had been suppressed and, when visitors asked to see the famous vase, they were told that it had been lodged in the strongroom at the bank for greater safety. The Philbys themselves had never mentioned it again. The china cabinet had been sent to an auction and a comfortable sofa installed in its place. At supper-time, when the three of them had been used to playing their "living in the country" game, they chattered loudly on other subjects.

They had clean forgotten about Mr. Weissberg, so that when the note came it threw Margie into a minor panic.

"How on earth are we to tell him? He'll be most frightfully upset."

"If we can bear it, he can," Bob said bitterly. "Damn it, it's our loss."

"You don't understand," Margie said. "It isn't the cash value of the thing. It's—oh, never mind. But what am I to do about this? I can't just ignore it. I'll have to tell him something."

"Then tell him the truth."

So Margie wrote on the back of a postcard: "Dear Mr. Weissberg, "Thanks all the same, but please don't trouble to come, as we haven't got the vase

Continuing . . .

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any more. There's been an accident."

Barely could Mr. Weissberg have received the message before he appeared in person, like a genie summoned by invocation.

It was no more than half-past nine the next morning. Margie was alone in the house, washing up the breakfast things in the kitchen. She ran out, wiping her hands on her apron, to answer the strident summons of the bell.

And there, on the doorstep, stood Mr. Weissberg, holding her postcard. Gone was his bland and gentle dignity. He looked, she said afterwards, like someone who had just had a tragic bereavement.

"What's this? What is the meaning?" He strode past her into the living-room. "Tell me at once."

Margie complied. But, aware of the need for circumspection, she told only the bare bones of the thing—about coming home to find Robert standing over the shining fragments, his pitiful explanation of how it happened.

"Aie—" he wailed, "what does it concern us, the how and wherefore? That it should happen is enough."

Mr. Weissberg sank into a chair. His head hung down and swung from side to side, and again there came from him the curious wailing sound. "Aie, aie, there was not such another in Europe. I should have taken it away. I should not have trusted you—"

He looked up, and Margie saw that there were tears in his eyes. At once her own began to brim in sympathy and they sat there facing each other, an incongruous couple, helplessly crying.

It was the first time Margie had given way to her feelings. She had had to keep a tight rein on them because of Robert and Bob. But the grief and the crushing sense of loss were none the less real for being suppressed.

It all poured out between gulps, their hopes and plans for Robert's future, for the house with the apple trees, the car with the Great Danes—all lost, destroyed in a single calamitous instant.

"It's all very well to say what you never have you never miss," Margie ended. "But it's not true. When we played our game, it was as though the house was already there, somewhere in the future, waiting for us. Now there's nothing. Nothing to look forward to. All gone."

"Gone," Mr. Weissberg echoed. "For you, a fortune. For the world—such beauty. And all through a child's naughtiness! It is no consolation even that you beat him—"

"Beat him?" Margie's head jerked up. "Beat my Robert? He's never had a hand laid on him in his life."

"How then did you punish him?"

"I didn't!"

"You cannot mean this—it is unbelievable. This child's disobedience has cost you a great sum of money and deprived the world of a masterpiece which can never be replaced, yet you exact no penalty from him—"

"Mr. Weissberg," Margie broke in, "he doesn't know what he destroyed. He thinks

the vase was only an imitation—a fake."

"What nonsense is this? Who told him such a thing?"

"I did. I said the mistake was yours in the first instance, and that you had admitted it."

And so, at last, the whole of it was out—her terror at the sight of Robert's face, her frantic prayer and the words that had sprung to her lips in response.

"Something helped me," she finished. "I don't know what it was, but something seemed to be saying the words for me."

Mr. Weissberg had not interrupted, but he had been staring at her with an increasingly odd expression. And suddenly she realised that he was angry. He was very angry.

"So," he said, "you cheat. You tell this monstrous lie in order to spare your son from suffering either physically or morally for his misdeed. And you appear to think you were inspired to do this. Mrs. Philby, can you think it right that even a child should escape not only the penalty but all responsibility for the harm he has done?"

"He's not an ordinary child—"

"Poof! So says every mother. Mrs. Philby, you have acted wrongly in protecting your son in this way. He should be told the truth. If he were here now I would consider it my duty to tell him myself."

Margie jumped up. Her face flamed and she was trembling all over.

"If you ever dare to do such a thing, so help me, I'll throttle you with these two hands. He's not to be told—do you hear me? Never, never! It would



break his heart. What do I care about any old Chinese pot? If I had the money I could buy another one, or nearly as good, anyway."

"There's only one treasure no money could buy—and that's the one I've got, and it's a living, breathing one, not made of clay."

"I wish you'd never come here. I wish you'd left us in our ignorance. We were happy enough before, and we'll be happy again—as well here as anywhere else—so long as we're together. If you imagine the world's come to an end for the Philbys just because their castles in the air have tumbled down, you're very much mistaken."

Mr. Weissberg sat mute and motionless under this tirade. When Margie stopped for lack of breath, he rose very slowly from the chair and went to the window. He seemed somehow to have shrunk in height, to look older and yellower.

Standing with his back to Margie, looking on to the wide and busy thoroughfare, he pulled out a large and spotless white silk handkerchief and dabbed his face with it.

The noise of the traffic was a muffled roar; but inside the

room there was no sound louder than the ticking of the clock.

Mr. Weissberg remained at the window for what seemed to Margie an age. At last he said, without turning round: "I beg your pardon. It was not easy for me to understand at first. I have no son, you see. Perhaps for this reason I have lavished too much love on things that are not of flesh and blood."

"I think now that you were right and I was wrong. I believe some good angel put those words into your mouth, and I promise that your secret will be safe with me for as long as I live."

(Copyright)

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 5000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Is it lucky to be a Lucke?



Water, water everywhere. — some in the bath, most on the floor — with plenty of splashing.



Hold those tigers. Ever tried to dress four wriggling, giggling, active toddlers — all at once?



Lunchtime is a hectic time. — but what a cheer goes up when favourite foods appear on the menu. This time it's Vegemite sandwiches.



Hugs and cuddles are 4 times as nice. Yes! It is lucky to be a Lucke and share in the warmth and love of this happy family.



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Four youngsters, all at the same age and going through the same stages together, can make life complicated — in quadruplicate. For instance — imagine all the nourishing food stocks needed.

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So spread delicious Vegemite on toast and sandwiches . . . add it to baby's bottle, and pop a spoonful in soups, stews and gravies. Vegemite is the economical way to keep your youngsters thriving — and happy, healthy children make you a "lucky" mother, too.

Vegemite, made by Kraft, is available in 2 and 4-oz. jars and 6-oz. re-usable glasses. For big savings buy the 8 and 16-oz. family-size jars.



F4659.—Sundress and brief bolero jacket. Sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2½yds. 36in. check material, ½yd. 36in. plain material, and ½yd. 4in. edging. Price 3/-.

Fashion PATTERNS

* Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4660, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian orders to Box 46-P, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

F4610. — Sleeping pyjamas for sizes 1, 2, 3, and 4 years. Requires 2 to 2½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

F4520.—Sleeveless one-piece dress. Sizes: 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12 years. Requires 2½ to 3yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/6.



F4216. — Sunbonnet for sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires ½yd. 36in. material. Price 2/6.



F4363. — Sunbonnet for sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires ½yd. 36in. material and 1½yds. ribbon. Price 2/6.

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F4660. — Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make brunch coat that can be worn belted or unbelted. Sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Requires 2½ to 3½yds. 36in. material and 4yds. edging. Price 2/-.



F4662. — Party dress and matching petticoat for sizes 1, 2, 3, and 4 years. Requires 2yds. 36in. material for dress and 1½yds. 36in. material for petticoat, plus 3½yds. lace edging. Price 3/-.



F4558.—Teenage dress can be made with short or three-quarter-length sleeves. Sizes: 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.

F4663.—Lace-trimmed party dress in sizes 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Requires 2½ to 3½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/-.



F4661. — Side-buttoned one-piece dress with collar and pocket contrast. Sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 2½ to 3yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/-.

F4664. — Separates for the beach: skirt, suntop, bra, and bloomers. Sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Requires 3½ to 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/-.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

* Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.



No. 548.—ONE-PIECE DRESS
Pretty Empire-line dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in flower-printed cambric. The color choice includes lemon, blue, and white; pink, green, and white; and pink, lemon, and green. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 49, 6, 36 and 38in. bust, 54, 2. Postage and registration, 3/6 extra.

No. 549.—LUNCHEON OR SUPPER CLOTH
The cloth is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider in white Irish linen only. Sizes: 36 by 36in., 21/2; 54 by 34in., 33/6. Postage and registration, 2/3 extra. Serviettes to match, 11 by 11in., 1/9 each, postage 4d. extra.

No. 550.—SMALL GIRL'S ONE-PIECE DRESS
Sleeveless summer dress obtainable cut out ready to make in pin-spotted Summer Breeze cotton. The color choice includes blue and green spots on a white ground and white spots on pale green, pink, and red grounds. Sizes: Length 18in. for 2 years, 17/2; 20in. for 3 to 4 years, 19/6; 23in. for 5 to 6 years, 21/8; 28in. for 7 to 8 years, 24/3. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

No. 551.—SEPARATE SKIRT
Skirt with all-round gathers is obtainable cut out ready to make in floral Everglaze. The color choice includes lemon and white, pink and white, green and white, and blue and white. Sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 32/3. Postage and registration, 3/- extra. Please make a second color choice.

No. 552.—TAILORED BLOUSE
The blouse is obtainable cut out ready to make in sanforized poplin. The color choice includes pale pink, lipstick, black, coral, red, mint-blue, bolero (bright blue), and pale blue. Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust, 31/8; 36 and 38in. bust, 34/2. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra.



Shopping by cheque

Every week, more than one million cheques are drawn by customers of the Bank of New South Wales. A large number of these cheques are made out by women.

They appreciate that it takes them less than a minute to write a cheque for the exact amount required. Also, the neat, slim cheque books fit easily into their handbags, enabling them to carry their money with them safely.

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Scientific tests showed that the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stopped decay for more people than ever before reported in all dentifrice history. Your teeth are whiter — brighter — and you are assured of round-the-clock protection against decay-causing enzymes.

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L089

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master Magician, has arrived at the greatest planet of all, Magna, with PRINCESS NARDA: Winner of the beauty contest on Earth. With ten million winners from other strange planets, Narda enters the judging machine which will select the most beautiful woman of the galaxy. Thousands of mysterious light beams shine along a vast corridor, each light registering beauty on a dial. When all the contestants have gone through the beauty-judging machine, the twelve winners are announced at Magna's enormous stadium. Narda is chosen as one of the finalists. NOW READ ON:



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD





"Let's talk—
Woman to Woman
about air-travel",

says Ann Travaire

"Let's talk about your next holiday. Will you fly North to the sun, South to the snow, to the West or to the East? Do you know the most suitable places to stay, what to wear and what to take? Are you young or elderly; travelling alone or with young children? Let's talk over these things, woman to woman! Write to me at the TAA office in your capital city and I'll be only too pleased to help you."

TAA
Women's Travel Adviser

FALSE TEETH

FIT TIGHT
FOR LIFE OF PLATE
With One Application
OF YOUR MONEY BACK
FIT-RITE
Moulds, Sets While-U-Wear.
Just Press FIT-RITE Clear, Colored
Soft Plastic on Denture.
No More Sore Gums, Embarrassing
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Enclose £2 Cash-P.N.-M.O.-Chq., or
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nature picture book,
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contains 184 beautiful
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**FAULDING
essences**

TEENA[®] by Lilla Terry

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WITH YOUR HAIR... WHY DON'T
YOU LET ME FIX
IT FOR YOU.



OH, THANKS A MILLION, TEENA.
YOUR BLOUSE FITS ME
PERFECTLY, TOO.



YOU SHOULD'VE SEEN HER...
SHE LOOKED SO CUTE! ALL
TH' FELLOWS WERE JUST
SWOONIN' OVER HER.



AND WITH THIS
HAIR-DO, YOU OUGHTA
WEAR A FLUFFY PINK
SKIRT... I'LL LEND
YOU MINE.



NOW TRY MY
NEW HAT.



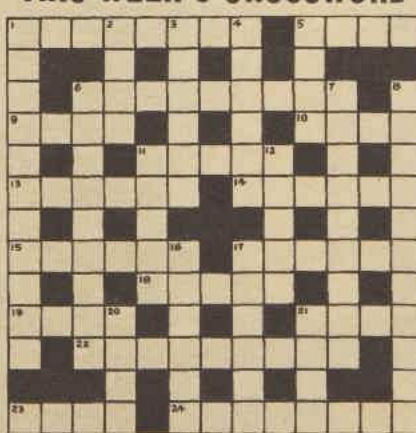
I LOATHE
PIPSY!!



ACROSS

1. Cause to happen earlier but not a point of time for poker players (8).
5. If you want a shindy cut off the head of this bird (4).
6. A rivulet in studies for musical instruments (9).
9. No one moved rapidly in an African city (4).
10. Biting pastry (4).
11. Mollusc usually in a shell and always in a shilling and pound (5).
13. The head of these representatives is a gentleman (6).
14. Entertain mostly with lager (6).
15. Soak and regret at the end (6).
17. High-pitched, ending in the rivulet from 6 across (6).
18. Experience which can be a test (3).
19. Standard, presented by a minor minister (4).
21. Pilgrimage to Mecca (4).
22. I sent a tot (Anagr. 9).
23. It could be Hamlet (4).
24. Bag on heap carried on the back (8).

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Allowances made on account to a local sin (11).
2. Dash that can be lean (4).
3. Foreigners in sale (6).
4. Turn rice round the feminine French to make a cream cake (6).
5. Slang with a slant (4).
6. Cheese made of a limb in a cat (9).
7. This man from Palestine is usually called good (9).
8. In his business there is nothing but ups and downs (11).
11. This beer is strong (5).
12. Watery forgetfulness (5).
16. Is this a festival for a teaser? Could be (6).
17. Pertaining to bodies at rest and you could cast it (6).
20. Such, and no more (4).
21. Scrapes the earth with a shoe (4).



Solution of last week's crossword.

Everyone knows!

that washing
alone cannot
make white
clothes a
dazzling white"
... only

Reckitt's Blue

keeps white clothes truly white

No matter what you use or how you wash your clothes, washing is to get them clean. But clean is not enough for white things; they must sparkle with whiteness, and only Reckitt's Blue does that. WASH to get the dirt out. RINSE to get rid of loose dirt and suds. Then into RECKITT'S BLUE. That's how you keep whites fresh and lovely, beautifully white.

... and for perfect starching

more and more women are now using Robin, the easy-to-mix powder starch that does not stick to the iron. Therefore, ironing is easier and linens are crisp and fresh looking.

ROBIN Starch

GIVES WINGS TO YOUR IRON

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—your perfect washday companions

Wise men use SPHINX HANDKERCHIEFS

because they want the best—Sphinx finest Egyptian cotton handkerchiefs with guaranteed fast colours. Individually cellophane wrapped.



SPHINX—coloured borders, self colours; white satin striped, 3/3; plain white hemstitched, 2/10; individually initialled, 3/9; gift boxes of three for 9/9; gift boxes of six for 19/6. CARO—for men, colours only, 2/11. IDEAL—for ladies, colours only, 1/11.

SPHINX
men's handkerchiefs are made by:
Commonwealth Handkerchief Co. Ltd.
61-65 Westworth Avenue, Sydney, N.S.W. MA3967

P.S. PICTORIAL Show . . . is the magazine that gives you all the news about show business as well as a host of interesting pictures about local and overseas events — price 9d.

He will want to meet you...

Passport by Goya

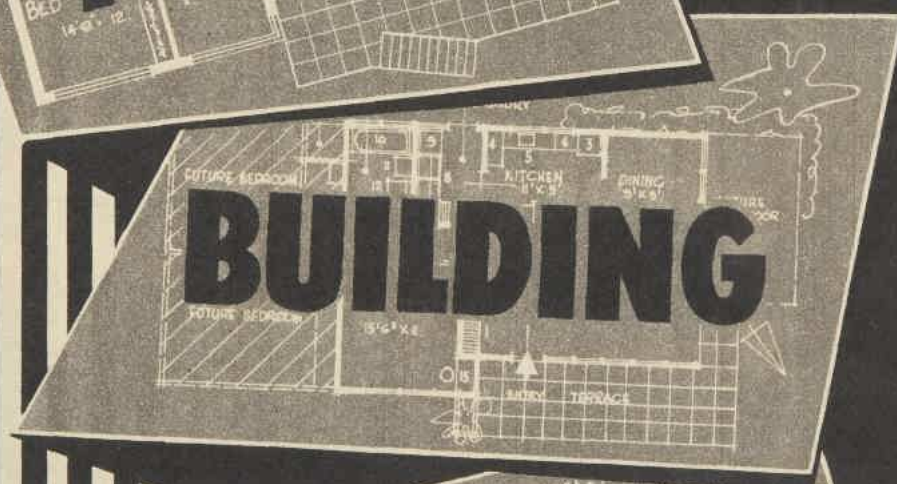
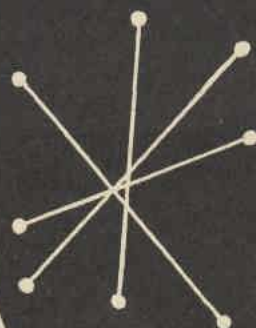
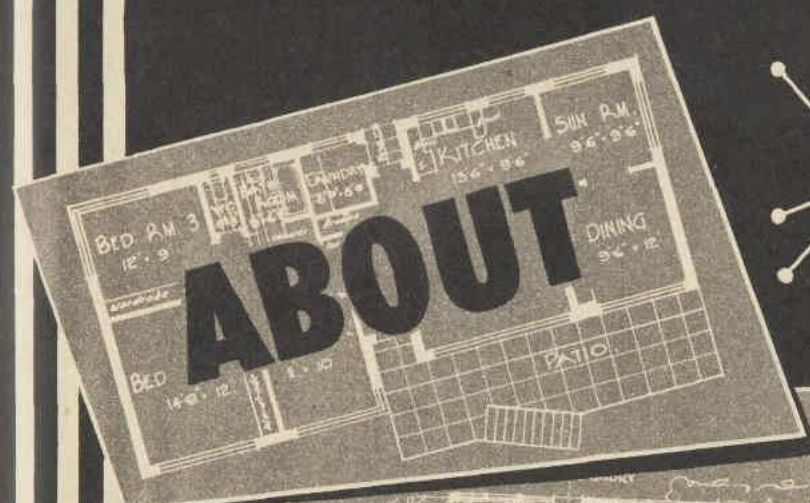
An astonishing
new perfume



GOYA - 3 RUE SCRIBE - PARIS

SUPPLEMENT TO

The **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**



SEPTEMBER 11, 1957 — NOT TO BE SOLD SEPARATELY

Plan a beautiful low-cost home with two C.S.R. Building Materials

CANE-ITE

*Insulates as it
decorates*

the only building board that
insulates as it decorates



*A modern living room using Cane-ite for
the ceiling. Here, the joints have been
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Cane-ite ceilings and walls
make your home up to 15
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winter, by keeping warmth in-
side, fuel heating costs are cut
to a minimum. And Cane-ite's
attractive texture makes a
smart interior lining.

Inexpensive Cane-ite reduces
harmful unwanted noises too,
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dirt from penetrating into
your home.

Three types of Cane-ite are
available in many easy-to-
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(buff colour), Primed (ready
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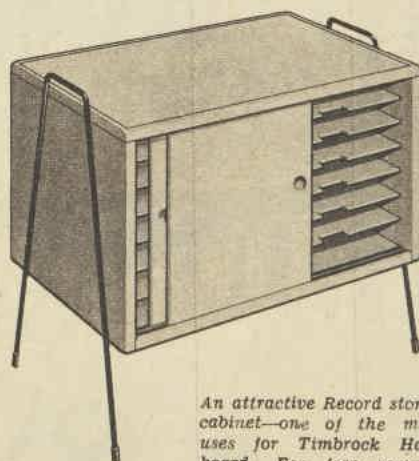
Timbrock
HARDBOARD

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Got an idea? Put it together with easy-
to-saw TIMBROCK Hardboard. This isn't
just ordinary hardboard. It's natural wood
made better . . . to give better results!
Timbrock is splinterless, grainless, can't
split. Flexible enough to bend around
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Pre-sized 4ft. 6in. sheets are specially suited
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or mess.

**TIMBROCK IS THE ONLY HARDBOARD
THAT IS ALWAYS WHITE-ANT
PROOFED.**

You'll find Timbrock sizes convenient—6ft.,
7ft., 8ft., and 14ft. lengths, 4ft. 6in. wide.
For small jobs use Timbrock Shorts.



*An attractive Record storage
cabinet—one of the many
uses for Timbrock Hard-
board. For free complete
plan contact your nearest
C.S.R. Showroom.*



BUILDING MATERIALS

Manufactured by the Colonial Sugar Refining Co. Ltd. Building Materials Division.
Showrooms at: Sydney, Newcastle, Waga, Wollongong, Melbourne, Brisbane, Townsville,
Adelaide, Perth, Hobart.



HELP FOR HOME-BUILDERS

● *This booklet is designed to help all those who are planning the great adventure of building a home for themselves. It supplements the information in the special Home Plans Section in this week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.*

THE booklet covers every aspect of home-building from selecting and buying the land to putting the final coat of paint on the house.

It gives much practical advice and answers to many problems that beset the intending home-builder, such as "What about the cost of materials and labor?" and "How do I get plans for my house?"

One of the great adventures in the life of any family is building a house of their own. It's an activity from which each and every member of the family circle can expect wonderful returns in the form of freedom and happiness.

However, almost everyone who has built a house since World War II will tell you this undertaking is no sinecure. True enough, it does take quite a bit of doing.

Like growing up, it's a job that is apt to be touched with some worry and uncertainty.

It is well known that the high cost of building and the difficulty people experience in getting the money they need to build are two of the most discouraging factors.

But don't let that keep you homeless. It is possible to build your own home, as has been shown by thousands of enterprising citizens during the notoriously difficult building period since World War II.

When you are in the market for a house it is a good idea to take a critical look at whatever alternatives are offering before coming to your decision.

There are three main choices: You can buy a newly built house, buy an old property and have it remodelled, or build.

The advantages in buying a newly built house are that it is right on the spot for you to see, and, in the case of the speculative builder, the finance is frequently pre-arranged. There is also immediate possession.

A complete list of the addresses of our Home Planning Centres appears in a panel on Page 14 of this booklet.

Against these advantages there is always the chance that the house is not precisely what you want. Also the design is more apt to be standardised.

In an old house you will probably get a larger area of space than in a new house at the same price, because of cheaper building costs in previous years.

With an old property you may also have the benefit of proximity to the city, to transport, shops, and recreation centres. The public utilities may also be superior.

The points to remember are: Maintenance could be constant and costly, and even for people who can do their own work the immediate cost of remodelling and refurbishing an old house is usually high.

Another consideration is the difficulty in borrowing money to buy an old property.

The ideal home, then, would seem to be one built to your own specifications on your own land in the locality of your own choice.

After all, how could the ready-made house ever hope to substitute satisfactorily for the house that has been designed to a personal plan and perhaps built as a sort of "dream home" by the whole family?

To bring its readers the practical knowledge that will help them to plan their own homes, The Australian Women's Weekly has set up Home Planning Centres for home-builders in several States.

Our Centres are established in leading stores, which have co-operated with The Australian Women's Weekly in establishing them. These stores are named in the panel on page 7 of this booklet.

A model of our Home Planning Centres is shown at the top of this page.

Each Centre has a wide range of architect-designed house plans in stock. It also makes available to readers the individual attention of skilled consultants who will gladly give personal advice on any phase of home construction.

Our Home Planning Centres are designed to provide on-the-spot counsel as well as help through correspondence, so for your fullest satisfaction it's best to call at the Centre in your area if possible.

In the meantime, we believe that people who are starting to build a home on a budget will profit by studying the information set out in this booklet.



EXTERIOR WALLS

SAVE

in so many
different ways with

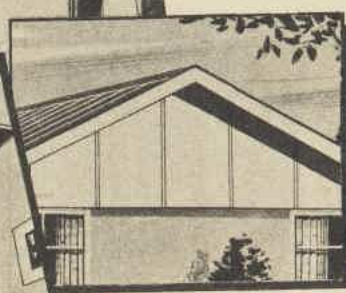
HARDIE'S "FIBROLITE"

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asbestos cement



INTERIOR WALLS & CEILINGS



EAVES SOFFITS, GABLE ENDS



ENCLOSING VERANDAH, ETC.

See for yourself just what can be done with Hardie's "Fibrolite," large labour-saving asbestos cement sheets. There's an easy to fix "Fibrolite" sheet for every purpose . . . smooth, economical flat sheets for exterior and interior walls and ceilings, gable ends, eaves soffits, etc. . . . rustproof corrugated sheets for beautiful, durable roofs . . . textured striated sheets for glamour feature walls and panels, internally and externally. Hardie's "Fibrolite"—white-ant and borer proof, fire retardant, completely weatherproof—to-day's better way of building, at the lowest possible cost.



Send for **FREE** brochures about these versatile materials!

Sole Manufacturers:

JAMES HARDIE & COY. PTY. LTD.

SYDNEY: Cnr. York & Barrack Streets.

NEWCASTLE: 324-326 King Street.

MELBOURNE: Cnr. City Road & Clarendon Street, S.C.S.

BRISBANE: Breakfast Creek Road, Newstead.

PERTH: Welshpool.

ADELAIDE: (Known as "Asbestolite") Asbestolite Pty. Ltd., 22 Grenfell Street.



"FIBROLITE" FLAT SHEETS



CORRUGATED "FIBROLITE"



STRIATED "FIBROLITE"



"TILUX" WALL PANELS

OBTAINABLE FROM LEADING HARDWARE AND TIMBER MERCHANTS

THE QUESTION OF MONEY



● *The most important things the potential home-builder wants to know are where to borrow the cash Grandfather forgot to leave him, how much he can get, and how much he will have to pay each week and for how long.*

BUT the home-builder's real problems these days are not only borrowing but having enough money hidden under the sink to buy his land and some more money to cover the difference between the loan he can raise and the cost of his home.

For banks and other finance groups still have a curious habit of not lending you all the money you want and even demanding security for what they lend.

The best security, of course, is land, and that's where most prospective home-builders, and finance firms, start.

No. 1 priority is your block, or its equivalent in cash, before you start chasing finance, and it's a sound idea to get legal advice about that block even before putting a deposit on it, because land titles can be tricky things and there are always sharks around ready to gobble the innocent or the careless.

It's also good policy to find out as much as you can about the land you're interested in. Drainage is important, so take a look at the land in wet weather, if possible, and also at the quality of the growth on it. If it's hungry land you may have to import a lot of costly garden soil.

Next priority, and it's a personal as well as a financial one, is to make up your mind what sort of house you want.

This is even more important than it appears, because changes of mind during building or alterations or additions after building can be, and often are, extremely costly.

As a wise home-owner once said: "Every time my wife changed her mind it cost me £100."

If you've followed those simple instructions you're now ready to chase the finance you need.

Main lending authorities are building societies, banks, insurance and finance companies, legal firms, and Government departments like War Service Homes and the Housing Commission.

Financing methods and requirements vary a little from office to office, but basically the pattern is much the same.

Take the Government-guaranteed N.S.W. Co-operative Building Societies. They will lend you 80 per cent. of the value of your land and the house to be built, with a maximum loan of £3000. And they will lend you this money at five per cent. for 26 years, which works out at a monthly payment of £18/5/-.

But before they will lend you £3000 or less they will want to know a lot about you and your financial

affairs, will expect you to be frank, and will then assess whether you are capable of repaying the loan you need—remembering, of course, that rates, taxes, and insurance have to be covered by you while you're paying off your house.

If they agree to finance your home they will require three loan application forms, plans and specifications which will cost you (at least) between £6 and £10, estimates of costs, a certificate which relates to the Cumberland County Council scheme, two character references, a letter verifying your salary, a valuation fee of £4/4/-, and a written authority to pay progress payments to the builder.

There, broadly, is what you have to do, although most finance authorities have their own slight variation in details.

Banks, which are now lending more money than they were, are a major source of finance, with preference, of course, to their own customers.

The Commonwealth Savings Bank, which lends, at five per cent., up to 75 per cent. of its valuation, has a maximum loan of £2500 for brick homes, repayable 32 years, and £2250 for timber and £2000 for fibro, repayable around 25 years. Minimum monthly payments over 32 years are 10/6 for each £100 of the loan.

The Rural Bank is one of the best sources. Like building societies it will lend 80 per cent. of valuation, up to a maximum of £3000, for any type of house. The bank's interest rate is 5½ per cent., repayable over 30 years.

The Bank of N.S.W. Savings Bank, which is now handling most new home finance for the Bank of N.S.W., has a maximum of £2500 at 5½ per cent., repayable over 25 years.

War Service Homes is another source of finance if you are "a person who enlisted for or was employed on active service" or a war widow.

Maximum loan is £2750 for any type of house, repayable, at 3½ per cent., over 45 years for men and 50 years for widows. There is a big waiting list, but applications are considered on their merits.

The Housing Commission is also worth considering, although once again there is a long time lag after your application. Of every 100 homes 40 go to cases of desperate need, 10 are by ballot, and the remainder are allotted according to application.

The Commission's terms (finance is through the Rural Bank) are extremely reasonable—£50 deposit, plus about £50 stamp duty and legal costs, and the remainder at 4½ per cent. interest over 45 years.

Weekly payments over the full loan term range from £2/19/- for a £2900 home up to £3/15/6 for a £3700 home.

If you have your land and a few hundred pounds as well, you now know the main sources of that loan which will build your cottage.

But if you want a house that will cost £5000 or £6000—and who doesn't?—you'll have to start saving hard—now.

(Continued on page 14)





CHOOSING A SITE

● *Selection of a suitable site is one of the most important steps in building a home. Before buying a block of land there are several points the prospective buyer should investigate. They are explained in the information given below.*

WATER can be a danger when choosing a home site (as mentioned in "The Question of Money" on Page 5 of this booklet). Often when a site is inspected during a dry period it seems to be perfect. The same site in wet weather can be a marsh, quite unsuited to building without expensive drainage systems.

The problem of periodic flooding also occurs in some areas, so if the locality is not known to you, go into this question thoroughly.

Some building blocks are controlled by covenants governing the type of house to be built and the materials and other items to be used in it. These covenants are strict and permanent and are clearly marked on the title to the land. Despite what any less-scrupulous land agents might say, a covenant usually can be set aside only after expensive litigation.

Your solicitor will be the one to consult about buying land. He will be able to check whether the title is clear, and make sure there are no legal complications to hold up building.

Check, too, with the local council or with the body governing the area to find out whether there is any prospect of resumption of land for the council's purposes.

In some streets where the flow of traffic is heavy and the roads are relatively narrow there is always the likelihood that land will be resumed to widen the roadway at the expense of front gardens. This will naturally lower the value of the property.

Utilities

When land agents say water, sewerage, gas, or telephones will soon be available in the area, check with the water board, council, or P.M.G. Department to find out whether "soon" means this year or ten years hence.

And — for land-owners who intend to build big houses — in most places it is not possible to build on more than a percentage of the block.

There are other points that the land-buyer with a preconceived idea of a home plan should examine.

Local councils have very wide powers over building in their areas and, subject to laws which state minimum standards required, they can specify almost any type of restriction on home-building.

It is necessary to secure the approval of the local council before any building is erected. This is done by submitting correctly prepared plans and specifications to the council.

In Sydney a fee is paid and the building permit is granted. The fee is usually 1-5th of one per cent. of total building cost, which would be £10 on a home costing £5000.

BRICK AREAS: Some areas are reserved by the local councils as places where only brick, stone, cement, or other masonry homes can be built. Inquiry from the council concerned is the only means of getting the exact details of restrictions in any area.

BUILDING LINE OR SET-BACK: This is the distance, sometimes called set-back, the house must be built back on the block of land. A building line will vary with different councils, and may even differ from street to street. If a building line on a block should cause exceptional hardship, most councils at least will consider altering the line.

Building near side boundaries is also controlled, to ensure light and air to the house. Generally, the minimum distance from a side boundary must be four feet for an average house.

RULES ON DESIGN:

Every plan, with the specifications, must be submitted to council. A prospective home-builder will be wise to ascertain the council regulations in an area before spending any money on plans to build there.

This can be done by approaching the council direct or by seeking advice from our Home Planning Centre.

This would also be a good time to inquire: whether the council will, if necessary, kerb and gutter the area; the cost of this work; and whether a driveway crossing the footpath will be permitted.

The council must make sure the design of the house conforms with the minimum standards required by law. These standards govern drainage, ventilation, lighting, and other health requirements, structural design (structural strength of the building), and other qualifications.

The council has the power to reject a plan if it is one likely to lower standards or land values in the area.

No council can hold up a plan indefinitely. It must approve, approve subject to alteration, or disapprove. If council's disapproval is believed to be unjust, there is a right of appeal to the Land Valuation Courts.

If plans are approved and for some reason the house is not started within 12 months, the approval lapses unless a special extension is granted.



Modern designs



● *When you have sufficient capital at your disposal and own a block of land, you can begin to think seriously about the sort of house you want to build and live in for the rest of your life.*

IDEALLY, a good house should be designed to fit the land around it. Therefore, try at all cost to avoid the common mistake of setting your heart on a certain home plan without first giving some thought to the conformation of the land on which it is to be built.

Simplicity is the keynote of all good house design. It is also the key to lower costs of home-building.

This does not mean that a house has to look like a dull shoe-box trimmed with painted shutters, nor need it bear the stamp of sameness that seems to mark so many mass-built homes.

On the contrary, simplicity in design, in finish, and in equipment has nothing whatever to do with uniformity or with lack of character in domestic design.

The most attractive homes in Australia today are simple, straightforward in design, and manage to achieve grace and space through clear, functional lines and all-round working efficiency.

Money isn't squandered on superficial ornament or on a pretentious front.

Instead, there is ample evidence of good site planning and placement of the house. And good materials are used logically and well.

A level site, raised slightly above the surrounding land, is least expensive to build on, and generally presents fewer drawbacks to building.

A rocky site, which is usually costly to excavate, is something of a trap.

Hillside sites can have lots of interest and appeal and can be practical as well. If the house is stepped downhill, the

grading is minimised.

This type of site is splendid for the split-level house that is so popular nowadays. By planning your house to follow the contour of the land, excavation can be avoided and frequently a more individual home results at no greater cost.

Should there be a larger fall or uneven surface on the land it is wise to have levels taken when the lot is surveyed for transfer. This will be helpful to the Home Planning Centre or whoever draws your house plan.

The site with a reasonable slope usually provides a good aspect, especially if the fall is to the front.

A home with a view of water or mountains or woods is exciting because you can build a house around the scenery, with window-walls to make the most of nature.

But in planning the house some thought must be given to the natural hazards, such as hot summer sun, prevailing winds, and salt spray, that often accompany wide-open sites of this type.

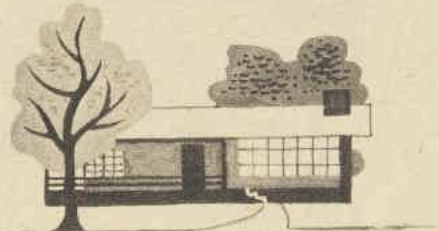
A roof overhang or screens are likely to afford the required protection from the sun, and trees and other vegetation could be a break for strong winds.

However, care must be taken always in the designing stage to place the house itself clear of possible falling branches and to avoid damage to the foundations and drainage pipes by root growth over a period of time.

It is by the integrated planning of house and land that the most is made of such a location.

Very often the small, low-budget home of today is sadly lacking the attentions of experienced designers. Standardisation seems to be the accepted rule rather than the exception among economy builders.

This is shown by the rows upon rows of identical



single and double fronted bungalows with large, overpowering roofs and tiny windows that dot the landscape in every direction.

Built to the same pattern and usually of the same materials, these houses are still being duplicated in large quantities.

Yet, strange as it may seem, it is probably no more costly to build an economical house of simple layout and construction that has some character of its own than it is to build the standard job.

The basic qualities of economical small-house design are:

- The plan must be compact, with the house placed on the lot in the best position for the most sun and the least wind in winter, and the least sun and the most breeze in summer.
- The plan should cater for all (or as many as possible) of the family requirements now as well as lend itself to any variation that may be required later.
- Select a rectangular home plan, or a similar easy-to-build, easy-to-roof shape, if you want to cut your building costs to the bone.
- For economy, roof your house with a flat or simple gable roof. Projections are sometimes ugly and always expensive.
- The rooms always must be carefully laid out for comfort and livability and be placed within easy reach of each other and the outdoors.
- The householder should be able to get easily from room to room and from one part of the house to the other, preferably without walking through other rooms.

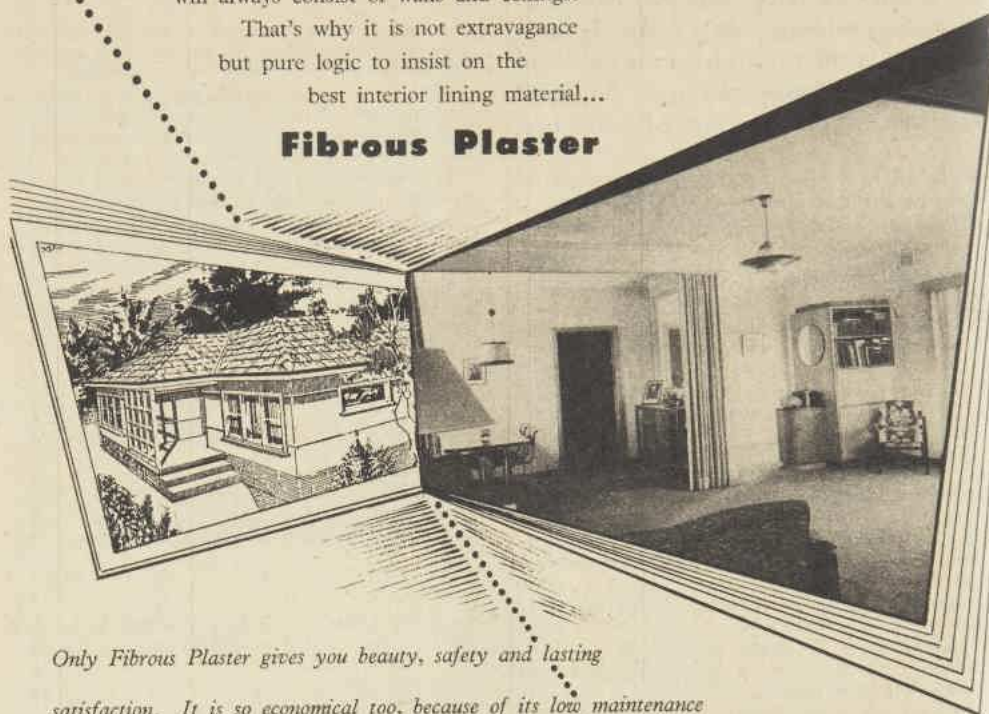


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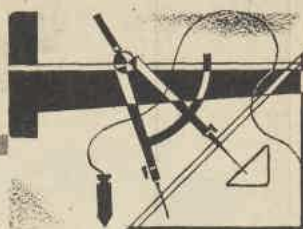
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PLANNING YOUR DREAM HOME



● *Just how does a prospective home-builder choose a plan for the home he wants to build? Of all the possible combinations, how does he choose the design that is right for his way of living, suits his aesthetic tastes, his pocket, and fits attractively on to his site?*

Here are some points that may help the inexperienced home-builder with this problem of selecting the right plan.

PROBABLY the best way to choose the ideal plan is to decide what type of house you want, either compact and cosy or spacious and light. Decide how many bedrooms you need and how you like a house laid out; whether you like your meals in a dinette extension of the kitchen; whether you want many windows and have a site suitable for them. With a start like this, you know the general type of plan you are looking for and can discard unsuitable ones immediately.

Copying a house you have seen is rarely successful. Usually the layman cannot make a sketch of the house in detail and will be able to reproduce only the features that caught his eye. This plan usually ends with a number of outstanding features that bear little relation to the remainder of the house design.

Consult experts

Among the wide selection of home plans offered by our Home Planning Centre you will probably find the design that suits you and your needs perfectly. In addition, you have the advantage of being able to consult the expert in attendance should you so desire.

For those with little idea of space, reading a plan is often simplified if sizes are compared with the sizes of known built rooms. Relating plans to the built room gives a far better idea of the dimensions shown on the sketch plan.

The placing of rooms in a house must be considered in conjunction with their aspect. A northerly aspect is ideal for rooms that are to have sun. The living-rooms are the obvious choice here. The working areas, such as the kitchen and laundry, are best placed so they have enough sun to make them cheerful without making them too hot to work in.

Be careful with windows. Large windows look wonderful and give a feeling of spaciousness in the right setting. In the wrong setting they may mean lack of privacy and will give the passing world as good a view of you as you have of it.

When placing windows in your plan consider your furniture and its arrangement. Some wall space is necessary for articles such as radiograms and book-cases. Free-standing furniture can be most attractive, but there is a limit to the number of pieces that can be placed in the centre of a room. Enormous windows can cut down wall space to almost nil.

The swing of an opening door, of cupboards, and the depth of windowsills can also limit furniture placement. It's a good idea to make a scale drawing of each room and of the furniture you plan to put in it. Cut out the pieces of furniture and arrange them in the rooms to get a realistic view of the relative sizes.

Adequate storage space is essential for any convenient, comfortable house. Because storage requirements vary from household to household, this is a matter of individual choice. Depth of cupboards is important, too. Most hanging space is 21in. deep. Measure your widest coat across the shoulders and then allow at least three inches extra for clearance to see whether the 21 inches is enough for your needs.

Some families may want to concentrate most of their storage space in built-in wardrobes, and others will want storage cupboards for sports equipment or for preserved foods.

Trapping dirt

Many homes are lovely on first glance. But by the time the housewife has had her second or third look she finds the whole place is nothing but a dirt trap. Fancy corners, mouldings, and hard-to-get-at places (for example, the narrow gap between the stove and the bench in the kitchen) catch the dust. Watch for these points in your final plans or the dream home may become a housekeeper's nightmare.

For all-over design the grouping of the rooms is important. Working areas should be grouped together for convenience; the kitchen should be handy to the dining-room. The general layout should be arranged so family and visitors can get to the bedrooms or bathroom without having to walk through kitchen or dining areas.

Another item to consider is future extension. If price limits the present building, a plan can be designed that allows one or more bedrooms to be added in the future with a minimum of structural alteration.

Yet another idea of a different sort, but with similar aims, is the freely planned house in which there are no separate rooms in the ordinary sense, but merely an area of space that is divided into rooms with strategically placed furniture units.

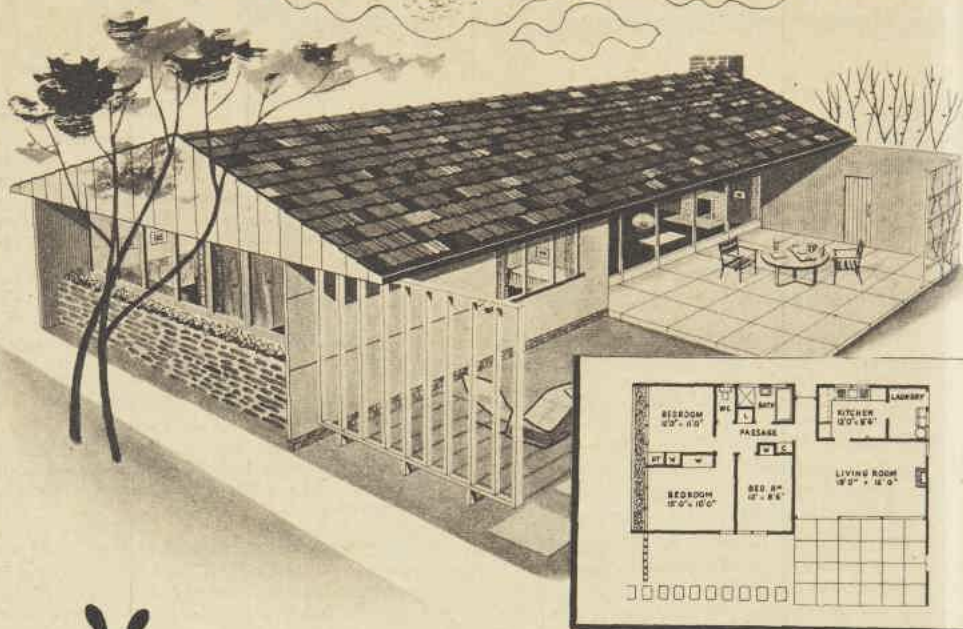
This arrangement may not be everybody's cup of tea, but as a temporary measure there is much that can be said in its favor.

Suiting the house to the block is a matter for individual choice. Obviously, a country-type house will be as unsuitable for closely settled areas as a suburban house will be in a country setting.

A sketch plan of the house of your dreams could come from the pages of a glossy overseas magazine that shows an attractive house against a glamorous background. That same house may or may not look as attractive when built in Australia under different conditions and on a different site. That same house may, in fact, look a perfect freak.

If you can't make up your mind whether a certain plan would suit your site, try photographing the block. You can get a very rough idea of what the house will look like in the setting by drawing an elevation on tracing paper and placing it over the enlarged print. The photograph and elevation must be the same scale to make a usable picture.

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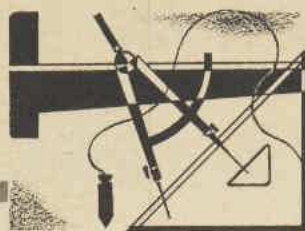
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● *The architect is a professional man with a thorough knowledge of the complex process of building, who will co-ordinate and supervise your entire project. After engaging him, your next move is to get a builder.*

WITH an expert architect's knowledge at your disposal, there is every prospect that your house will cost, look, and function just as you want it to.

The Royal Institute of Architects has published a guide setting out the duties of an architect as follows:

1: He designs buildings (of all kinds) to order for people who wish to have buildings erected. (He does not make designs and sell them to anyone who takes a fancy to them, as painters sometimes paint and sell pictures.)

2: He draws plans and writes specifications showing exactly how a building he has designed is to be built.

3: He arranges a contract under which a builder agrees (in return for a certain sum of money, to be paid to him by the building owner) to erect the building according to the architect's plans and specifications.

4: He supervises the carrying out of the contract, seeing that the builder does all he agreed to do, and the building owner pays all he agreed to pay.

In fact, when you engage an architect full time, his service covers very much more.

An architect is paid a fee by the building owner for his services. As a rule this fee (for performing all four of the duties just mentioned) is a minimum of 6 per cent. on the cost of the building.

Specialist architects often charge more than this.

An architect, like a doctor or lawyer, has nothing to sell except personal service, and receives no payment in connection with the work he undertakes except the fees paid by his clients.

Many services

When a building owner employs an architect, he receives the following services:

1: The owner is helped in formulating his ideas by one trained to solve the economic, structural, and aesthetic problems in every building enterprise.

2: The owner is enabled to state his requirements by means of drawings and specifications.

3: He has the advantage of being able to call tenders from a number of builders.

4: After the contract is signed, the owner is represented by an expert, whose duty it is to see that the builder carries out the work properly, and gives the owner no less and, for that matter, no more (the architect must be fair to both contracting parties) than he has contracted to do.

Any architect who is worth his hire and the trust placed in him will more than earn his fee.

If, after considering all these points, you decide a specialist is the answer to your building scheme, how do you go about selecting an architect?

As good a method as any is merely to look at the houses that appeal to you and then find out who designed them.

Talk to their owners if it is possible. Building a house is a big enterprise and most people are usually

glad to tell you all about it. On the basis of this informal survey, you will soon know whether the architect is the one for you.

THE BUILDER: There are several methods of obtaining a builder to build your house. You can call (either personally or through your architect, as stated earlier) for public tenders.

This will probably produce a number of building contractors who can be given the plans and specifications to study. They will then be able to quote a price for the job.

The main drawback to this method is that any builder, good or bad, can tender. In this matter the help of an architect is invaluable. Because of his experience with builders he will know who are reliable, who are not, and where a particular builder's strengths and weaknesses lie.

Private tenders can also be called. This is a similar process, except that only certain builders, known to be reliable, are invited to tender.

If you decide to build without an architect, you should, when you have your plans and specifications, consult a reliable builder and submit them to him. Give him an idea of the type of house you want and the upper price limit.

It may sometimes be necessary to tailor your ideas in order to get the house you want for the money you are prepared to pay. If you can arrive at a compromise, then go ahead.

But before making a final decision get a price from another builder as a check.

There are two types of contract available for the building of a house at present. First is the lump-sum contract in which the builder quotes a fixed price and, provided there are no major changes to the design or quality of the finish, he must stick to this price.

For people on a limited budget this lump-sum type of contract is probably the best.

It is certainly the best contract available to them at present, and, in New South Wales at least, is the one recommended by both the Royal Australian Institute of Architects and The Master Builders' Association.

For those to whom cost is not so important, there is the cost-plus type of contract that requires the future home-owner to pay for the labor, plus materials, plus builder's commission.

The builder gives only an estimate of what he thinks the house should cost.

This type of contract developed during the post-war period of values that fluctuated wildly and was used quite extensively into 1952-53.

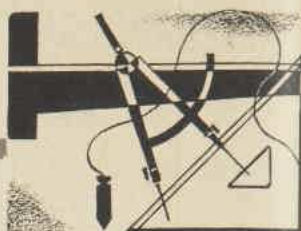
However, the cost-plus scheme with its obvious disadvantages to the client, is seldom encountered now.

Many small builders work on their jobs, but the builder's main duty is to organise the various sub-contractors who will put their men on the job and do the actual building of the house.

Other duties of the builder include insuring the building under construction (ideally, the building should be insured in the joint names of the owner and the builder), insuring the workmen, making any reasonable alterations to the design requested by the client, and dealing with the sub-contractors.

A good builder is a skilled person who can build a solid house by careful organisation and supervision of workmen, materials, transport, and insurance.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN BUILDER



● *It's usually the man with a small block of land and a close budget who turns to do-it-yourself home-building. The project needs careful planning beforehand if the amateur is to make a success of his owner-built home.*

THE do-it-yourself trend in home-building can, with a bit of luck, contribute greatly to cutting down owners' building costs, provided they first select an economical plan and are prepared to use stock materials.

There are several ways in which you, as an amateur home-builder, can approach the job.

● You may undertake to do all the work yourself (excepting plumbing and electrical installations, which the law requires shall be done by licensed tradesmen).

This puts you into the role of contractor.

Building even the simplest house is a project that involves many interlocking trades and skills.

For this reason you should learn at the start everything you can about how houses are built, the materials that go into them, and the trade techniques involved in the project.

You will need to plan, and follow, a strict timetable to keep the job moving.

Make sure materials are ready for the workmen when they arrive, and keep accurate records of all your dealings with them.

Above all, know exactly where you stand legally. Forethought about plans, contracts, specifications, codes, and insurance can save many a headache.

In theory an efficient owner should be able to build a comparable house for approximately one-third less money than he would be charged for the same job by a regular contractor.

Unfortunately, there appears to be no satisfactory way of proving this.

SIZES: The overall size of a house is spoken of as its "area" and is quoted in "squares." One hundred square feet equal 1 square, including walls. A 10-square house, then, contains 1000 square feet.

COSTS: On today's market approximate costs would be:

Type of house	Cost per square builder-erected
Fibro	£310
Timber	340
Brick veneer ..	400
Brick	420
Concrete	420

It is emphasised that the table given shows

merely basic figures, and they would vary on different sites. They represent the approximate cost of a home erected entirely by a builder complete with essential Prime Cost (commonly called P.C.) items such as stove, sink, copper, tubs, bath, and basin.

Also, the table shows New South Wales costs, which will vary in other States. Make a point of checking with your Home Planning Centre, where you will be able to secure the exact figures.

● As an alternative you might prefer to do just a part of the manual work on the house yourself. This might include the painting, the finish carpentry, and perhaps the clean-up.

If you have a workshop you can make a number of things that are economical and also will give your home individuality.

Built-in storage units, half walls, room dividers, and kitchen cabinets are just a few items that require only a reasonable time to make and, if their designs are kept simple, are well within the scope of many people.

● Another idea on similar lines is to engage a contractor to do all the house exteriors and set the mechanical utilities in place while you finish the greater part of the interior yourself.

The ease with which many building materials can be handled by the amateur has encouraged many homeowners with strict budgets to finish the greater part of the inside work themselves.

Of course, a certain amount of skill in handling a hammer, a plane, and a saw is required.

● Somewhere in between these three categories is the owner who does no actual work on the building itself, but sub-contracts for sections of it to be done by tradesmen.

Under this system you take the place of the builder and must spend a good deal of time obtaining economical tenders for all sub-contracts.

However, it should always be remembered that the professional builder, because of his years of experience, will be able to buy better on both the labor and materials market than the amateur builder can ever hope to do.

Checking on the quality of the materials and the workmanship that will go into your job is yet another important aspect of this scheme.

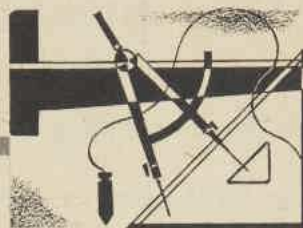
It is always a good idea to check the rating and reputation of each sub-contractor. Then put your agreements in writing.

Sub-contracting your work is supposed to result in a saving of between 10 and 12 per cent, of a reasonable building figure.

If, in addition to the organisation, you are also prepared to do some of the work as well, you could probably increase that estimated saving.



BUILDING MATERIALS



● *One of the main problems facing a prospective home-builder is the selection of suitable materials for his home. By way of assistance, we offer this list of materials, with a short summary of the benefits to be gained by the careful selection and use of the products available.*

THE brick home has always been popular in Australia and now, more than ever, brick offers a wide range of home designs. Brick can be combined most successfully with vertical boards, rendered sections, or a change of texture or color in the brick itself, for some interesting effects.

The brick-veneer home is rapidly gaining in popularity. Built mainly as a timber-framed structure, it has an outer layer of brickwork. This reduces the initial cost, compared with an all-brick home, and means low upkeep costs compared with weather-board.

Timber-framed homes are usually a more economical proposition than either brick or brick-veneer homes. Normally they are similar in construction, being varied only by the choice of outside covering that can be weatherboard, chamfer board, or any one of a wide variety of finishes available from timber merchants.

Usually boards are rebated and are designed to be laid horizontally. However, some very attractive effects can be achieved by the use of vertical boards. These are usually tongued and grooved and V-jointed.

Where these boards are used it is wise to lay a sheathing of suitable waterproof building paper before the boards are nailed into position.

Another popular and economical covering is the asbestos cement sheeting that gives ample weather proofing and can be most attractive. Water and emulsified paints can be used for quick and relatively economical color changes.

In this type of home the external walls can be rendered with cement mortar to give a similar appearance to rendered brick. With this finish it is not necessary to use cover moulds.

Concrete can now be used for prefabricated building. Several firms are supplying complete wall sections, including door and window frames. These sections can be erected on prepared foundations.

Steel framing and glass are playing an increasing role in home design, especially where there is an attractive view. Costs can creep up sharply if large areas of plate glass are to be used.

Cut time and cost

Those planning to do their own building can use prefabricated or ready-cut frames to simplify ordering and time on the job. When the owner-builder has to spread the construction over a long period, weather conditions, ill-health, or frustrations and other setbacks may add to the cost of building.

THE ROOF: The most-used roofing is probably terra-cotta tile.

To ensure complete weatherproofing the tile manufacturers insist that any tiled roof that is to be pitched lower than 26½ degrees should be sarked underneath with an approved waterproof material.

There is also a wide variety of tinted tiles, some made of terra-cotta material and others of cement.

Cement tiles have improved vastly over the past few years.

Lightweight pressed-metal tiles that look like normal tiles can be a great money-saver where transport costs are heavy. The roof timber structure needed to support them is also much less costly.

Like corrugated iron or aluminium roofing, metal tiles need some form of insulation in hot climates. The metal tile needs a fairly high pitch, but the corrugated roofing can be pitched as low as 5 degrees.

Corrugated asbestos roofing is probably the most widely used material for skillion and low-pitched roofs. It can be used as low as 7½ degrees or, with sealed laps and short runs, even 6 degrees.

If a flat or near-flat roof is required, a continuous surface is needed for weather-proofing. This solid roofing can be arranged by using a workable material like concrete or joined materials with sealed overlaps.

Can be expensive

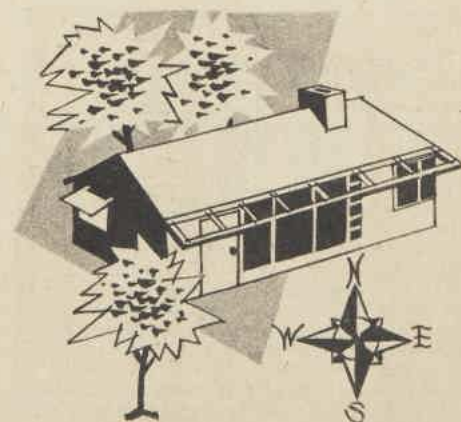
The concrete roof is usually limited to brick or concrete construction and needs expensive formwork and waterproofing, plus a waterproof topping.

This cost can be offset somewhat by rendering direct to the underside of the slab for ceilings to the various rooms covered. All electrical wiring and any flues or openings passing through the roof must be placed in position before the slab is poured.

WINDOWS: Window size is a matter for choice and is subject only to the limiting factor of cost that must cover frames, glass, curtains, blinds.

The use of fixed glass or so-called picture windows must be supplemented by opening sections to allow for ventilation and to conform to building regulations. These state that window size in a habitable room must be at least 1/10th of the floor-area. Of this window space one half must open.

Box frame or double-hung windows are probably the most popular type of window in Australia. The box frame can be opened from the top or bottom, and fly-screens can be fixed inside or outside according to choice. Because no part of the window swings in or out, the box frame is the safest to use over terraces, paths, or steps.



The question of money

(continued from page 5)



● On this page we discuss the various schemes for financing Government-built homes that apply in Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia, and Queensland.

IN VICTORIA there is a long time lag after applications for Housing Commission homes. However, once a householder is established in a Commission home there is generally no more than three months to wait after making application to buy the house.

The Commission sells only to tenants.

There is no ballot system in Victoria. Preference is given in order of application.

All home finance is obtained through one or the other of the Commission's own funds. One is at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest and the other at $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Terms are up to 30 years; with death benefit conditions.

Applicants are required to pay 5 per cent. of the first £2000 as deposit, plus 10 per cent. of any amount in excess of this.

IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA the Housing Trust, which is the State housing authority, builds approximately 3000 houses a year, of which half are sold and half are let.

Applications to buy houses far exceed the number of houses built, and such applications are dealt with in the order received. However, there are a number of ways of helping the family in need of a house.

A limited number of houses built under the Commonwealth-State Housing Agreement become vacant and are then available for sale at £2880, with minimum deposit of £188. These houses are made available to people of minimum means who need them.

Payments are over a period of 40 years.

The Trust also builds timber-frame houses which can be purchased for cash or through a mortgage, and brick and masonry-constructed houses. These houses sell from £3050 to £4700 on varied deposits.

The amount of money available from the authorities also varies. However, the total available money would not exceed £2750.

Finally, there is a scheme under which the Trust will build any one of its own 48 home designs on privately owned land anywhere within the State. Here the purchaser arranges his own finance.

IN QUEENSLAND the Housing Commission has three home-purchase schemes. Under the first, anyone who owns land and wishes to build may obtain a loan from the Commission up to £2400 for timber and £2750 for a brick or concrete house.

This loan, together with interest at the rate of $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. a year, is repayable over a period of 30 years if the applicant avails himself of the Commission's free life insurance scheme.

Where there is no insurance, repayments and interest are spread over a period of 45 years.

Under scheme number two, houses erected on land owned by the Commission can be purchased on deposits of £250. Repayment of the balance (there is no maximum) with interest at $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is on the terms set out in the first scheme.

The third scheme permits tenants of houses erected by the Housing Commission on its land prior to 30th June, 1956, to purchase them on a deposit of 5 per

cent. of the first £2000 of the purchase price and 10 per cent. of the balance. The interest is $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA assistance is given to home-seekers under three separate schemes.

Homes erected under the 1945 Rental Housing Scheme were built for rental, but tenants have the opportunity of purchasing on deposits of 5 per cent. of the first £2000 plus 10 per cent. of the balance of purchase price. The maximum loan is £2750.

At least 50 per cent. of the homes built under the State Housing Agreement, 1956, are for purchase, and sales are made on a 10 per cent. deposit where the advance is under mortgage conditions.

The maximum loan for house and land is £2750, with a repayment term of 45 years at $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.

In the State Housing Act, 1946/56, provision is made for the erection of homes for workers. A worker is defined as a person in receipt of not more than £750 plus basic wage increases since November 1, 1950.

Advances are made under both freehold and leasehold conditions.

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THE Australian Women's Weekly Home Planning Centres, established in conjunction with the leading department stores listed below, offer a comprehensive service to intending home builders.

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SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd. (third floor), Brickfield Hill.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium (sixth floor), Lonsdale Street. Mail to Box 5038Y, G.P.O.

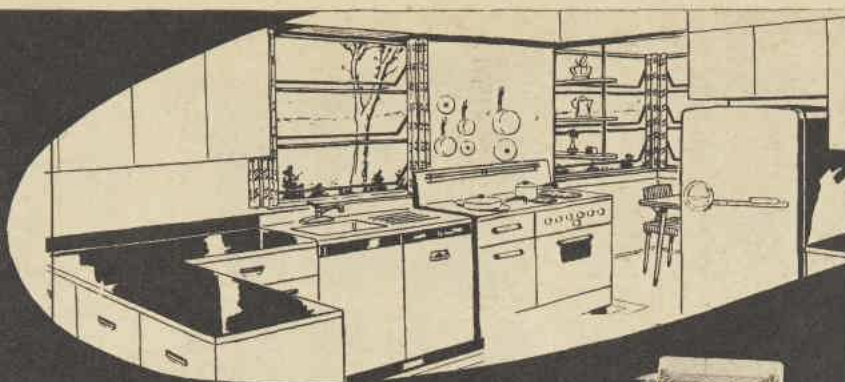
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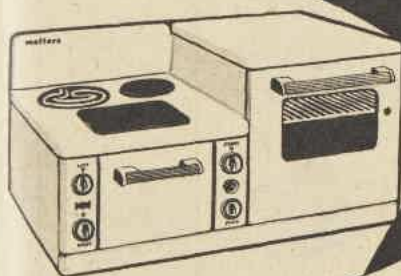
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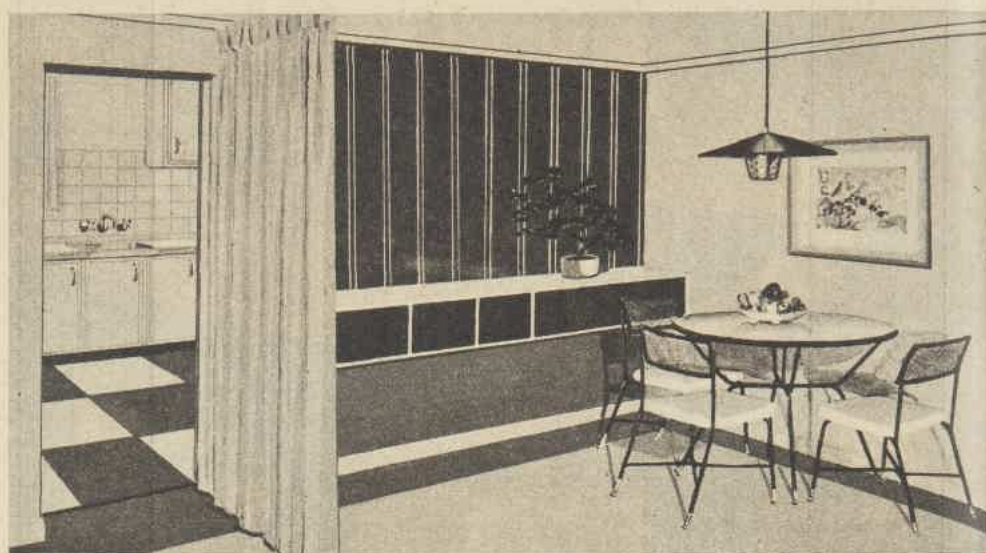
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